The Saturday Evening
POST
May 26, 1956 — 15¢

MAY 2 2 '56

HOW I CATCH A BALL GAME
By Roy Campanella

THE BARNUM OF THE G.O.P.
By Stewart Alsop

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See it now in your choice of 8 decorator colors!

Bermuda Pink

Spring Green

Surf Turquoise

Dawn Gray

Sand Beige

Buttercup Yellow

Harvest Yellow

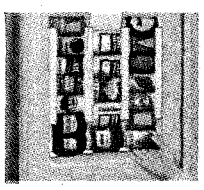
Lagoon Blue *and Classic* White—of course

Here it is, the world's greatest foodkeeper. Only the Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator puts such a panorama of foods at your fingertips.

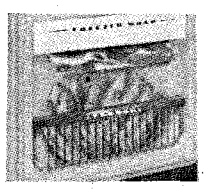
THE NEW FABULOUS FOODARAMA BY KELVINATOR

166-pound Upright Freezer, and an 11 cubic foot Automatic Defrosting Refrigerator both in a cabinet only 47 inches wide!

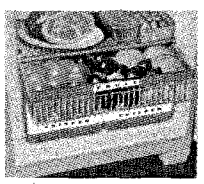
Just reach for what you want—and there it is. Everything's up forward, right at your fingertips. There's absolutely nothing else like Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator. No matter what the size of your family, your kitchen, your budget, see this fabulous foodkeeper. It's priced far below a comparable refrigerator and separate upright freezer. It is also now available as a built-in. See it only at your Kelvinator Dealer, or write Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Mich. In Canada: Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., Toronto 15, Ontario.



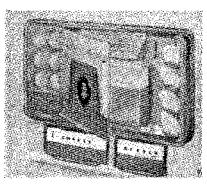
Only KELVINATOR gives you this frozen juice dispenser. Holds 21 cans.



Only KELVINATOR has an *unrefrigerated* Banana Bin; a freezer wrap dispenser.



Only KELVINATOR has a roll-out fruit basket . . . Twin Moisture Seal Crispers.



Only KELVINATOR gives you this Breakfast Bar for bacon, eggs, juices.

You'll find much of the magic—and many of the features—of Fabulous Foodarama in every new 1956 Kelvinator refrigerator . . . in a full range of sizes and prices.

Kelvinator

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

Space Savers! Foodarama is only 47 inches wide, this superb range only 30 inches wide. Together, they take about the same wall space you now use for your range and refrigerator, and you get the added convenience of a complete upright home freezer. Kelvinator ranges, in both 30-inch and 40-inch models, give you disposable aluminum oven linings that end the messy job of oven cleaning!

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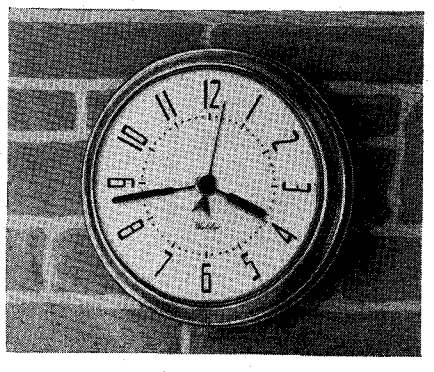
More Westclox have been wrapped as wedding gifts than any other clocks

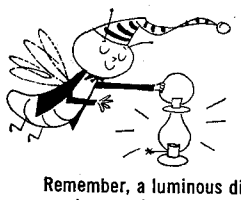
A Westclox is a lovely gift, a useful gift, a *respected* gift. And with it, your best wishes live on and on through every hour of every day.

CLOCK OF TOMORROW. This spring alarm is the finest achievement of Westclox craftsmen. Chime alarm. Quiet tick. Luminous dial. Sweep alarm indicator. An ingenious luminous signal tells when alarm is set. Metal dust-resistant case; cushioned base. White or black, gold-color numerals and trim. $12.50.

FORTUNE ELECTRIC ALARM. Slim and elegant in modern gray tone plastic, blends with any decor. High styled dimensional dial. Gold-color trim. Sweep second hand. Insistent alarm. Only 4 inches high, with luminous dial—the perfect choice for a long-remembered gift at moderate cost. $6.95.



SPICE ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK—pride of many a bride! Polished aluminum two-toned metal case. Sweep hand. With red, white or yellow rim, $4.95. Copper finish, $5.95.



Remember, a luminous dial can be seen in the dark.

Electric or Spring

WESTCLOX* ... dependable as the day is long

Made by the makers of BIG BEN

PRODUCTS OF GT CORPORATION

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

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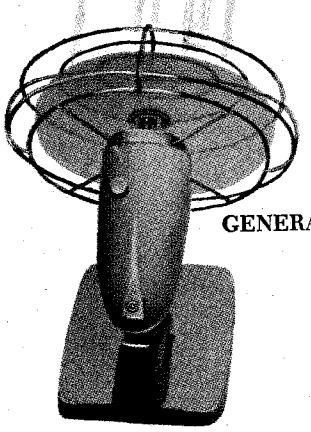
Now it shoots a breeze *3½ times around the world*

HOW LONG can a fan keep "shooting the breeze" before it must be taken apart for greasing? One year? Two years? Even longer?

To a great extent, performance depends on how well the grease locked away in the gear box stands up to oxidation and the churning effect of moving gears.

To give electric fans longer life, GE invited Shell's lubrication engineers to help with the problem. The solution: a new grease developed by Shell scientists that makes it possible for a GE fan to run a guaranteed 13,000 hours—20 years of average use—without further lubrication. GE calculates that the column of air passing through the fan during such a period of time is long enough to stretch 3½ times around the world.

Development of better greases is only one way Shell leads the petroleum industry. Whatever product you buy bearing the Shell name and trademark, you get better value—more for your money—because of Shell Research.



GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, in order to give electric fans longer life, solved a basic lubrication problem with a product of Shell Research.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products—*more for your money*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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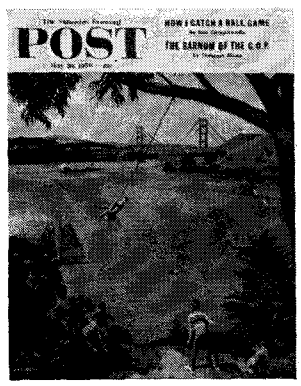

THE COVER

If a small boy, when at play, is not doing something perilous, he must be sick. So, regarding that lad who is aviating out over San Francisco Bay, let us rejoice that he is in good health, and close our eyes until he gets back. When John Falter was risking his boyhood, he used to take off on a bag swing from the roof of a shed, part of his joy being to see if he could avoid demolishing his bones against the shed on the way back. Recently when Falter was strolling along Belvedere Island, admiring the grace of Golden Gate Bridge across the azure bay, he happily discovered that modern kids still relax in the mellow old hair-raising way. Falter's cliffside home is two blocks to the right of his painting, but he doesn't bag-swing from it. The poor fellow must be getting old.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 22–56 or December 1, 1956; 49–57 or June 8, 1957. You always count from the previous July first.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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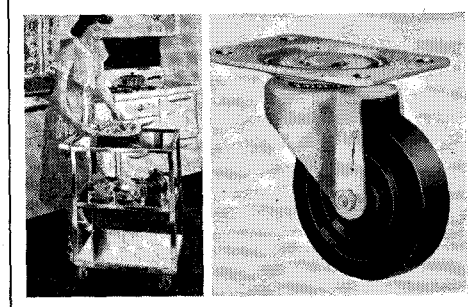
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Why some chairs are easier to lean back in

Ever start to lean back in a chair and wonder—half way through—whether or not the chair's going to stop leaning?

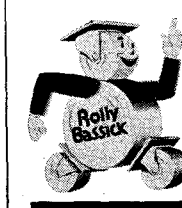
There is no worry in a chair with a Bassick Flo-Tilt control because Flo-Tilt chair controls have no springs to weaken or break. A Bassick-designed torsion unit of rubber encased in steel under 20 tons of pressure twists as you lean back, and never squeaks. It gives you a safe, sure, easy tilting action—makes relaxing a pleasure. And the swivel action is just as easy, just as quiet. Ask for Flo-Tilt controlled chairs in your office. Or, if you make chairs, write us for details on making Bassick's Flo-Tilt torsion unit an added selling point for you.

Labor-saving—in the home



Lady here with the caster-equipped utility cart has found the way to do things easier and to make sure floors look—and stay looking—like new.

Why? Because floor protection starts at the bottom of every chair, table, or piece of furniture in your home or office that gets moved. It starts with smooth-rolling, easy-swivelling Bassick casters that will protect expensive rugs or fine floor finishes. Bassick Diamond-Arrow casters, like Bassick Flo-Tilt controls, are an added sales feature for any chair; or any piece of furniture or equipment.



Put them to work on yours. THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ont.

Bassick
A DIVISION OF STEWART WARNER

MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS... MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

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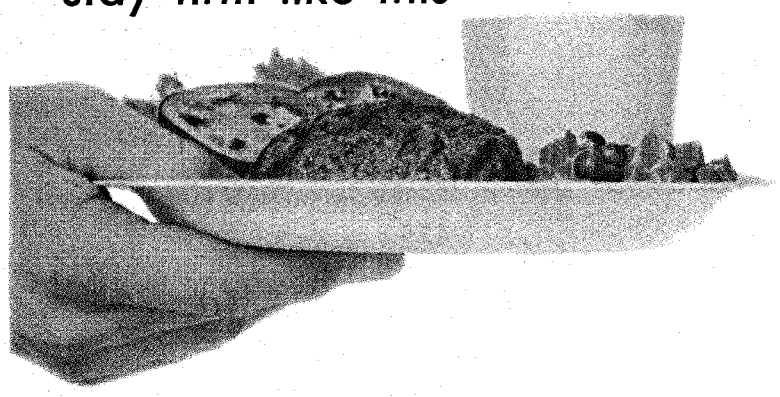
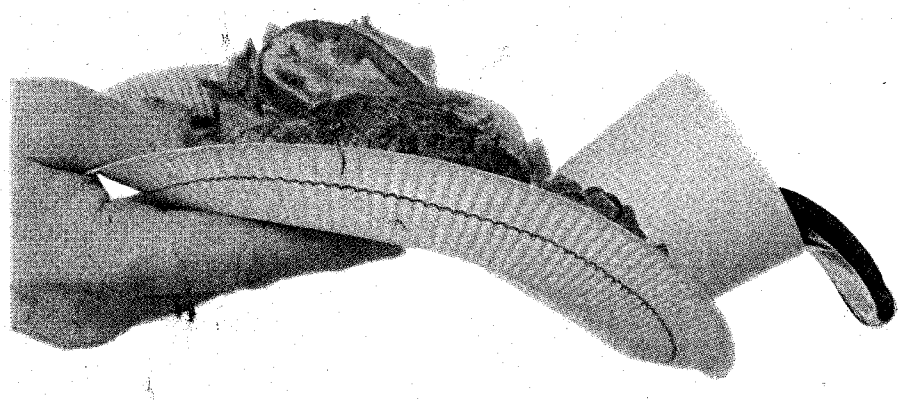
Diamond DeLuxe Plates

AMERICA'S
STRONGEST PAPER PLATES

stay firm like this



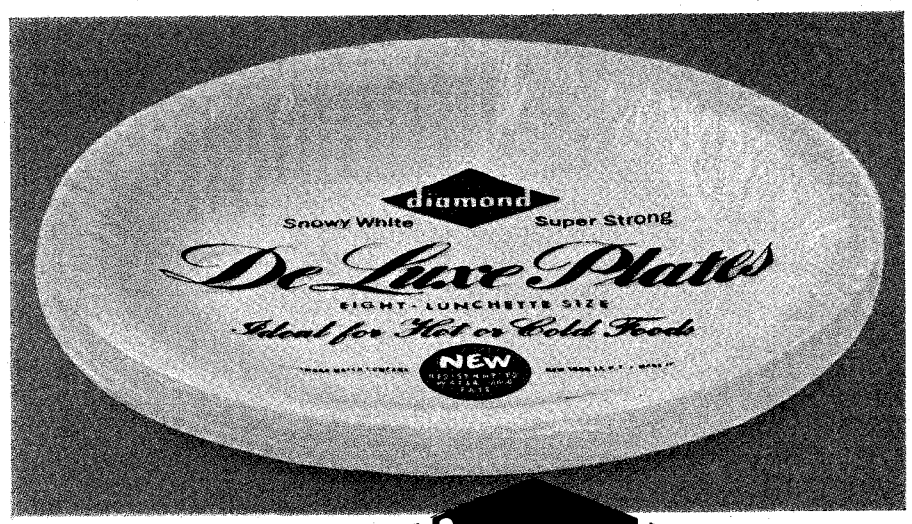
won't bend like this



Tough wood-fiber base...snowy white finish
Perfect for indoor and outdoor use

- ☆ Won't bend and spill
- ☆ You can cut meat on them
- ☆ Ideal for hot and cold foods
- ☆ Save hours of dishwashing

Come in 3 sizes—Snack, Luncheon, Dinner



diamond
A QUALITY PRODUCT OF THE MATCH COMPANY

Letters

Kill the Umpire!

Dear Sirs:

As an average teen-age girl all I can say about your cover of April 21st is "How true, how true!" . . .

If that girl wants to keep the guy, I suggest that she stops sitting there and sulking, and sits down next to him and

says something appropriate, like "Kill the umpire" or "He better get a homer." That will get her further than the finest perfume!

SANDRA FAUST
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

No real book lover would tolerate a flicker box in his library, even if he did have one somewhere in the house—preferably in a sealed attic.

JAMES E. BAILEY
Lowell, Mass.

Copenhagen

Dear Sirs:

Your Cities of the World, No. 19, COPENHAGEN [by Ernest O. Hauser, April 14] is what I have been waiting to see ever since the series began. . . .

Although one can never say enough about "Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen," Mr. Hauser has done an exceptionally fine job.

WILLIAM Q. PICKETT
Junction City, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

I want to thank you for the wonderful article about my hometown, "Copenhagen." After eight years of being homesick and no hope of ever going home, it was like seeing it again.

MRS. JYTTE MURDEN
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed immensely the article on Copenhagen (April 14).

However, I am disturbed by the caption under one picture which calls the followers of N. F. S. Grundtvig members of a "sect." No definition of the word "sect" that I know of fits the Grundtvigians. They formed no new organization, did not break away from a mother-church, are in all essentials loyal to Lutheran tenets of faith.

In this country they have the synod which is called the American Evangelical Lutheran Church, completely independent of Denmark, though until recently they went by name of "Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church of America."

In harmony with the thesis of the article, however, is the happy accents of their faith. Their hymns are joyful, not somber, as usual Lutheran hymns are. Their religious practices emphasize the fellowship and spirit of the congregation.

In fact, in theological circles in this country they are characterized "the happy Danes"—quite a contrast to a well-known "melancholy Dane."

But they are not a sect. . . .

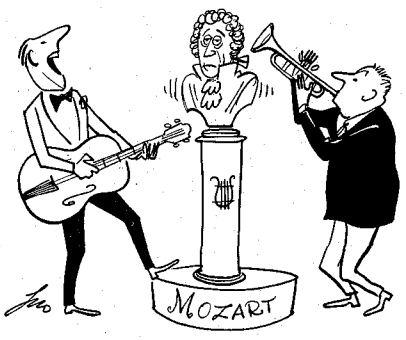
VERNER HANSEN, *Editor*
Lutheran Tidings
Los Angeles, Cal.

Poor Old Mozart!

Dear Sirs:

Being an avid advocate of true music, I was horrified beyond bounds to read the trashy and grotesque article So Now I'M RESPECTABLE by Eddie Condon [as told to Richard Gehman, April 14]. Through indignant rages and deluges of nausea I perused this disgrace to English literature. Heaven knows I have tried to tolerate jazz through its recondite harmonies and evanescent melodies. But now I must protest! When some of these apparently illiterate ghouls degrade the names of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Mozart, I grow quite irate.

For some pseudo-psychological reason, these "musicians" feel that they must



degenerate the English language in order to distinguish themselves from "highbrows" (I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll, et cetera, et cetera, ad nauseam).

Instead of enhancing their standing in the musical world, this most certainly deepens the lesion between the two forms of music. The sooner people like the author can brush aside enough cobwebs to realize this truth, the sooner the two categories of music will be reconciled.

WILLIAM BAILEY
Sanford, N.C

Bellevue Doctor

Dear Sirs:

Your current articles about Bellevue Hospital in New York City [MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE, by Dr. Salvatore R. Cutolo as told to Barbara and Arthur Gelb April 14–May 12] were just another series of interesting information, until found myself there last week. As a retired newspaper editor after 50 years in the business, I was on my way to see my daughter in Olympia, Wash. I was about to have lunch with my other daughter who has an important job in New York . . . when I passed out. The drug take to control high-blood pressure cut down too much and I fainted.

At that point the Terminal's staff (I found

(Continued on Page 6

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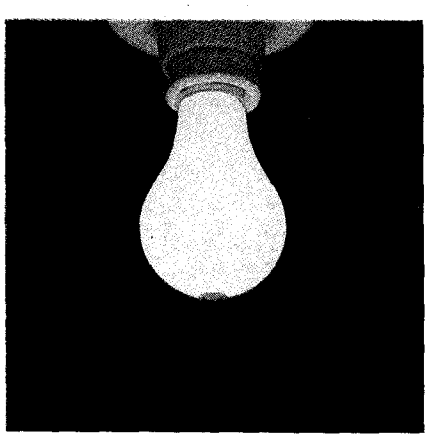
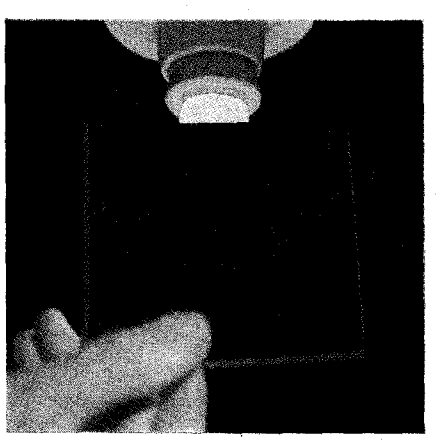
Actual color photo enlarged 50 times, of night-flying wasp, or cicada killer (sphecius speciosus) not being able to see a G-E Yellow Bulb.



Here's the G-E bulb that is almost invisible to night-flying insects. Put one in every outside socket. Let G-E Yellow Bulbs make summer evenings outdoors more enjoyable.



This blue glass filters out yellow light, shows how the G-E Yellow Bulb looks to most night-flying insects. Because they can scarcely see it, they aren't attracted to it.

And for the same purpose, use G-E Gold Fluorescent lamps in outdoor commercial installations, such as drive-ins.

AND FRANKLY, that's what *is* so great. Because most night-flying insect pests can scarcely see G-E Yellow Bulbs, people can spend carefree summer evenings out of doors, unpestered by pesky bugs. Insects swarm around ordinary light bulbs. But they're almost blind to yellow light. See demonstration at left.

So fill your outdoor sockets—entrances, breezeway, terrace, porch—with G-E Yellow Bulbs and enjoy "nights out" all summer long. Better stock up now. The demand for G-E Yellow Bulbs is as big as all outdoors. The 100-watt size costs only 29¢, the 60-watt is 25¢.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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No more waiting at stamp windows!
STAMPS
Now every office can have one!
A meter is a girl's best friend!
No more running out of stamps!
STAMPS

Think your office too small for a postage meter? Well, it isn't. One third of our DM users spend less than $1 a day for postage!

The DM is the desk model postage meter, designed for small offices – but it gives you all the advantages of metered mail.

It prints postage, any amount for any kind of mail, directly on the envelope . . . or on special tape for parcel post. You always have the right stamp on hand.

With the meter stamp, the DM prints a dated postmark, which often helps your letter get through the postoffice faster and catch earlier trains and planes. You can print your own small ad, if you want one, with every meter stamp. And there's a moistener for sealing envelopes.

With a DM, you can stamp a whole day's mail in a few minutes, saving time *and* postage. And anyone can easily use it.

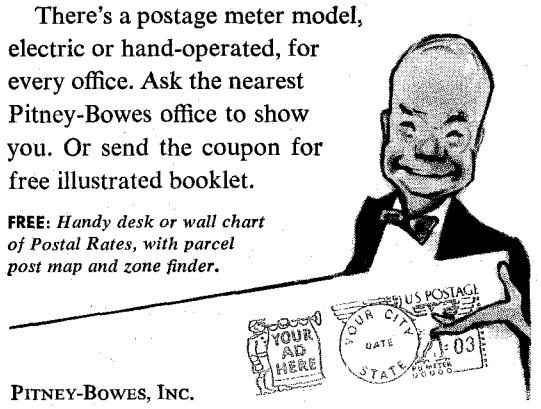
The DM can be set for as much postage as you want to buy at one time, protecting it from loss, damage, theft – and automatically accounting for it.

There's a postage meter model, electric or hand-operated, for every office. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office to show you. Or send the coupon for free illustrated booklet.

Parcel post mailing·· easy as pie!

No more overtime mailing letters!

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of Postal Rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*



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2814 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
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Name _____

Address _____

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

out later) and the NYC Police took charge. . . .

I know a physical examination when I get one, and can report that Bellevue did a remarkably thorough job.

Bellevue is a big place, but a stranger need not feel strange or forlorn there. Anyhow, I didn't.

PAUL B. WILLIAMS
Utica, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

My people were the poor people to whom "Bellevue" was and remains a magic word. My mother, now 86, was operated upon over 50 years ago for a very serious chest ailment, so "Bellevue" helped her to have a long, long life.

FRANK B. MEAD
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

May we protest against what appears to be a new policy of yours in the last few years, of printing photographs of a nature to appeal to the morbidly curious. . . . In the latest issue, a body in Bellevue in its refrigeration unit. Cold or phlegmatic people are not bothered, perhaps, by such pictures, but sensitive people are not only shocked but are haunted by the images for a long time, often permanently, and by the gruesome thoughts they evoke.

MRS. JOSEPH C. SELIG
Belmont, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The article is of especial interest to me, but I am greatly shocked that the eminent doctors in New York are so far behind the times that he would refer to the removal of an aneurysm of the descending aorta on September 23, 1954, as an "extraordinary surgical procedure."

On February 24, 1953, Drs. Michael E. DeBakey and Denton A. Cooley, of the Baylor University College of Medicine, Houston, Texas, performed the same operation on me (Case No. 5). My aneurysm extended from about two centimeters below the renal artery to the bifurcation of the aorta. The fusiform aneurysm, which was about twelve centimeters long and five centimeters in width, was excised and an aortic Y homograft was inserted. . . .

For further enlightenment I refer them to Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics, September, 1953, Vol. 97, 257–266.

Better still, they might come down to TEXAS and get abreast of the times.

GEORGE W. MORGAN
Beaumont, Texas

Tucker the Terrible

Dear Sirs:

Thanks to you and to authors John and Ward Hawkins for the heart-warming story entitled LOOK OUT FOR JOHN TUCKER! (April 21).

I could not help feeling as I finished reading it, how rapidly the appalling number of juvenile-delinquency cases could be reduced, were there more of our adult population like the Bannons and Enos, not blind sentimentalists, but stanch citizens, willing to give the potential good in our youth proper chance for development.

MRS. EDNA E. KING
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

I shall treat this copy of the Post as a precious treasure as I read this story aloud to boys who are near victims of social ills akin to those that tormented the childhood of John Tucker. It would be wonderful if this story could be made available as a tract.

ALMA W. HAGUE
Cincinnati, Ohio

Daubing Thomas

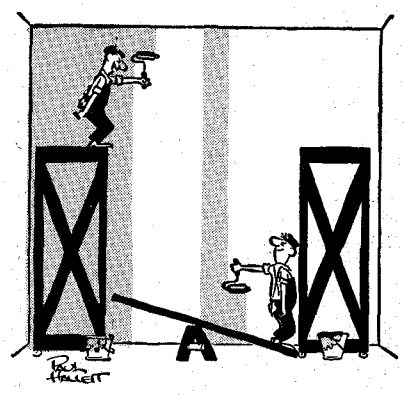
Dear Sirs:

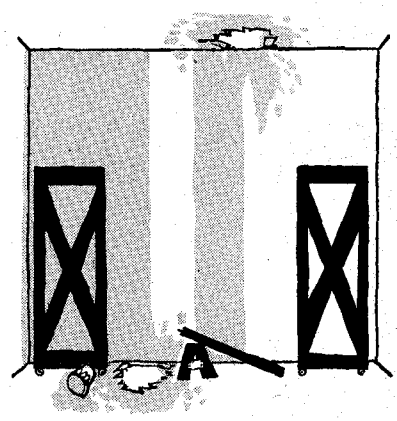
I use the Sat Eve Post for research as well as enjoyment, and often I find myself thumbing through back issues for the sheer fun of it.

I kept running across a cartoon [Feb. 25] that one of your artists (Paul Hallett) conceived and I found I couldn't help myself. I had to draw a second picture for my own amusement. My roommate said to "send it in"—so here it is.

My sincerest apologies to the artist, but, "I had to do it."

JAMES T. THOMAS
Ashland, Oreg.


"Ready?"



Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23, 24, 25–Hy Rubin. • 26, 27–Ollie Atkins. • 28, 29–Bernard D'Andrea. • 30, 31–Frank Ross. • 32–Ray Prohaska. • 33–Harry Saltzman, Wide World, International. • 34–Bill Shrout, Gene Lester, York Body Company. • 35–Bob Spring, Jim Burns, Gene Lester. 36–Gus Pasquarella. • 37–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 38, 39–Peter Schmid. • 40, 41–Gene Lester. • 42, 43–Walter Skor. • 44, 45–Pat Coffey. • 48–Claude Jacoby, Praesens, Claude Jacoby. • 49–Claude Jacoby. • 51–Ollie Atkins. • 53–Bruce Bomberger. 120–Ollie Atkins. • 144–James Lewicki. • 148–Leon Trice, anonymous, Bill Bailey, anonymous, Hans Knopf.

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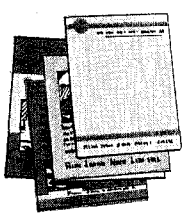
You couldn't stay in business without your printer



YOUR printer is one of your most valuable business counselors. It's your printer who helps you reach a wider audience—a more attentive audience—with ideas printed on paper. On printed sheets of paper, policy is shaped, plans blueprinted, programs scheduled, records preserved, dividends paid. Paper is the track on which the affairs of America—whether business or governmental—move to a successful outcome.

Your printer is a specialist in paper. He works with it every day—and he knows how vitally important it is to select the right paper for each of your business requirements. He knows, for example, that letters may represent your company better when they are on Hammermill Bond, mailed in envelopes to match. He can furnish handsome printed headings for your sales bulletins on Hammermill Mimeo-Bond or for your business reports on Hammermill Duplicator. He can supply your accounting department with accurately ruled forms on Hammermill Ledger—your payroll and dividend checks on tamper-proof Hammermill Safety.

Your printer, too, can recommend the right item of Hammermill Cover for your catalogs and mailing pieces, Hammermill Opaque for your financial statements, Hammermill Index for your office card files, and Hammermill Offset for your sales promotion literature.

Let your printer be your partner in designing printing that gets things done. He will be pleased to recommend the grade and item of Hammermill paper suited to each of your printing requirements.

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield.

HAMMERMILL GUILD OF PRINTERS

HAMMERMILL *Papers*

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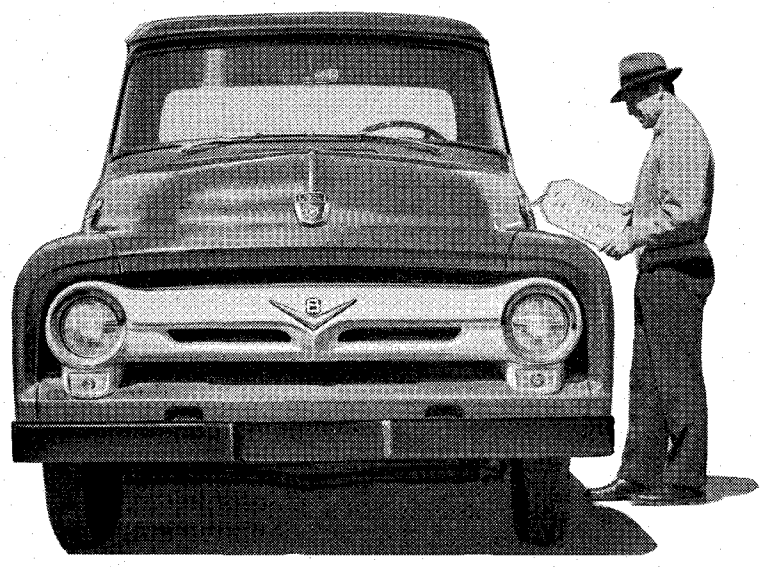
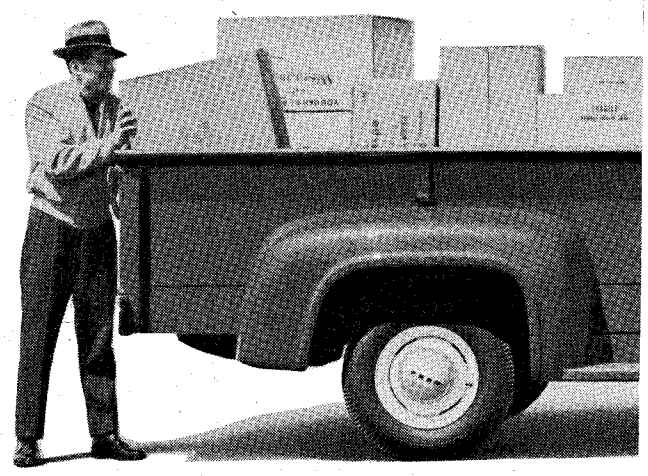
Ford t
cost l





Ford trucks cost less to buy...less to own:

Ford is America's lowest priced line of trucks. Compare Ford, model for model, with any other truck line and you'll find that, based on factory-suggested list prices, Ford has more models priced under competition than any other line.

But low initial cost is only *one* of the reasons why Fords cost less. Take resale value for instance. Any used truck dealer will tell you there's always a good market for a *Ford* Truck. That means a higher trade-in allowance for you.

Operating costs? No other truck gives you the dependability of Ford's rugged chassis design, with the oil and gas economy of a modern Short Stroke engine. Only Ford gives you modern Short Stroke power in *every* engine in the line—V-8 or Six. And, no one else matches Ford's five billion miles of experience in the short-stroke engine field.

Ford Trucks cost less to maintain because they're built stronger to last longer. Independent life insurance experts certify that Ford Trucks last longer. And here are a few of the reasons why Ford Trucks really stand up:

1. Ford's modern Short Stroke engine design means less piston travel . . . less wear.

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ucks ess!

LOW OPERATING COSTS

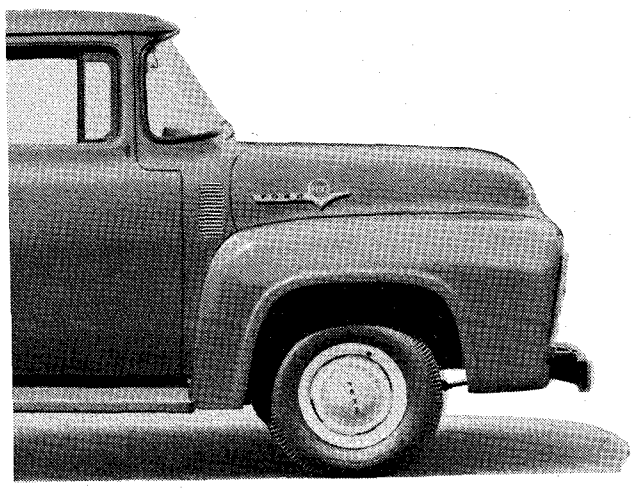
"Ford's Short Stroke engine design means big performance with low operating costs," says construction man Richard McKean. "I figure my new Ford Short Stroke V-8 is giving me an average of 17 miles per gallon. It's the sweetest running, most reliable engine I've ever had in any truck."

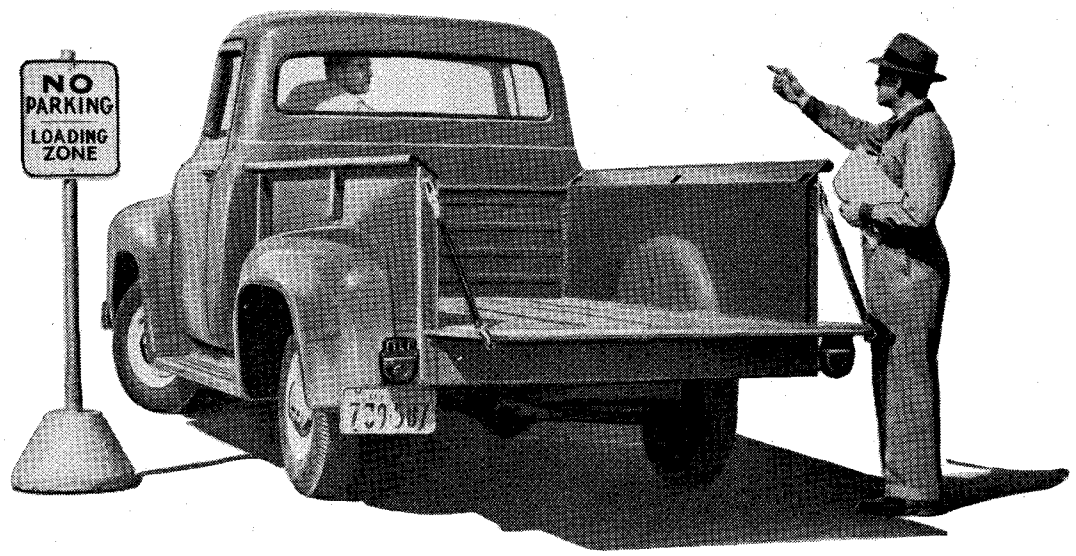
HIGH RESALE VALUE

"I can count on a higher price for my truck when I come to trading it in, because Ford has such a good reputation for long life," says Vincent J. Ferrara, partner in a general trucking concern. "I figure my trucks as a long-term investment. To pay off, I must have a truck I can count on for plenty of dependable service."

LONG LIFE

"Some '51 and '52 Ford tractors in our fleet have operated over 300,000 miles and are still running 300 to 400 miles per day," says Mr. George Hurley, president of a company operating a fleet of tankers. "Ford's materials have always been the best in their class—in fact much stronger than many higher priced tractors."





2. Ford Pickups give you rugged construction features found in no other line of trucks. For instance, they give you the biggest brakes on any half-tonner . . . Centrifugal design clutch for longer life . . . Rated capacity for front and rear axles combined is the highest in the half-ton field.

3. In heavy-duty models, Ford offers you a combination of long-life engine features found in no other line of trucks . . . stress-relieved cylinder heads for example, and sodium-cooled valves faced with tungsten-cobalt, that last up to five times longer because they run up to 225 degrees cooler.

When you take *everything* into consideration . . . initial cost, resale value, operating and maintenance costs and the fact that Ford Trucks last longer, you'll agree *Ford* Trucks cost less.

Before you buy any truck, get in touch with your Ford Dealer.

FORD TRUCKS LAST LONGER

Using latest registration data, life insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer!

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Editorials

Foreigners Baffled by Our "Aid" Policy

Last month The New York Times printed reports of official and unofficial attitudes in various areas throughout the world where American foreign aid has been received. Although a total of about fifty-one billion dollars in such aid has been doled out over the past ten years, the feeling of many of the recipients is far from happy.

One basic criticism appears to be that the United States has tied strings to its donations, as if American taxpayers should provide such gigantic outlays with no suggestion that the investment might be expected to return something of advantage to the United States. Other critics deplored the emphasis on military expenditure, and some took the view that the money should be handed over to the United Nations for distribution. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge thinks well of this idea as "a way to prevent the so-called auction" between the U.S.A. and Russia as to which shall give the most to "undeveloped nations." Another way to prevent an auction is not to bid.

If these reports from all over truly reflect opinion among the beneficiaries of foreign aid, it would appear that this has come to be regarded as a permanent system in the operation of which the American contribution should be confined to raising the money.

To us it doesn't seem too harsh or rude to make it clear once and for all that in the broadest sense American foreign aid is designed to advance American interests in the world, which, of course, do include the welfare and prosperity of other countries. Surely no nation which spends billions of dollars of its citizens' money with no thought of advancing the welfare and security of its own people would receive or deserve respect, least of all from the beneficiaries of such a policy.

In his summing up of the dispatches mentioned above, James Reston, the Times' Washington correspondent, quotes a diplomat in a rather undeserved criticism of Secretary Dulles: "If he would only proceed in a hard-headed way, and with a series of clear priorities, to do precisely what he thought was in the best interest of the United States, he would get along better. He wouldn't be liked for that, but in the end he would be respected, for the selfish pursuit of a nation's interest is a reality which anybody with any experience understands."

There are spots where aid from this country, on the economic as well as the military side, is still necessary. But what we do in this field will be more effective in all respects, including the co-operation of the recipients, if we lay it on the line that our generosity is at least as closely related to our self-interest as the willingness of others to accept it is to their self-interest. Once that were made clear, we should soon find ourselves less frequently accused of using foreign aid to further some dark and devious imperialistic scheme.

On the Last Day of School Don't Tell the Kids There's an End of Summer!

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

It's a long, long time from June to September and most American kids—as the "last day of school" rolls around—are convinced that vacation will last forever. Three months or so later they will have a bewildered feeling that time has somehow played a trick on them, and sneaked away all at once when they weren't looking.

In June, however, most school kids are involved with eternity: an unending moratorium on textbooks, an infinite procession of sky-bright summer days, baseball games that go blissfully on and on with the right team always sure to win, lilacs that will never lose their scent, apples and berries for the picking forever, city pools like diamonds shattered with splashing, and country ponds that will always be languorously warm on the surface and refreshingly cold down below.

The youngsters naturally have no belief whatever in the autumn nip that is already setting its teeth across the world, or the school bells that will soon startle them like an alarm clock breaking into their dreams.

By the last day of school even first-graders have some intimation of the sadness that resides in all change and ending. It dawns on them that for a while—and it seems a long while—they won't see some of their friends who live outside their neighborhood. Discipline has been relaxed for a few days. There has probably been a party, and even the spiritual descendants of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn concede that their teacher isn't the worst person in the world. For the first time in their lives, probably, they have had a personal encounter with the wisdom of the old saying, "Every parting is a little death"—although expressed verbally as "Seeya next term!"

High-school seniors, and their magnificent opposite numbers in the last year of college, will have a more conscious feeling of the hand of change. They will agree, of course, with the perennial commencement speakers that graduation "is not an ending, but a beginning"; they will be anxious to get to work, earn money and maybe become famous and live their own lives as far as Selective Service will permit. But they will savor a bittersweet flavor, too—such as is set to music in the "senior-class song"—and being young, they will be happy to be sad.

What they don't know is that in thirty or forty years many of these things that have "ended" may be clearer and perhaps more memorable in their minds than most of the things that will actually happen in that far-off time. On the last day of school it would do no good to tell the kids that one of the nicest things in the world is to be young and hopeful, but it may be worth reminding oldsters that for them one of the nicest things is to remember how nice it was.

Congress Could Do a Lot Worse Than "Do Nothing"

We hope, but not with too much confidence, that the Republican high command will abandon the idea of attacking the Democrats for sponsoring a "Do-Nothing Congress." This is the kind of propaganda which might backfire for the simple reason that a good many people like nothing so much as a do-nothing Congress or, at any rate, a do-very-little Congress. Unless it can be shown that the Congress failed to do something that was necessary, there isn't much point in giving Congress a drubbing for comparative inactivity.

In his syndicated newspaper column, Holmes Alexander recently quoted Alexander Hamilton's Federalist Paper No. 73, in which Hamilton expressed the opinion that an institution "calculated to restrain the excesses of law making, and to keep things in the same state in which they happen to be at any given period, is much more likely to do good than harm."

In our book, a Congress, even one controlled by the Democrats, is to be commended for failing to weaken the Taft-Hartley Law or tamper with the immigration quotas. Nor can it be too seriously condemned for taking a long look at the new Organization for Trade Co-operation and the proposal to boost the minimum wage to an even more inflationary level. It would certainly be injudicious of the G.O.P. standard-bearers to lambaste a Democratic Congress as "do-nothing" when a fair share of the voters, outside the pressure groups, are mopping their brows and exclaiming, "Thank God it was no worse!"

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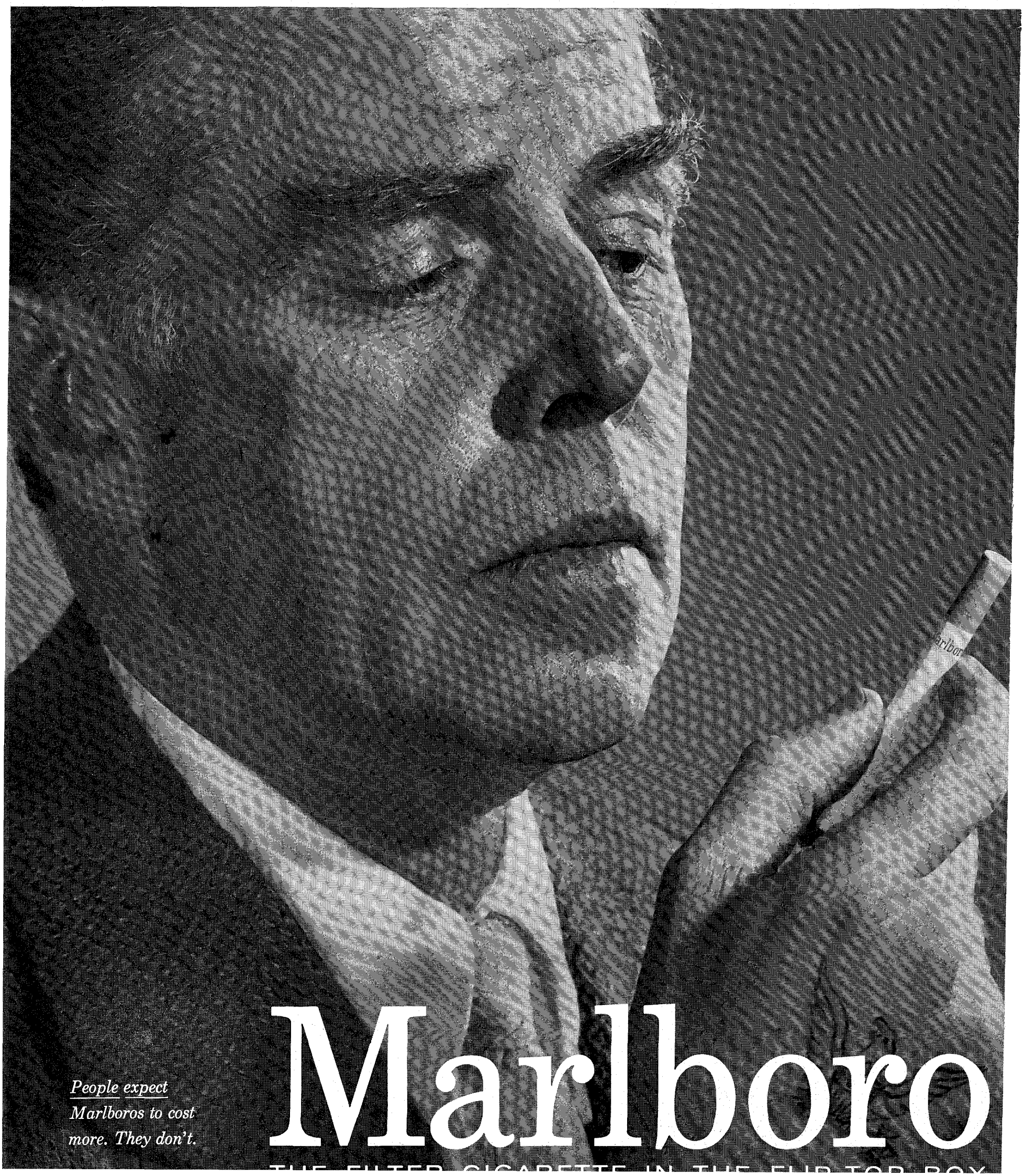
Filter

The filter works good
and draws easy.
The good taste comes through
without huffing and puffing.



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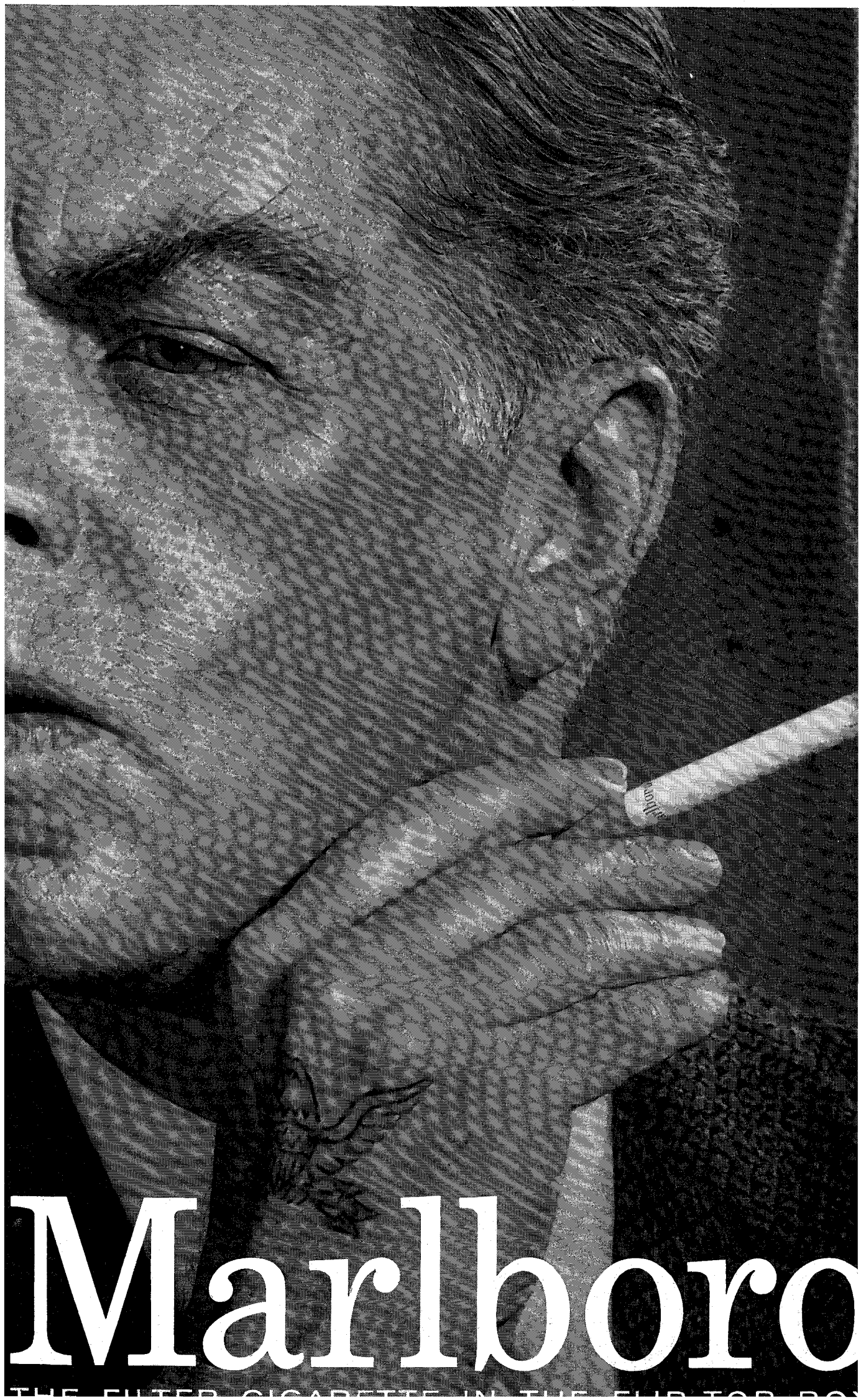
Thank a new recipe for the
man-size flavor.
Makes it easy to change
to a filter cigarette.



Marlboro

THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP TOP BO

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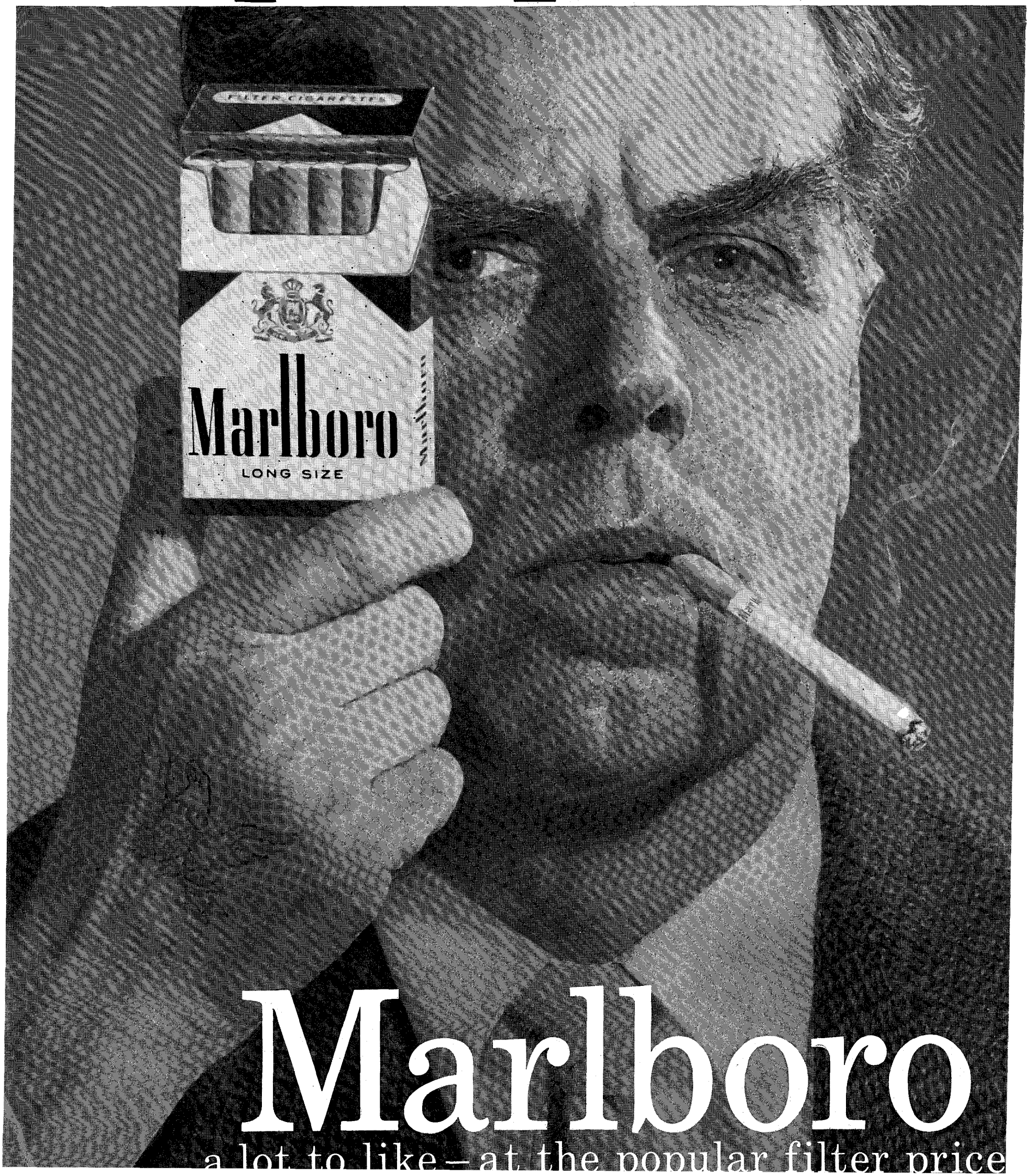
Flip-Top Box

Firm to keep cigarettes from crushing. Tobacco can't spill.



Marlboro

a lot to like—at the popular filter price

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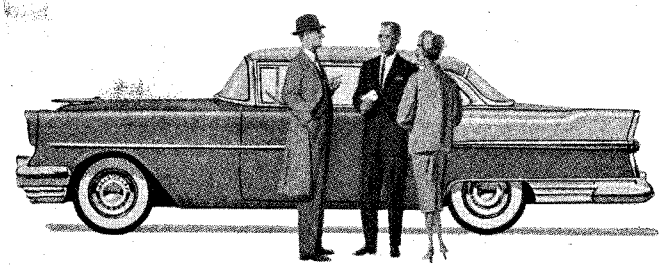

Many Happy Returns – Millions of families buy cars *again and again* on the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan. They know the convenience of financing where they buy. They know thrifty terms can be fitted to their needs by General Motors Dealers who use this Plan. And they know GMAC will assist them to reach ownership even if their circumstances change.

GMAC
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
TIME PAYMENT PLAN

WISE CAR BUYERS KNOW...
The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can. Remember, the longer you pay, the more you pay.

The Plan that has helped Millions buy cars "on time"

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

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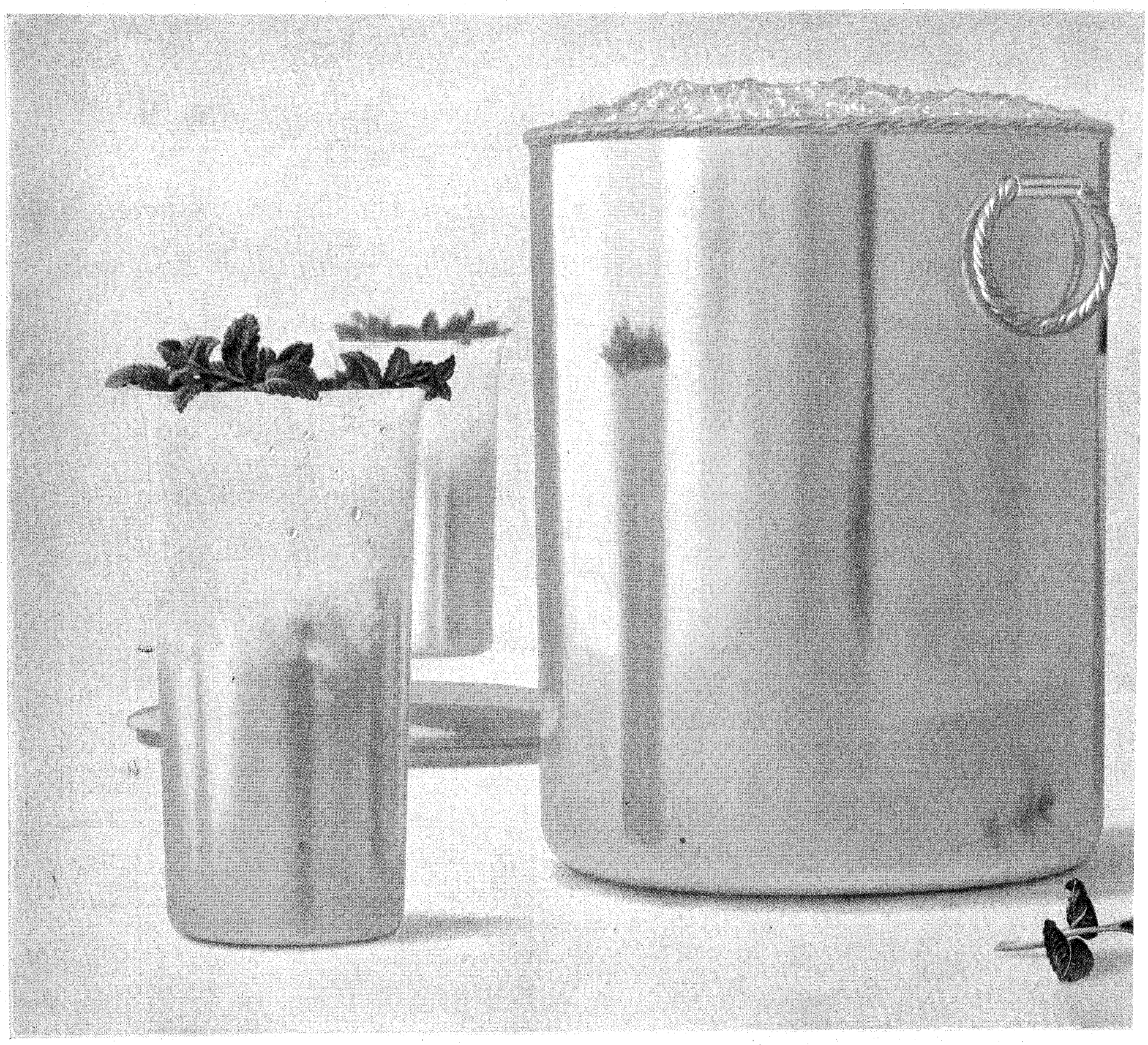
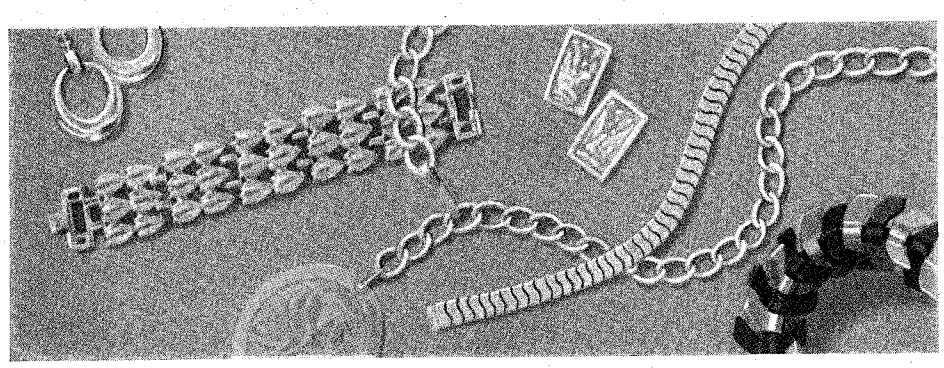


If it must have lasting beauty



Beautiful jewelry made with Kaiser Aluminum is finished in all colors and metallic shades, offers high style at low cost. Lightness assures comfort.

Colorful aluminum awnings made with Kaiser Aluminum offer a beautifu way to *assure* indoor comfort. Beauty that *lasts*, with no maintenance!

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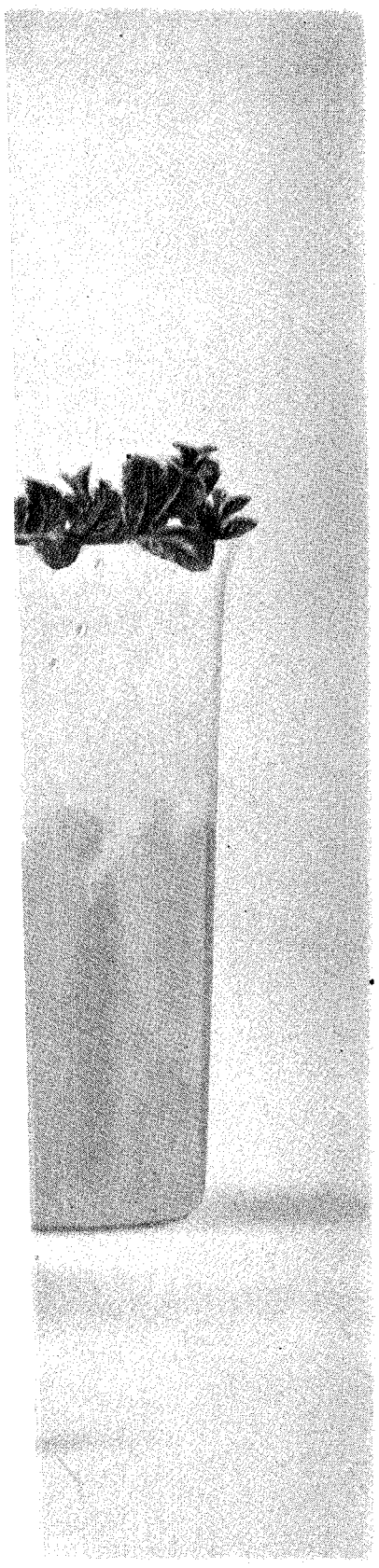
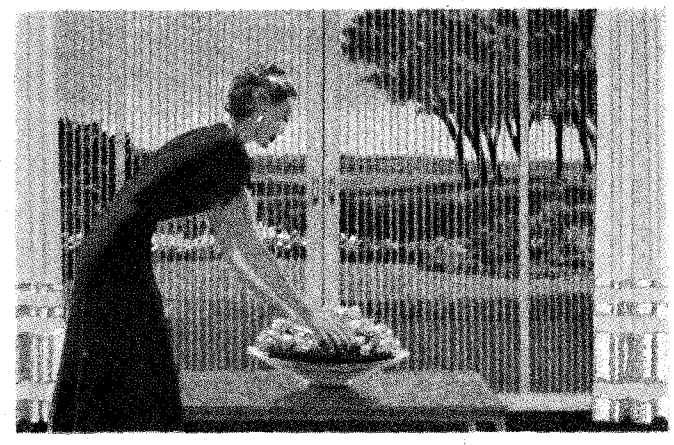
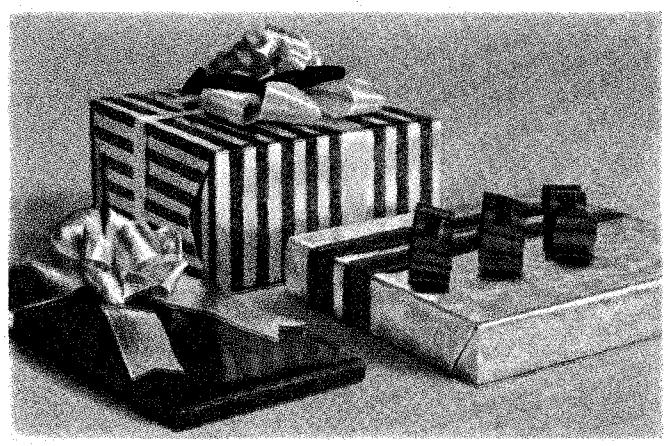


New aluminum trellis made with Kaiser Aluminum accents flowers' beauty. Never rusts, stains or requires painting. Stays cool—won't burn sensitive vines.

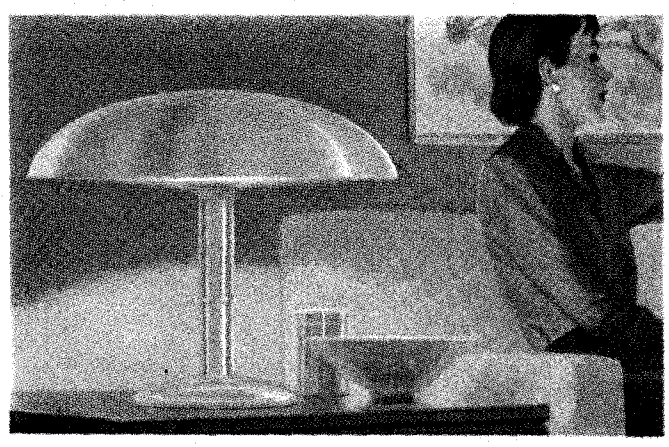


Kaiser Aluminum Shade-Screening adds exterior beauty, eliminates interior sun-fading, keeps rooms up to 15° cooler. The secret: Tiny fixed louvers block direct sun rays.

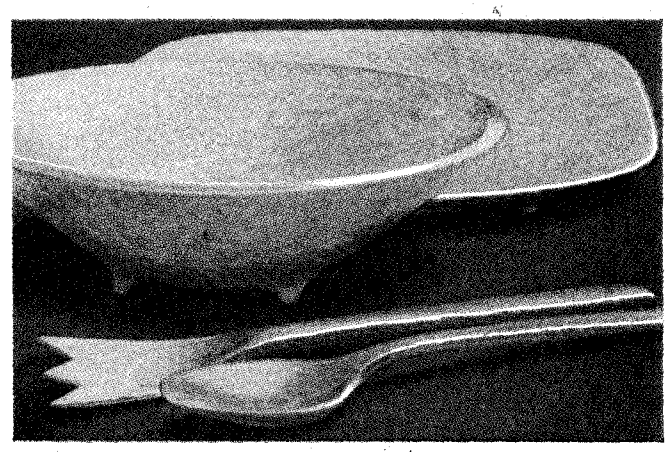


Gift wrappings made with Kaiser Aluminum Foil in a variety of colors catch the eye with reflected light . . . add a touch of luxury to any gift.

Metallic yarn made with Kaiser Aluminum Foil is woven into bright, luxurious fabrics for car interiors and high-fashion gowns. Resists tarnish and fading.



Lamp shades made with Kaiser Aluminum are available in a variety of color effects. And because aluminum is highly reflective, lamp brilliance is increased.



Hammered salad bowls and platters made with Kaiser Aluminum brighten your table with sparkling beauty . . . beauty that lasts for years.

ıink of Kaiser Aluminum

.OUCH the satin-like finish of an aluminum ice bucket . . . eye the decorative eauty of an aluminum awning or a delicately wrought aluminum trellis . . . nd you'll understand why kings of old considered this a precious metal.

But you have to use and enjoy aluminum products over many carefree ears to know that this beauty is *permanent*, never to be marred by rust.

And think of the many other advantages of aluminum. It's light and strong. t resists corrosion. It reflects heat and light. It's workable and economical.

Because these and many other useful properties are *combined* in alumi-um it is improving thousands of familiar products, and making possible ɔuntless new ones.

Today, more and more manufacturers think of Kaiser Aluminum—the nation's fastest growing major producer—for unsurpassed quality and customer service.

We now produce close to 30% of all the primary aluminum made in this country . . . and we are continuing to expand. For we believe that aluminum is only on the threshold of its greatest growth.

We are eager to work closely with any manufacturer who wishes to hitch his wagon to aluminum, "the brightest star in the world of metals." Call or write Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Room 199, Consumer Service Division, 1924 Broadway, Oakland 12, California.

Beautify your home with aluminum awnings during May—National Metal Awning Month!

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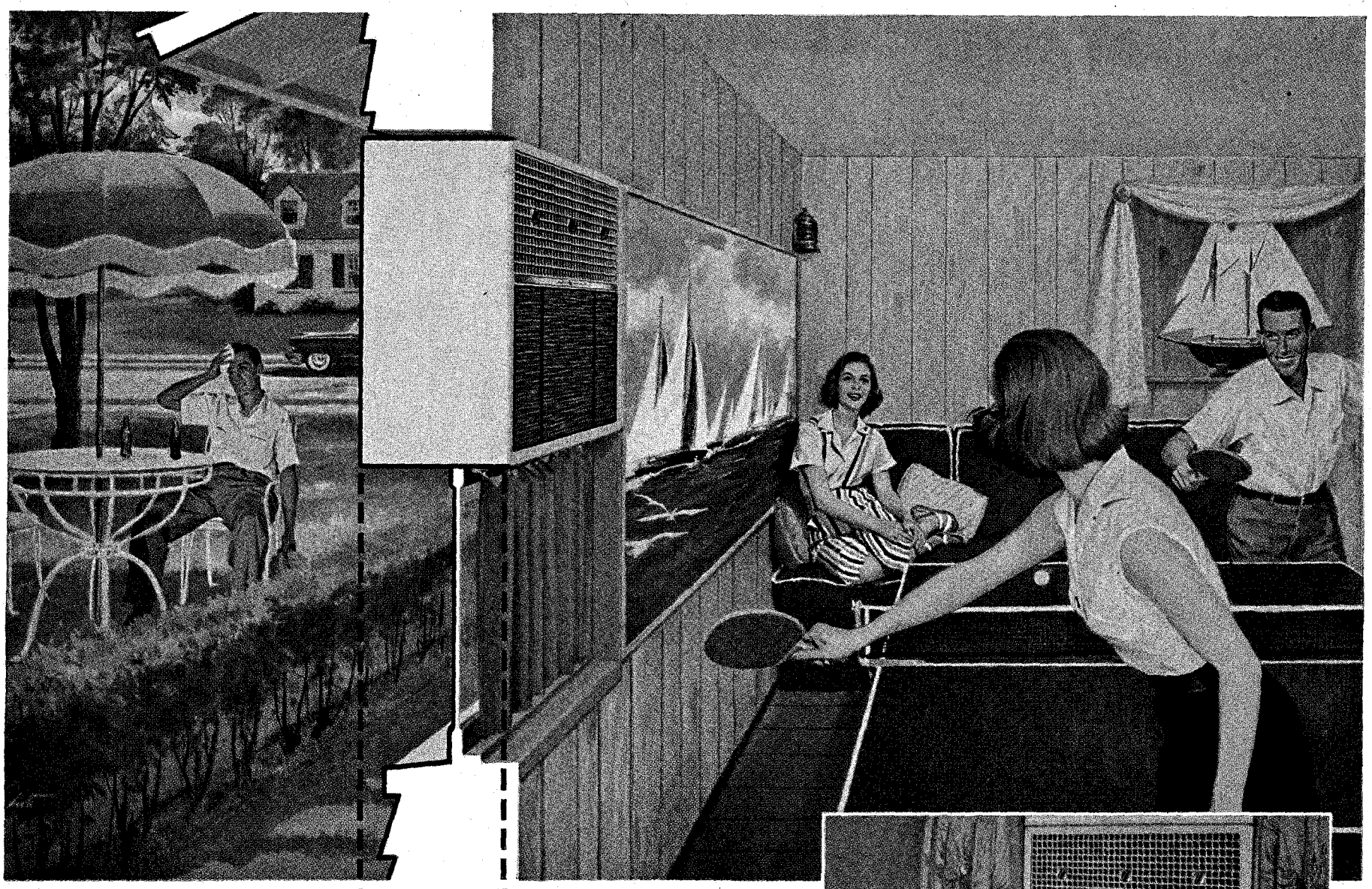
All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up ⅓ less space!



G-E Thinline is 16½ inches "thin"... no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Thinline Room Air Conditioner!

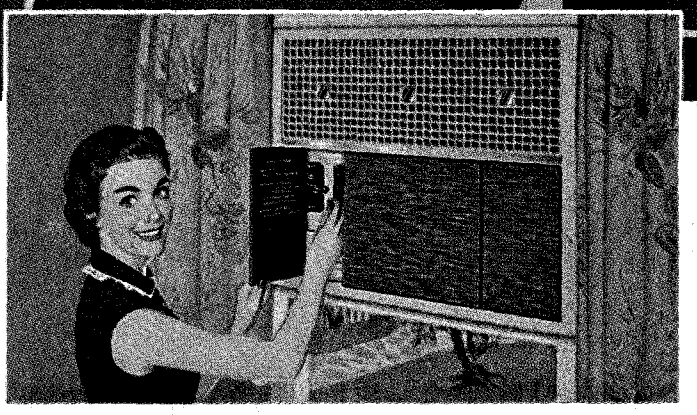
HERE is a completely new concept in room air conditioners that offers top performance, yet actually takes up one-third less space than previous corresponding models.

It fits flush with your inside wall, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. And not only does it offer you amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—its High Power Factor Design *assures economy of operation!*

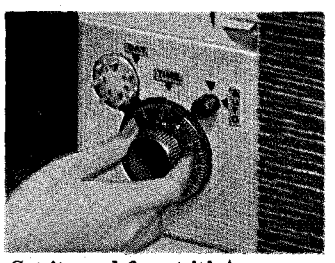
You have a choice of many different comfort-conditions just at the flick of a finger. Delightfully cooled, filtered air pours quietly into your room, makes your days and nights comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer today for a demonstration —he's listed in your classified phone book.

General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department. Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

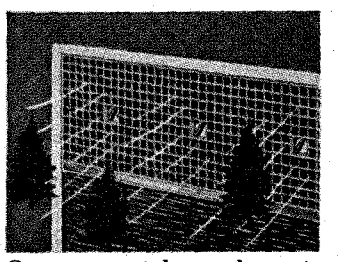
Most models available in Canada.



With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.



Set it—and forget it! Accessory timer (slight additional cost) automatically turns unit on and off at any desired time for each of seven days. Ideal for offices and rooms used only part time.



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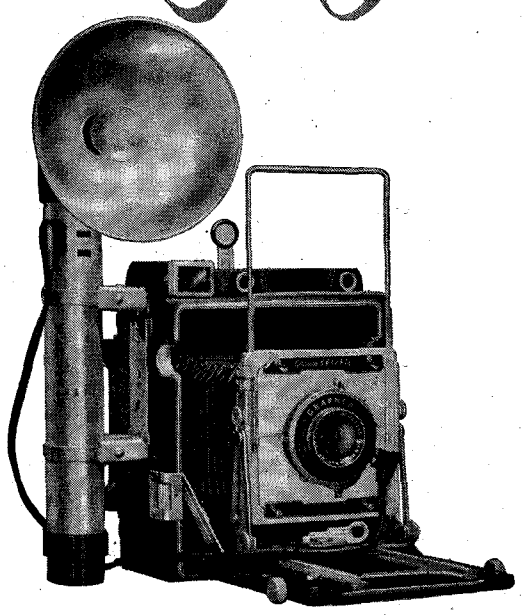

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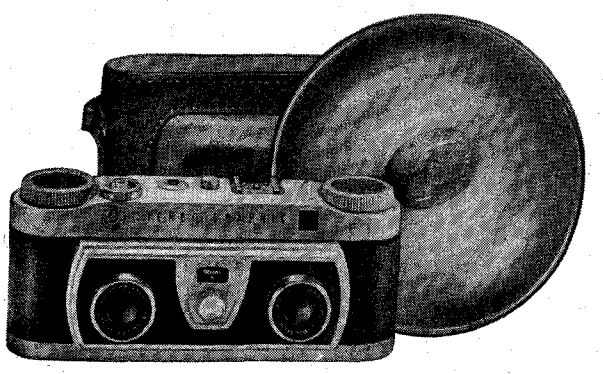

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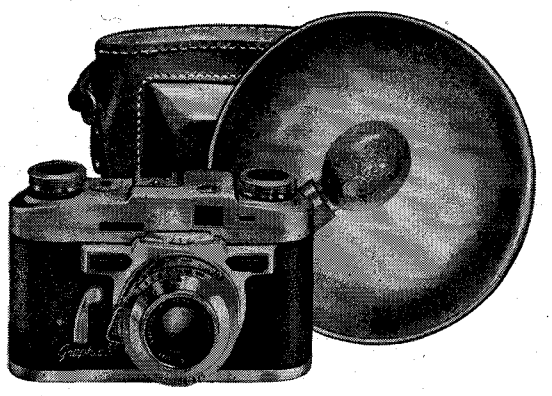

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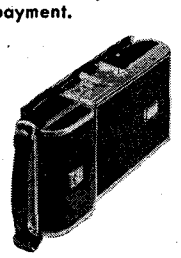

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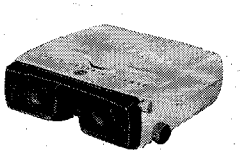

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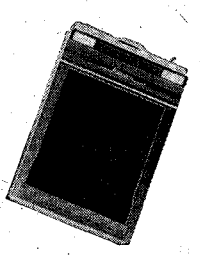

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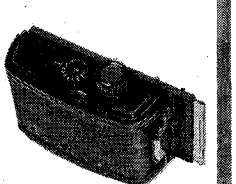

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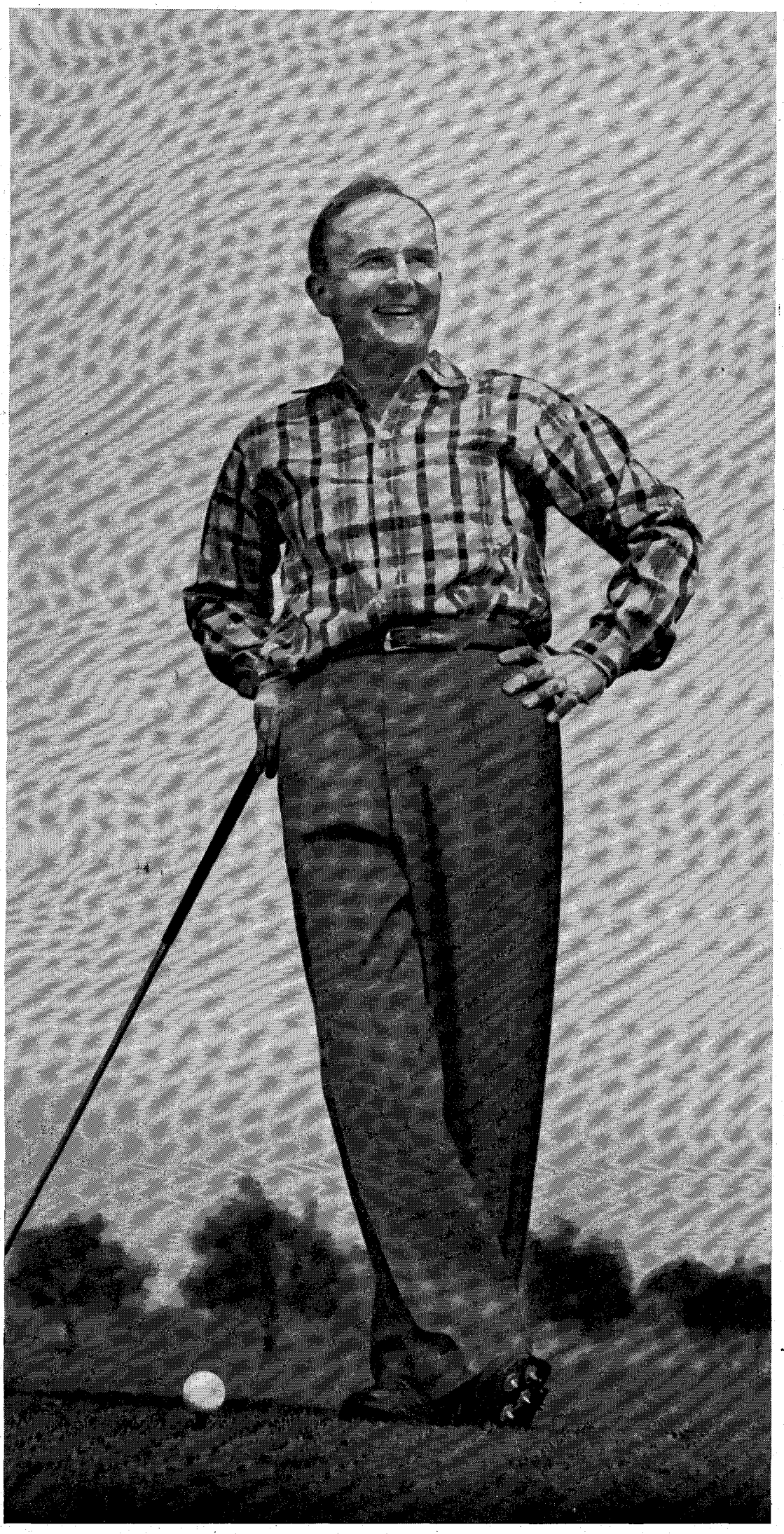

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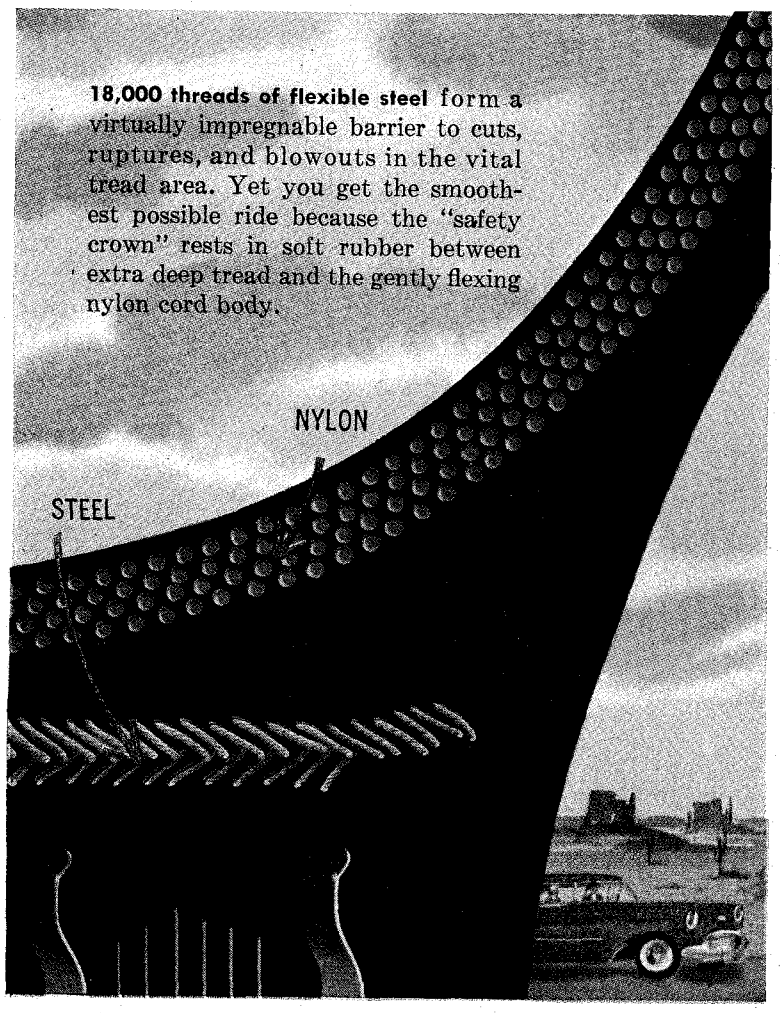

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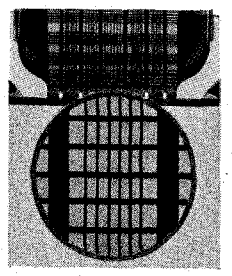

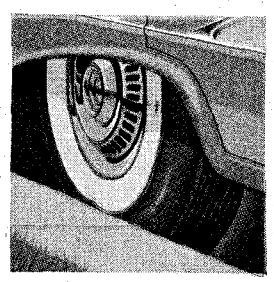

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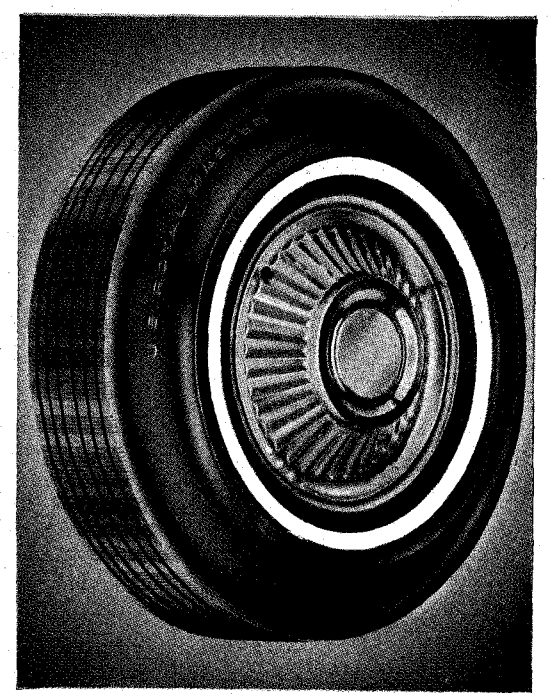

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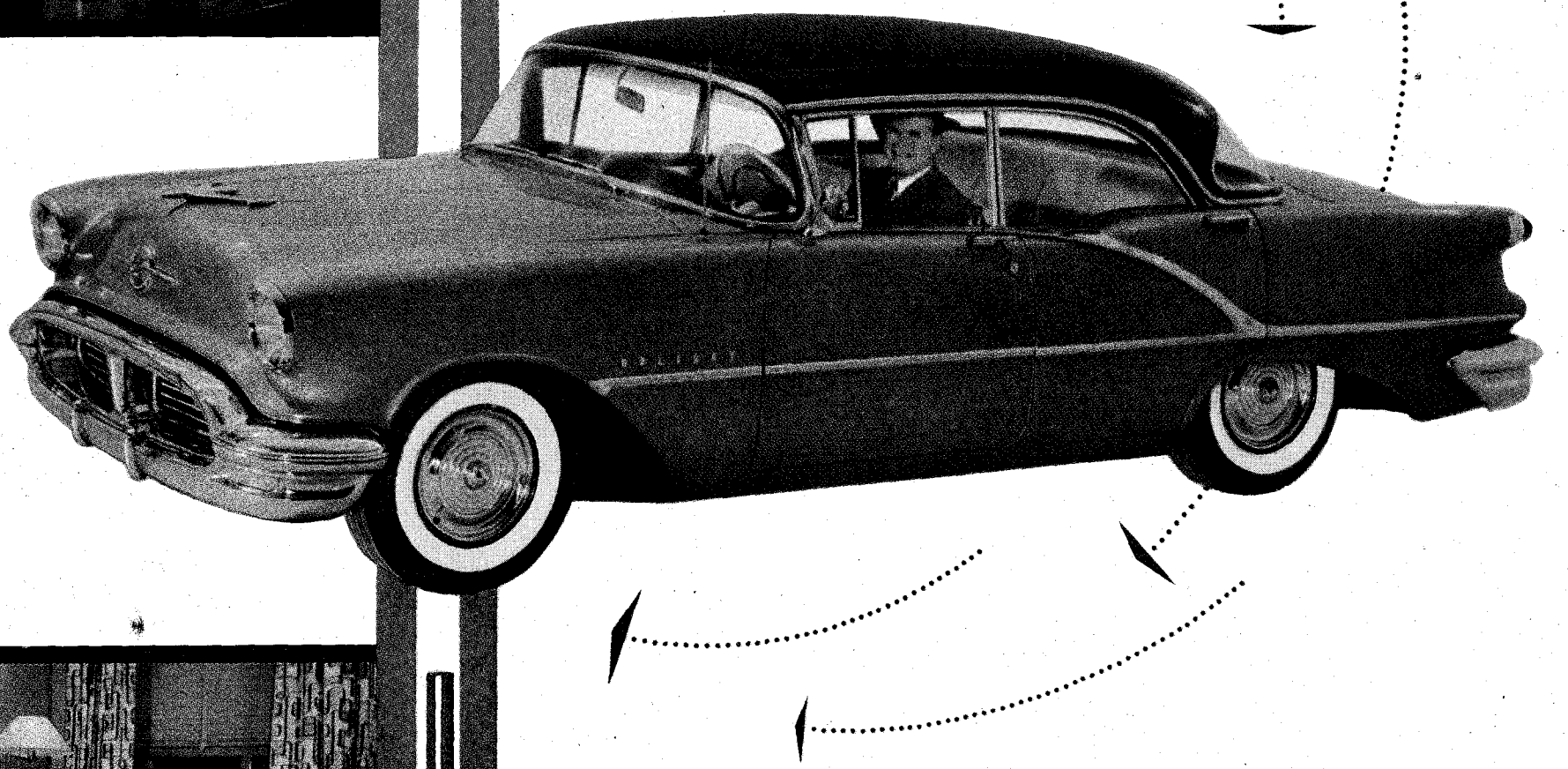

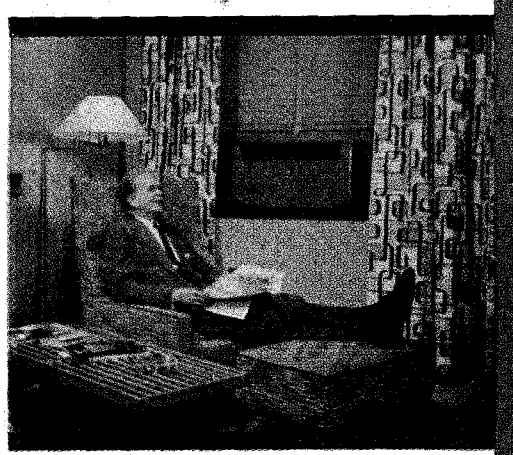

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Counterfeit Cavalier

What was his racket? Why did the Arizona underworld fear him? And what could account for his strange actions when he discovered the corpse in the desert?

An exciting new serial by

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Baldwin extracted a greenish wad from the dead man's mouth. "Money!" Jick exclaimed.

Jick Roche, whose first name, Annlee, was used by nobody except her mother, was studying the new young man with a curiosity that she took no pains to conceal. If one were to select Jick's dominant characteristic, it would, without argument, be curiosity. She was inquisitive about events, about people, about the significance of trifles. Her friends said that she was like a cat in a strange house wherever she went, because she could not compose herself until she had nosed into all the corners. She asked questions like an ambitious district attorney, and it is to be admitted regretfully that her interrogations were not always tactful. Her second most noteworthy characteristic was that she pigeonholed. She hoarded facts and impressions for a rainy day. And her memory was a systematic filing system in which nothing was ever mislaid. It was not alone major facts that reposed in the filing cabinet of her peculiar little mind; it was also inconsequentials such as what necktie her father wore last Thursday; or that the painter, Walker Bayside, had funny little nicks of his left-hand thumbnail; or that it was exactly forty-three steps from the entrance gap in the sage hedge separating the lawn from the parking space to the front door of the house.

Now she was scrutinizing this new young man, whose name was oddly enough Artemus Baldwin, as if he were an interesting specimen under a microscope. She never had encountered a young man like him, and he puzzled and interested her exceedingly.

She estimated that he was an inch under six feet, and determined to ask him his exact height. He wore a checked sport coat whose shoulders were a thought too wide and whose waist was cut too narrow. It was longer than a correct tailor would have approved. It wasn't exactly a zoot suit, but it was a recognizable relative. At first glance he seemed dapper, but a second glance showed Jick that everywhere he was just a little wrong. The adjective "slick" came into her mind. He was just off the key of good taste, even to his haircut.

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His manner was not what one could describe as brash, and his gray eyes were watchful. He, too, seemed to be inquisitive. He was doing what a theatrical friend of Jick's described as counting the house. Definitely he was not quite a gentleman. Not even quite a gentleman in the modern manner, which is not being a gentleman according to the rules of our grandfathers.

This new Mr. Baldwin was aware of her scrutiny and he rather preened himself, for which he was not to be censured. No young man could be blamed for self-satisfaction if he found that he excited Jick's interest because, even in blue jeans and a shirt open at the throat, and high-heeled boots, she was a dish. She was about five feet and four inches of dish, and when the weather was a little damp her brown hair curled boyishly close to her head. Her eyes slanted a little upward at the outer corners and reminded one of ancient Egyptian princesses. The demureness which one noticed at first glance was a snare and a delusion.

Mr. Baldwin preened himself some more and got up from the spot where he was basking against a rock. He strolled over to Jick, not diffidently but, as she said to herself, all of a smirk.

"Hi, toots," he said amiably, and thereupon lowered himself beside her without invitation. "I saw you giving me the once-over. Like what you see?"

"You," she said, "could do with a little retouching."

"I don't make you," he said.

"You picked out the wrong pattern," she told him, not sharply, but rather earnestly, as if she wanted to be helpful.

"What's wrong with me?" he asked.

"Why, I'd guess you learned from the wrong people and in unsuitable places."

Illustrated by Hy Rubin

"Hi, toots," he said. "I saw you giving me the once-over. Like what you see?"

Her eyes were watching his face, and, to her surprise, she noted a brief flash of satisfaction, as if she had paid him a compliment.

"Wrong side of the tracks?" he asked.

"That isn't the answer," she said, puzzled. "I like people from across the tracks, as you put it. They're natural and mostly they're nice and they're genuine, and you don't mind their not reading Emily Post. Because, probably, they're too busy earning a living. Like truck drivers, of whom I am very fond. But you approximate."

"That means 'come close to.' What do I come close to?"

"Being a gentleman," she said. "Synthetic," she said musingly.

"That means 'not genuine,'" he said, with no sign of anger or of embarrassment.

"Border line," she said, as if she were trying to make up her own mind about him. "Surface. A very nice person has to start by being nice inside and have an aptitude for it. Like a good many cops and some college presidents, and colored porters, and a couple of justices of the Supreme Court, and our Mexican gardener. They don't have to learn. It comes natural. No trimmings, but spontaneous." She bent her brows and squinted at him. "You've tried to learn the trimmings; that didn't come natural to you and you've dropped stitches."

He was not humiliated; he was not hurt. It seemed rather that he was genuinely interested in her appraisal.

"You're a smart baby," he said, and nodded his head. "You got savvy. Now take a shot at me. What's my racket?"

Jick thought it over, making a very cunning *moue* as she concentrated.

"Well," she replied, "I'd say you've been studying to be a slicker. Like in the movies. One of those characters. To live by being slick smart. Picking up things on the fringes."

Again she got the impression that he was inwardly gratified. It was very strange. She would not have been gratified in his place.

"You," he said, narrowing his eyes in the sunshine, "are a pretty slick chick yourself."

She thought that over, mentally trying it on for size. "Jick, the slick chick," she said. She nodded jerkily. "That's cute."

"You're cute," he said experimentally.

"No passes," she said and shrugged her lovely shoulders. "At least, not crude passes." She scrutinized him some more. "You wouldn't know how to make a really adroit pass at a girl like me. Naturally. You have to be an innate gentleman to be ungentlemanly in a nice way."

"Novelty," he said.

"What do you mean—novelty?"

"A lady snob like you could be bored by jerks like these." He waved his hand in the direction of the three other young men in the picnic party. "You could get a kick out of playing around with a guy like me. It might get me places."

"Experimenting," she said.

"People get blown up experimenting with chemicals," he said, grinning.

"How," she asked, "did you get to come on this picnic?"

"I wangled," he answered.

"I suppose so. But why would you want to? Not for fun. You're not comfortable with us. You must have had some sort of a stealthy reason. It's very interesting. I wonder how you'll come out."

"Listen, babe, I'll come out good. While these fancy pants are thinking once, I'm thinking three times."

"It'll be fun to watch," she said musingly. "I've never seen a slicker working at his profession. I really ought to put a spoke in your wheel. Maybe I'm antisocial. So I shan't. I'm going to be a very interested spectator. That is, unless you get to be really perilous. So long as you're just small time—I mean just for board and room—I shan't meddle. You are small time, aren't you?"

"Maybe you got me all wrong, cupcake. Maybe I'm feeding you a line. Maybe I graduated from one of these lousy colleges and my old man owns Standard Oil. Could be I'm kidding the ears off of you."

She shook her head. "Ridiculously impossible," she said promptly. "It would show through. Little things. You're a genuine whatever-you-are. Things you do instinctively."

"Like what?" he demanded.

"Like you spit," she said.

"What's wrong with how I spit?"

"You," she said, "make a production of it. As if you think how you are doing it. To create an impression, like a character in the movies."

Again that queer thing happened. Instead of being embarrassed or resentful, he seemed to be quietly gratified.

"Take Bill North," she said, following up her thought. "He is a very nice boy. He has good manners, but you don't notice them. Like breathing. Now, Bill would be very unlikely to spit at all if there was a girl around. But if he did, you would hardly notice it. I mean he would just spit." She paused and stared and was on her knees with one fluid movement, shading her eyes and peering across the sand and rocks up the rocky hillside. A young man stood halfway up the slope, waving

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Artemus drove his left fist into Moose's stomach and brought up his right to the jaw.

his arms and shouting. "What's Bill in a dither about?" she wondered. "It's something."

Jick was on her feet and running toward Bill North. She was running as if there were something urgent—as if she sensed that it was urgent. Spry as she had been, Artemus Baldwin was equally agile. Somehow he, too, seemed to sense that Bill was not waving and shouting just for fun. He outdistanced Jick.

"What gives?" he called.

"Keep Jick back," North said. "Don't let her come. There's a dead man up here."

"Then," snapped Baldwin, "why didn't you come down and whisper it, instead of bawling your head off?" He grasped Bill's arm. "Where's this corpse?" he demanded. And then to Jick, who had caught up with him, "Better scram back, chicklet."

"He said a dead man!" Jick gasped, breathless from running.

"Dead men," said Baldwin almost facetiously, "ain't your racket. Not good manners to be dead up on a hill."

"I'm going to see," she said.

Baldwin shrugged. "If you topple over, I'll let you lie where you fall," he said.

They followed Bill North around a shoulder of the hill, scrambling. There was a jutting rock, and on the far side of it was a body.

"All right," Baldwin said to Jick, "you got an eyeful. Beat it."

"Store clothes," Jick said. She was not pale. She did not feel pale. It was grim, but she was neither squeamish nor frightened. "Fancy shoes," she said. "Not all scuffed." She thought it incongruous that a man in store clothes and unscuffed fancy shoes should lie dead on a remote desert hilltop.

Baldwin was kneeling beside the body. Bill North looked as if he might be sick. *Anyhow*, Jick thought, *Mr. Baldwin can take it.* He turned the body on its back, so that the face pointed up. It was a youngish, sharp-featured face.

"Upset his digestion," Baldwin said. "Three slugs in the belly."

North made a retching noise and retired behind a boulder. Baldwin looked up over his shoulder at Jick. She stared unflinchingly. Baldwin hunched his shoulders. "You," he said, "don't behave ladylike."

"How would you know?" she retorted. "Fox face."

"Me?"

She shook her head. "Him," she said. She bent over a little, the better to see.

"You'll spoil your dinner," he snorted.

"What's he been eating?" she asked. "What's his mouth full of?"

Baldwin investigated. *He's not a bit squeamish,* thought Jick as Baldwin extracted a wad from the dead man's mouth. It was a greenish wad.

"Money!" Jick exclaimed.

Baldwin spread the currency on the sand. They were not large bills—fives and tens and a few ones. "Beats hell what people eat," he said callously.

"Had you ought to touch?" she asked. "Isn't there a law? I mean until the police come."

"I don't see any police station," he said. He peered up at her saturninely. "Another slicker," he said; "from his clothes."

"An inferior slicker," she said. "He didn't walk here. Carried. No scuffing. Very melodramatic! I mean the wad of money in his mouth. Gangsters."

"Why gangsters?"

"They like to be melodramatic—tough melodramatic. That money says something."

"Out loud," said Baldwin.

"What does it say to you?" Jick asked. "Maybe it talks your language."

"It says," answered Baldwin, "that this character took money he shouldn't—for the wrong thing or from the wrong people. Yeah."

"Not much money," Jick said.

"Not much of a guy," Baldwin said disparagingly. "Maybe (Continued on Page 78)

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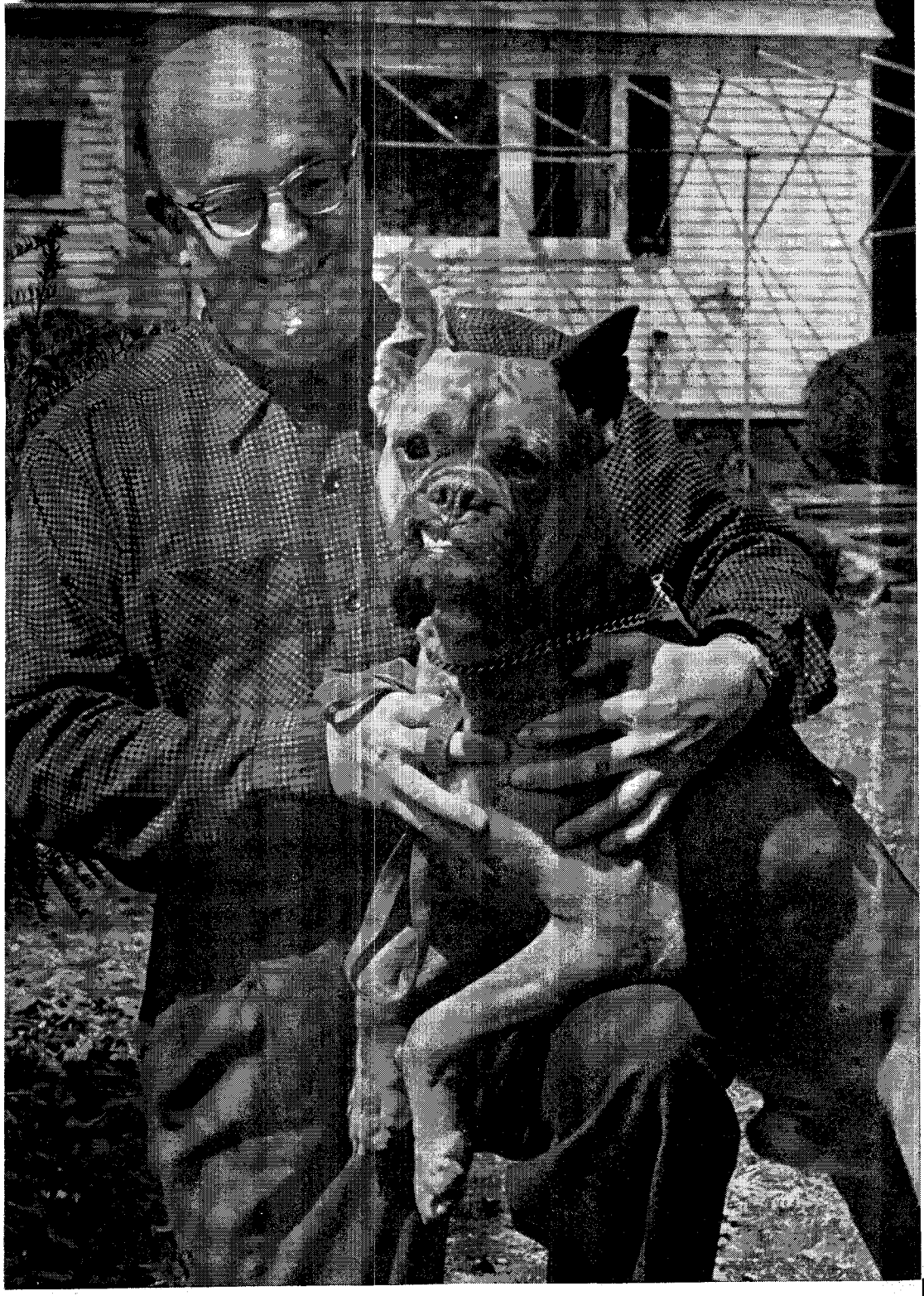

Republican promoter-in-chief Leonard Hall and "Buffer" at home in Oyster Bay, L.I. Hall, the son of Teddy Roosevelt's coachman, was born and bred to politics.

BARNUM OF THE G.O.P.

Len Hall, the Republican National Chairman, promises something new in campaigns: Fewer windbags and more TV spectaculars. "We're gonna keep the joint jumping," he says.

By Stewart Alsop

Leonard Wood Hall, chairman of the Republican National Committee, looks like a genial, somewhat weather-beaten professional politician, which is precisely what he is. But he is other things besides. He is a first-rate amateur magician and cabinetmaker, a tireless doer of small favors, a shrewd and tough political infighter, a prolific composer of some of the worst doggerel in the English language, and a major political phenomenon in his own right.

Hall is an important political phenomenon for a simple reason. He has patterned the organization of Republican national headquarters after the organization of a large business concern, and he has adapted the most modern business techniques of salesmanship and promotion to the business of politics. He is the first professional politician in either party to do these things consciously and on a systematic basis. As a result, the 1956 presidential campaign will be markedly different from the campaigns of the past. And if Hall's methods prove out at the polls next November, the Hall political theories may have a deep and lasting influence on American politics.

Hall is a big, balding, owlish-looking man of immense geniality. He likes to laugh, and he will sing the doggerel ditties he composes himself at the drop of a hat (his favorite has the punch line "Ooga, Ooga, Ooga, she loves me"). But when he talks politics, he is dead serious. And he is well worth listening to.

"Politics these days is like a business," he says. "First you set up a real business shop, so

At G.O.P. headquarters in Washington, two models demonstrate paraphernalia to be used in the coming campaign.

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that you know what you're doing and where you're going. Then you sell your candidates and your programs the way a business sells its products. Now, don't get me wrong. Of course the product has to be good, or it won't sell."

A visit to Republican National Committee headquarters in Washington suggests what Hall means by "a real business shop." When Hall took over the committee in the spring of 1953, it smelled strongly of age and decay. The committee was housed in a straggle of Washington hotel rooms and in a narrow Victorian mansion, complete with potted palms, where work proceeded in an atmosphere of genteel confusion. Hall's first act was to call in three business friends to make recommendations for reorganizing the whole setup. As a result, about a third of the staff of 150 was fired and the organization was moved into a gleaming new office suite, at an over-all saving of more than $250,000 a year.

The Hall headquarters now look like the home office of a large and successful business concern, complete with modern furniture, efficient secretaries, crew-cut and flannel-suited young men, the latest business machines, a multiplicity of mysterious charts, and a vast conference room with the latest motion-picture and television equipment. The difference between the Republican campaign this year and the campaigns of the past may well be as great as the difference between the new Hall headquarters and the Victorian manse with its potted palms. Len Hall planned it that way.

He planned it that way, it should be noted, long before President Eisenhower suffered his heart attack. When Hall remarked a couple of days after the attack that it made no change in his plans, he was telling the simple truth, astonishing as the remark seemed at the time. The abandonment of the traditional special campaign train, for example, the most obvious departure from tradition in the planned Republican campaign, was in no sense a result of the President's attack. The decision to abandon whistle-stopping had its real genesis back in 1952, when Hall was manager of the Eisenhower special.

Hall got to know Eisenhower well on the train, and conceived something of a hero worship for him. But in every other way, Hall hated the job. He is a man of immense, restless physical energy, and like many such men, he detests being confined in a small space. He celebrated the Eisenhower whistle-stopping in one of his doggerel ditties, which reads in part:

As Ike's train keeps moving,
Its passengers are proving
A bath is needed every day.
Sometimes it's three days,
Sometimes it's four.
Mum's the word, they're saying,
When it's a week or more.

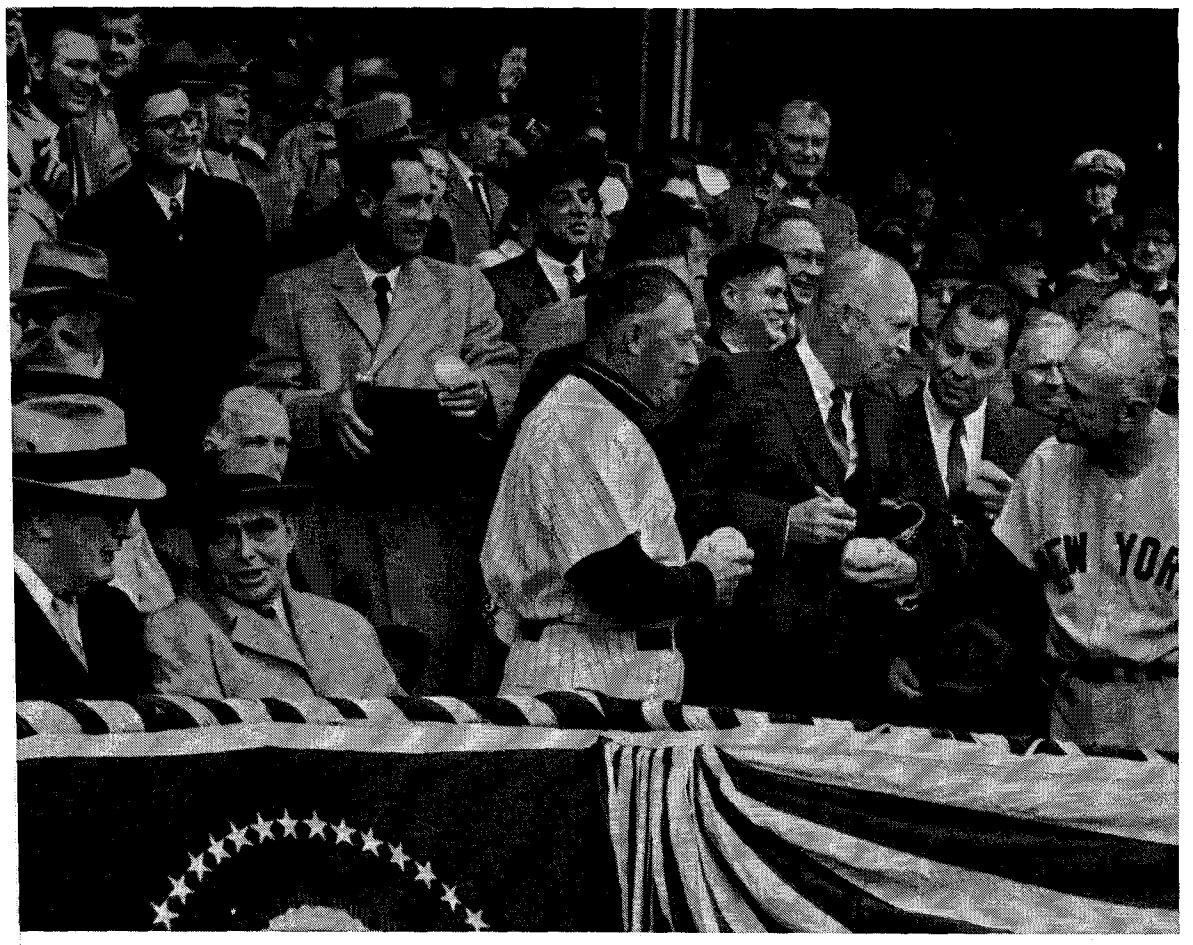
Thus when Hall began planning the 1956 campaign, which he did as soon as he became chairman, his first thought was to eliminate the bathless agony of whistle-stopping. No doubt Hall, who would rather be boiled in oil than lose the election, would cheerfully endure the agony again if he considered whistle-stopping a paying political proposition. But he doesn't.

On the contrary, Hall considers the campaign train a kind of political vermiform appendix, left over from the days when there was no other way for a candidate to reach the people. Nowadays, Hall reasons, it is silly for a candidate to half kill himself crisscrossing the country to speak every day to thirteen or fourteen audiences of a few hundred people, when he can reach millions of voters from an air-conditioned studio, via television. Television, Hall contends, has made whistle-stopping as old-fashioned as selling patent medicines by means of traveling sideshows.

Television is, indeed, the heart and soul of the Hall theory of political salesmanship. He is convinced that television is a decisively important political instrument which has been misused. The tail, he explains, has been wagging the dog. A politician will orate to a few hundred people seated in front of him and forget all about the millions at their television sets. As soon as the televiewers see the politician's shiny pate bobbing over the prepared script, the sets begin clicking off and another hundred thousand dollars' worth of political investment goes down the drain.

As a political instrument, Hall believes, television must be used in a new way, just as

Hall with his idea man, Robert Humphreys, and his public-relations expert, Richard Guylay. A veteran campaigner himself, Hall served 14 years in Congress before becoming party chairman.



When the baseball season opened in Washington this year, Hall (left) with Rep. Joe Martin, accompanied President Eisenhower to the game. Hall, the author reports, drew up his plans for '56 long before Ike's heart attack.

radio was used in a new way by Franklin D. Roosevelt in the '30's. Indeed, except in special circumstances, Hall regards the set political speech as a thing of the past. "Each thing must be a production," he says. "People don't like looking at one guy's face all the time. You've got to have action, other people in the picture. And you can hardly ever, except on a big occasion with the President speaking, have one man run over fifteen minutes."

Hall's favorite example of what he means by a "production" is the Salute to Eisenhower closed-circuit television show last winter, which was broadcast to many thousands of $100-a-plate Republican diners all over the country. The key figure was, of course, the President, who spoke movingly of the great personal decision which then still confronted him. But the (Continued on Page 119)

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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Abigail intended to marry a gentleman. That left Mick out.

The Lady Loathed Violence

By STEVE McNEIL

Judge Gilderson peered at Michael Brennan and pursed his lips. He took off his glasses, polished them thoroughly, put them back on and then shook his head. "Mr. Brennan," he said, "I don't quite know what to do about you."

The words had an ominous sound. Mick Brennan looked at his toes and then looked at Judge Gilderson, attempting to seem as guileless as a boy caught with his hand in the cooky jar. The end result was ludicrous. Mick was six feet three inches tall and he weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds in his socks. His hair was black, his nose was crooked, and he had a wide, straight mouth and a square, hard-rock chin.

"You have pleaded guilty to the charge of assaulting Mr. Fred Polaski."

"He called me a big, dough-headed ——" Mick began.

The judge brought his gavel down. It popped loudly and closed Mick's mouth. "Sixty days!" the judge snapped.

"Sixty days!" Mick said incredulously, "just for clouting that loud-mouthed ——"

"Suspended," Judge Gilderson added.

Mick let out his breath with the sound of a steam engine getting under way. "Well, judge, thanks. You see, there were extenuating ——"

"On condition," the judge continued, "that you refrain from fighting during that period."

Mick stared at the judge. "You mean that if that big, flat-faced, rock-headed ——" The judge lifted his gavel. "I mean that if Mr. Polaski punches me in the nose I can't do anything about it?"

"One punch," the judge said—"one small punch, and you'll serve your sentence."

"You want to get me killed, your honor?"

"Not exactly. Any particular reason why Mr. Polaski should punch you in the nose?"

"Any particular reason!" Mick said. "For one thing, when I draped him over the fender of his truck, he claimed he slipped. For another thing, I got fourteen St. John Pulp and Paper Company logging trucks to keep rolling, and some of those knot-headed drivers want to herd those trucks like hot rods. The job calls for firmness, your honor." Mick did not mention Miss Abigail Hardwick, because that was a personal matter. "And for another thing, that bum, Polaski, is always ——"

The judge banged his gavel down. "Next case."

Mick walked out of the courtroom, his brow corrugated, his morale as low as a clam at high tide. His attorney, Howard Cleaver, walked beside him. "We must have caught him on a good day."

"Huh?"

"Three or four days ago he gave a man thirty days in jail for knocking some guy off a bar stool in Molly O'Brien's tavern." Howard grinned. "He must be fond of you, Mick."

"He's about as fond of me as he is of a safe cracker," Mick said gloomily. "He'd hang it on me sure. Oh, brother! If the word ever gets around ——" Mick stopped. The consequences of that happening seemed too horrible to put into words.

"Nobody's liable to hear about it. It's here in county court, and Oceancrest is twenty miles away. All the record will show is that you got a sixty-day, suspended sentence." He patted Mick on the shoulder. "Don't worry about it, just stay out of arguments."

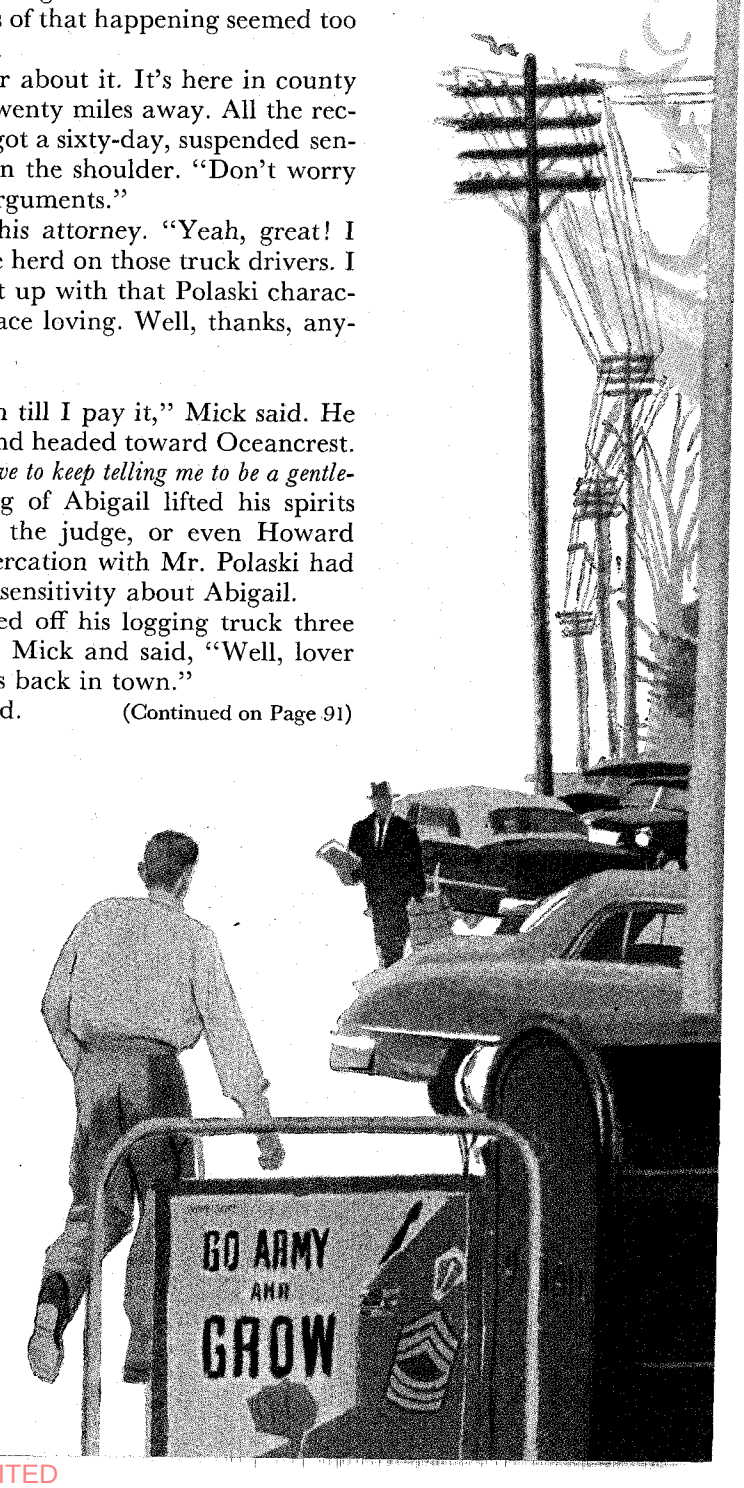
Mick looked sourly at his attorney. "Yeah, great! I wish that judge had to ride herd on those truck drivers. I wish that judge had to put up with that Polaski character. He wouldn't be so peace loving. Well, thanks, anyway."

"I'll send you a bill."

"Don't hold your breath till I pay it," Mick said. He walked to his car, got in, and headed toward Oceancrest. *Well, at least Abigail won't have to keep telling me to be a gentleman,* he thought. Thinking of Abigail lifted his spirits somewhat. He didn't tell the judge, or even Howard Cleaver, but the slight altercation with Mr. Polaski had been generated by Mick's sensitivity about Abigail.

Fred Polaski had climbed off his logging truck three afternoons ago, grinned at Mick and said, "Well, lover boy, I see Curt Reynolds is back in town."

"O.K., O.K.," Mick said. (Continued on Page 91)



Illustrated by
Bernard D'Andrea

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Mick rocked Fred
with a straight left and a hook.
Unfortunately, Abigail
came out of the post office
at that moment.

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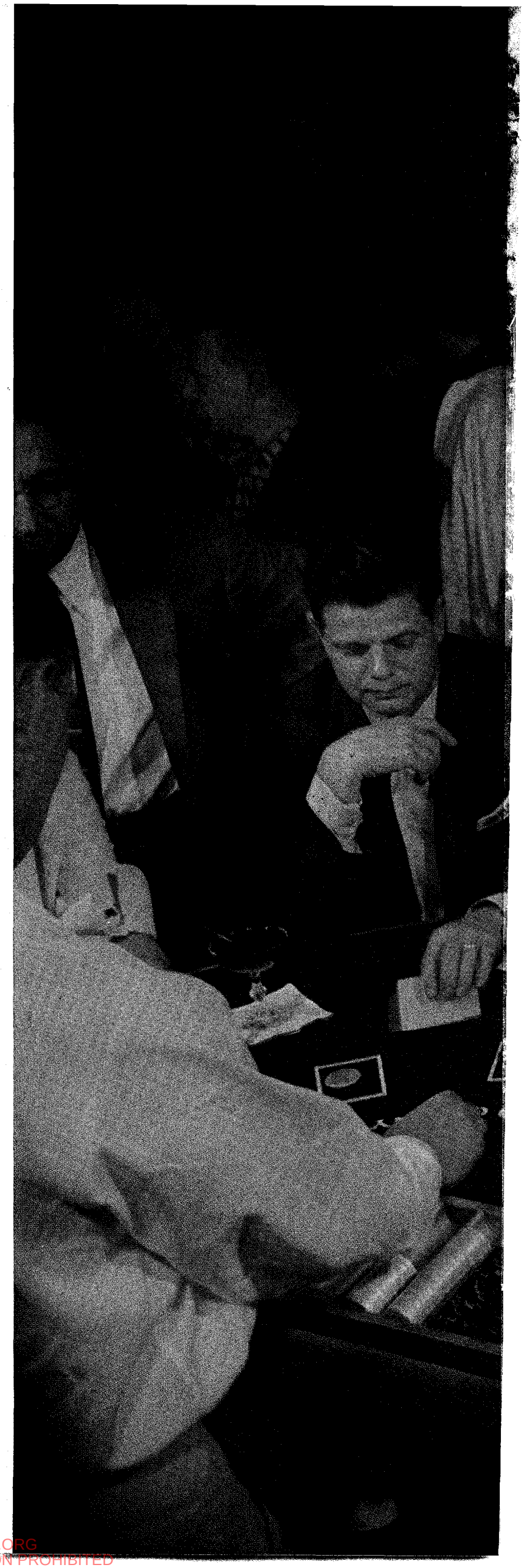
The Face of AMERICA

The Players

See all the sad-faced people having fun at Vegas. They are gamboling, if you want to spell it that way, at a rollicking game of Twenty-one, or Blackjack, and they should be philosophical and smile merrily, reflecting that after all this is only a game. Behind them, one-armed bandits march row on row, hospitable put-and-maybe-take devices formally addressed as slot machines. In Las Vegas, Nevada, are manifold gambling casinos. In this typical one alone, since it opened in 1952 at the Sands Hotel, some 8,000,000 souls have pitched woo at Lady Luck, causing 52,000,000 pitches of dice and using 65,000 decks of cards. By the way, if you should think of going to Las Vegas for your health, the air is healthfully dry, the sky smiles sunnily, and tourists leave $170,000,000 there per year. Sure, some take more than they leave—that's what Vegas is all about. ● Photograph by Frank Ross.



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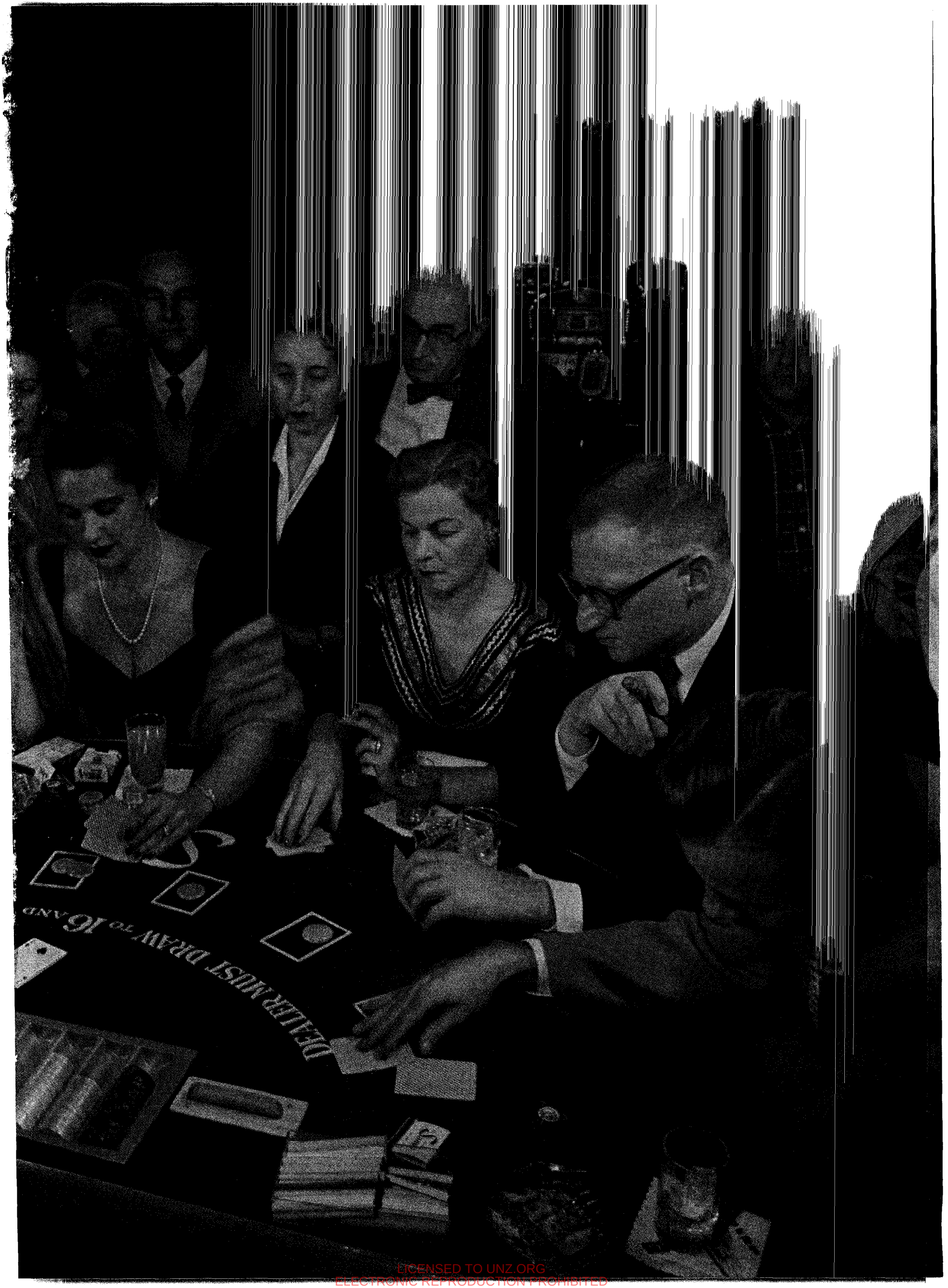

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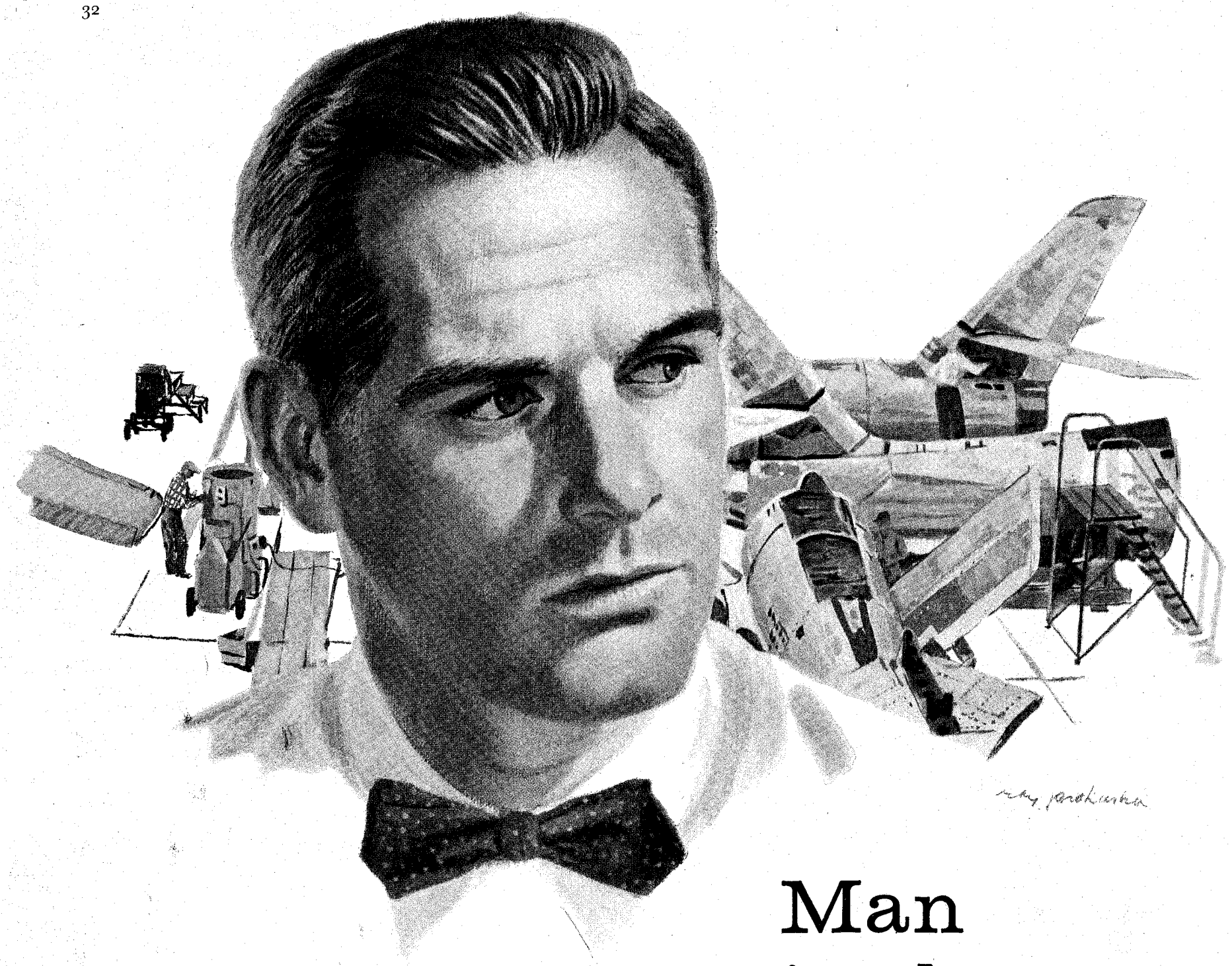

Man in the Middle

Warren was the meek type, a human doormat. Then something came over him . . .

By RICHARD STERN

Here in the shop where he had begun, not long ago really, with his hands and his head, only these, and a curiosity that was almost a thirst, today, even here, he could not shake the feeling that all that had happened since had about it a quality of unreality, of make-believe, of luck that could not last. He sat perched on the corner of Benny's desk.

"Word is," Benny said, "that we're going to sell airframes to the English and then go over and help them put their own engines in." His voice was elaborately unconcerned.

"Yes," Warren said.

"Word is, too, that you're going in charge of the project." Benny paused. "Need a good foreman, meaning me?" He paused again. "Man likes a change now and again."

"The word is wrong," Warren said. "They won't send me."

"Production job, isn't it? Mostly, anyway? And you're the Old Man's Number One production boy, aren't you?"

Looking down on the floor of final assembly, on the orderly row of fuselages, the procession of wings and empennages moving to mating, all of it familiar as the back of his own hand, he said, "That's here, where I know my way around." And then, "Let it go, Benny."

"I'll have my say," Benny said. The unconcern was gone. "You were a wet-eared punk when you started bucking rivets down here. Now you're a front-office man ——"

"A job like that," Warren said, "will go to an engineer, somebody like Paul Mason, not to me." He turned on the desk. "I'm a mechanic in a necktie, that's all. I don't know enough."

"Engineers," Benny said, "are gourdheads with slide rules and electronic thinking machines. Isn't one of them knows a hawk from a handsaw."

Warren stood up from the desk. He thought, *I don't even belong here in the shop any more.* And the sense of unreality was strong. "I'm sorry, Benny."

"Was a modification base in England during the war," Benny said. "Nice place, when somebody wasn't dropping bombs." He paused. "Man's over there, he's on his own, makes it up as he goes along—what they used to call in the Army an

(Continued on Page 56)

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How I Catch a Ball Game

By ROY CAMPANELLA
as told to Milton Gross

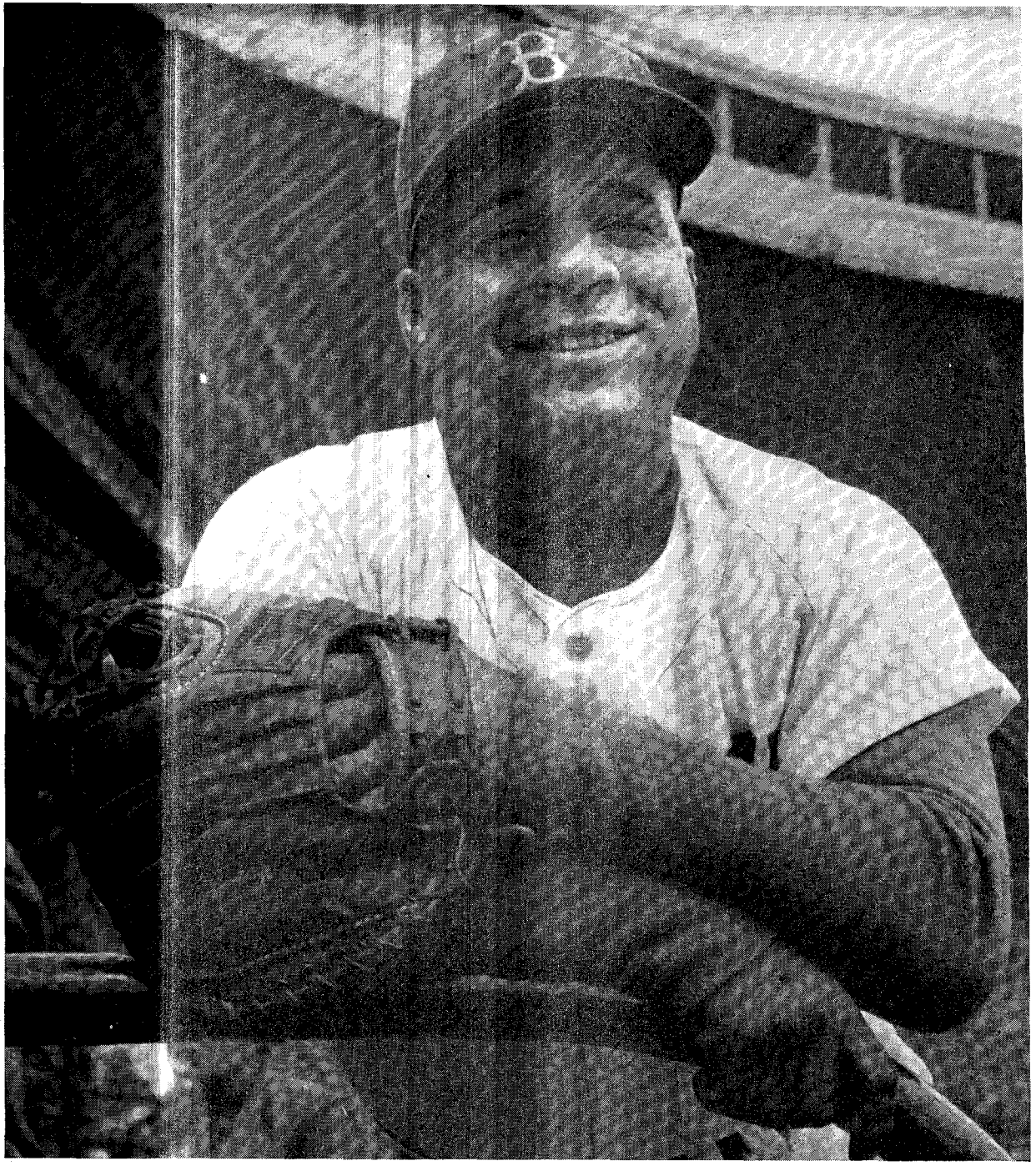
The most valuable player in the National League reveals what he thinks about as he squats behind the plate . . .

A catcher is known by the "tools of ignorance" he wears. The idea, of course, is that he can't be too bright if he straps on a mask, chest protector and shin guards and squats behind the plate, while a hitter swings a bat a few inches from his head.

I've been doing this professionally for twenty years, and I don't know of any other position on the field which requires so much know-how. Sure, a catcher needs strength and stamina and an arm, but I wouldn't have caught more than one season if I hadn't learned in my first one that there is more to it than just catching and throwing the ball.

Last season I was voted the National League's Most Valuable Player for the third time in my eight years with the Brooklyn Dodgers. There wasn't a day during the season when I didn't learn something new about my job. As a matter of fact, I may have learned my most important lesson on the last pitch Johnny Podres threw to end our 1955 World Series against the Yankees.

Maybe you remember the way it was. We were leading, 2–0, going into the last half of the ninth. When (Continued on Page 116)



"In a way, pitchers are like children. Some you got to pat and some you got to prod." Campy has been patting and prodding ever since he broke into pro ball at age 14.

Campy drops to one knee as he connects. He hit .318 for the world champions last season, batted in 107 runs and belted 32 homers.

The Phils' fleet Richie Ashburn is tagged, but good, by Campy. "The Phillies," says Roy, "don't have too much of a running game."

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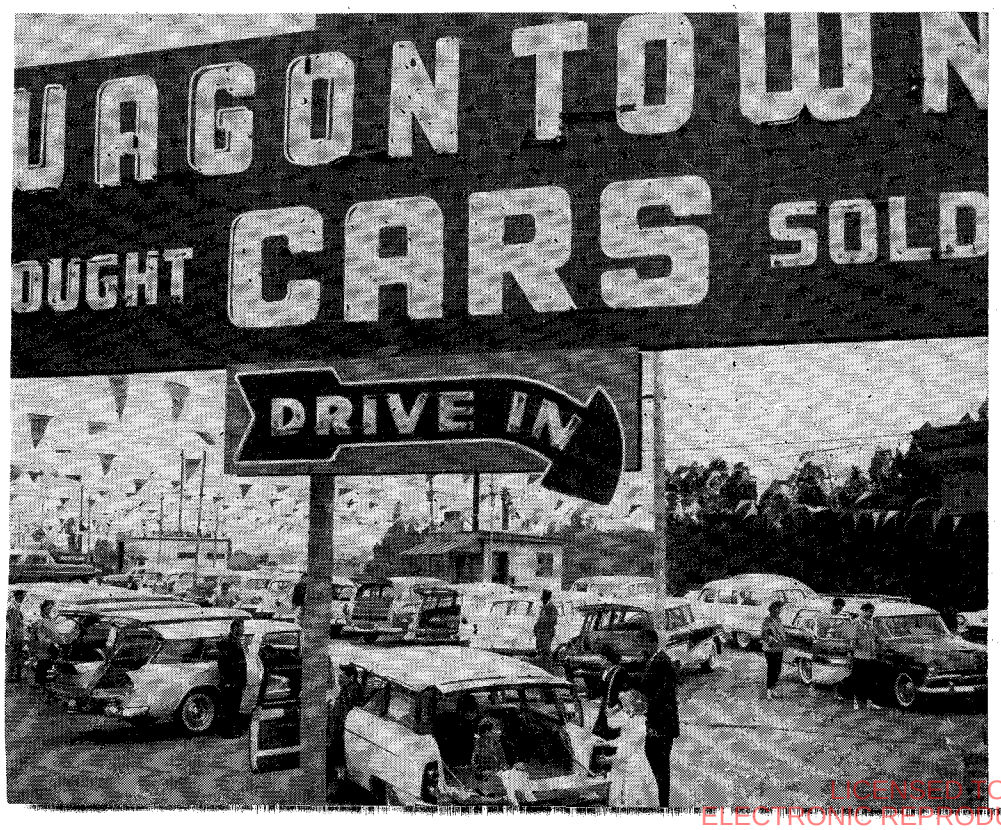
How else can one woman carry a den of Cubs? A company that dropped its three-seat model in 1953 remembers that period as "the year of the den mothers' revolt."

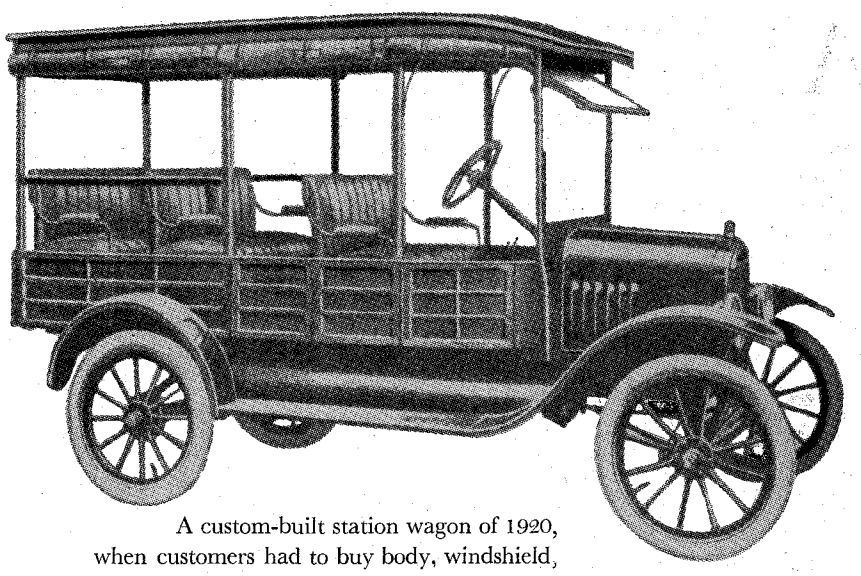
ALL-AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE

For leisure and everyday transportation, nothing beats the versatile station wagon, which has climbed to an unprecedented peak of popularity.

BY ARTHUR W. BAUM



The boom in station-wagon sales is now so well established that this North Hollywood used-car lot deals exclusively in wagons.



A custom-built station wagon of 1920, when customers had to buy body, windshield, fenders and chassis separately. The first production-model wagons were marketed in 1923.

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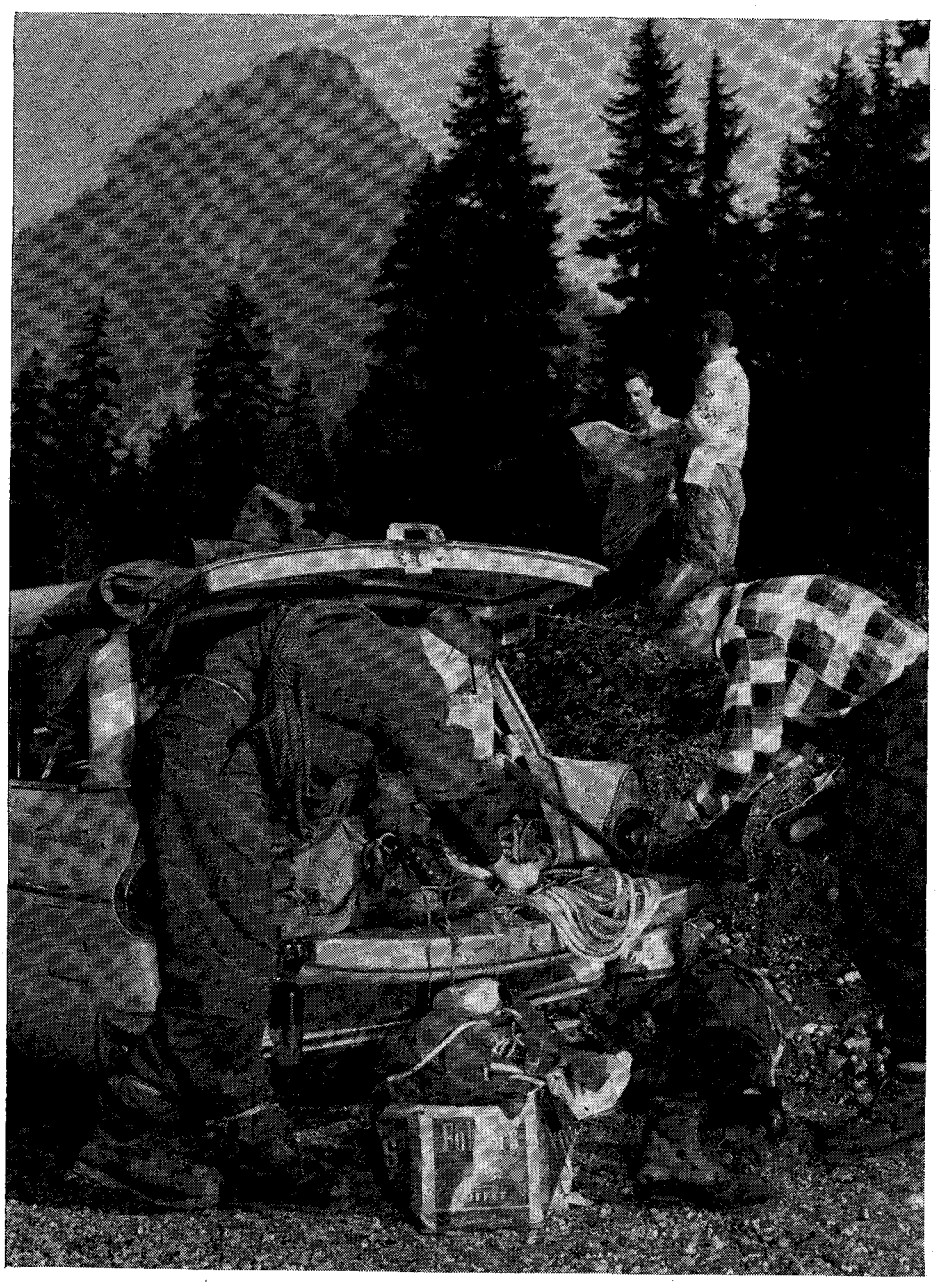
In the year 1955 Robert W. May, of Brandon, Mississippi, achieved a stirring statistic. Completing his twentieth year as a Chevrolet dealer he sold more station wagons in twelve months than he had sold in all the preceding nineteen years put together. In Doylestown, Pennsylvania, Jenks Watson was rather surprised to find that in the first two months of 1956, 40 per cent of his Plymouth and Dodge deliveries were station wagons. A similar percentage for the same period was recorded by Cottrell-Anderson Pontiac agency in Flemington, New Jersey, while in Salinas, California, Cochran Motors discovered that in 1955 one of every five Fords sold was a station wagon, a percentage that quadrupled the company's 1951 figure.

The unusual thing about these better-than-average performances is that they are not rarities. They are simply random evidence of the sharpest and possibly the most significant recent swing in the history of automobile tastes—the whopping rise of the station wagon. The horse may be gone, but this is certainly the day of the wagon. Here are the measurements of the phenomenon: before the war the automobile-manufacturing industry in no single year ever made as many as one station wagon in every 100 cars produced, and even in early postwar years the ratio was little more than one in fifty. Today at least every tenth car manufactured is a wagon. In the low-priced field the station wagon of one company accounts for every second car produced, and in others a wagon is every seventh or eighth or ninth. Last year the volume of wagons came within 10 per cent of doubling the preceding year, and it is more than probable that new records will be set in 1956, certainly in the percentage of wagons to total cars.

Automobile manufacturers know a million reasons for the surge, most of them good, none of them quite precise, and few occupying the same rank in the eyes of the market analysts. It is not possible to check with fine accuracy the whereabouts and manner of use of the country's wagons, since many states do not require registration by body model and the versatile wagons are used in more ways than any one company can count. However, it is seldom denied that four factors are especially important. They are the adoption of all-metal bodies, suburban living, the new American leisure and babies. Beginning with these, dealers can go on spinning endless additional reasons for the wagon demand.

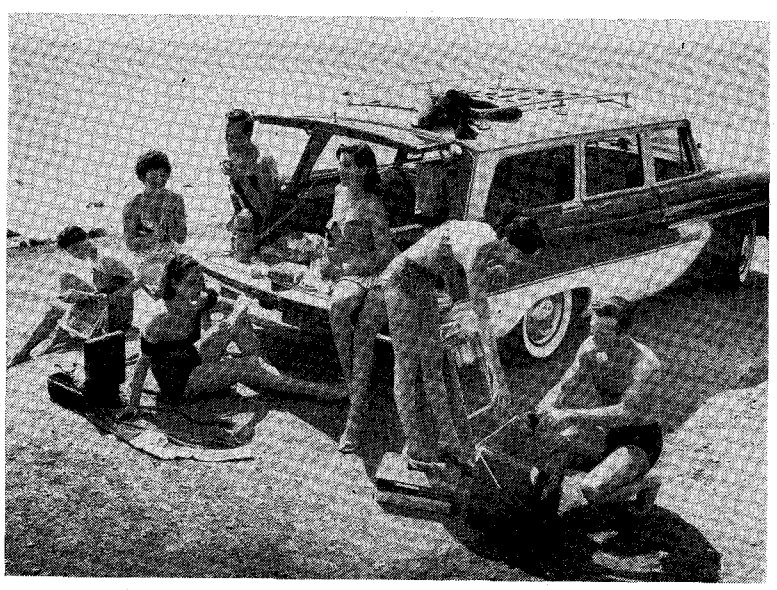
One dealer ascribes high sales to the number of kennel operators and dog breeders in his territory. Another has benefited because undertakers in his community have adopted station wagons as transports for empty coffins. More wagons are showing up on rural-mail routes, and the wagon as a troop transport for Cub Scouts and Brownies is well established. One of the big three manufacturers learned this latter fact the hard way in 1953. In that year the maker, for unknown reasons, dropped its three-seat, eight-passenger wagon, offering nothing but a two-seat, six-passenger model. An angry host of housewives promptly made it clear that the missing third seat had a basic capacity of three Cubs and, allowing for squeeze and lamination, a potential of at least twice that many. The manufacturer sorrowfully marked 1953 as "the year of the den mothers' revolt" and hastily introduced a new nine-passenger wagon.

Unlike the mule, the station wagon has at least partial pride of ancestry and a glowing hope of posterity. It bears the lineage of rich estates where in past decades it denoted a family that not only could afford an extra car for guest hauling but also had servants to keep the wagon's wooden panels varnished and, for as long as possible, unrotted and unsplintered. But the wagon is also related to the truck, to the horse-drawn depot wagons of old-time resort hotels, and to work-camp carryalls. Its third or fifth door—the tailgate opening—is a truck inheritance, (Continued on Page 113)



A carryall for mountain climbers. One manufacturer has devised a pop-up-tent attachment.

Plenty of room for Rover. Kennelmen find wagons almost indispensable.



For picnickers, the workhorse becomes a pleasure car, with built-in table.

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Jerry Kubik's farm, hard hit by the 1950 deluge, has now been flood-proofed. Grass-covered terraces and contour-plowed fields absorb and divert excess water; two new dams contain and harness the runoff.

THEY TAMED THEIR FLOODS

Six years ago, Nebraska's Upper Salt Creek went on a rampage that cost $12,000,000. Here's how the residents of the area have made sure it won't happen again.

By JOHN BIRD

The Kubiks own one of 750 farms in the watershed area. Jerry says, "The time I used to spend rebuilding flood-wrecked fences, now I use it for fishing."

Just imagine that your house has sagged dangerously on its foundations, a supposedly gilt-edged stock in which you invested your life savings has gone sour, and your boss has suggested that you hunt for a new job. That gives you a rough idea of Jerry Kubik's predicament after a history-making rain poured down on his Nebraska farm, high on the bowllike Salt Creek watershed.

The square-hewn, middle-aged Kubik was a happy man when the gray clouds first rolled overhead. His newly planted corn could use a shower—and Kubik needed good harvests as never before because he had worked most of his life as a tenant to buy this 240-acre farm. True, the land was sloping, the soil was thin and badly cut with gullies, but at least it was his own. Given time, he hoped to build a well-kept, prosperous dairy farm.

Then, on May 8, 1950, the rain fell. It was no spring shower. It crashed down as (Continued on Page 143)

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Dog Crazy

Jomay was never quite sure whether her husband loved her as much as he loved his hound.

By EUGENE NEWSOM

The dog was coal-black, not blue-black as some are, but sort of glistening jet dark like the skin of night itself. Although her coat was hard to the touch, she had an air of softness about her, like a pretty girl. Some of this quality was in her eyes, brown, reflective, wide-set. She was close-coupled and neat as a cat.

"I call her Bird," Herschel explained to the rural mail carrier when he asked, out of politeness. "She's got a head full of sense."

"Never saw one just like her," said the mail carrier, craning out of his red-white-and-blue truck's window for a closer look at the dog beside Herschel's leg. "Tree a coon?"

"I got others that'll do that," Herschel said. "She's called a retriever, and that means a go-get type of dog. Go get and bring back."

"Looks like she knows what we're asayin'," said the mail carrier.

"Smart as a schoolteacher." Herschel smiled with pride and scratched her ear. "You can talk to her and she'll listen and mind. More than you can say for other types of females. I wouldn't take twenty-five dollars for her," he added.

"If I could get my wife trained up that fine, I wouldn't take a hundred for her," cackled the mail carrier, stomping his motor into a roar and moving on to the next box.

The country folk round about the sandy land deltas of the St. Francis said that Herschel Patton was dog rich. Jomay, who had married him in the very first big fluster of love a half year before, wasn't too sure about that "rich" part. In the red hills of the ridge where she grew up, you farmed first and hunted and sported second, but with Herschel it seemed to be the other way around. It irked her, too, that the Persons and the Barnetts down the road had new pickup trucks and television and looked insultingly fat.

"Those hounds'll eat more than seven kids," she snipped at him. "Moanin' around under the front porch and lickin' themselves. And foolin' with that black one is more important to you than scratchin' dirt. Papa says that a farmer either scratches dirt or starves."

"I know a boatload of farmers that have scratched dirt and starved," he said.

But when she turned on that sorghum-and-butter expression,

(Continued on Page 85)

That night Herschel brought Bird into the bedroom and made her a pallet by the lamp table.

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Today, China's millions have stopped doing their own thinking. Instead, higher-ups in Peking do it for them. Here, village leaders bone up on the latest party line.

I SAW COMMUNIST CHINA:

The Molding of the Masses

The new Chinese man brainwashes himself, spies on his neighbors, and goes to work in formation. Individuality, the author found, has become extinct.

By ROBERT GUILLAIN

PART TWO

The French-communist press has been denouncing me recently because, in news dispatches in the French newspaper, Le Monde, I used the phrase "blue ants" to describe Red China's teeming millions. "Blue ants" were the words which came to my mind after I had watched—during a two-month tour of Red China—swarms of Chinese men, women and children dressed almost exactly alike in blouses and trousers of blue cotton.

From Manchuria in the north to Canton in the south, from Lanchow in the far west to Shanghai on the eastern coast, these monotonously clad crowds had a nightmarish effect upon me. Without a close look, it is often impossible to distinguish the sex of the blue ants. The remarkable result is that among the foremost victims of the new regime must be put that treasure of the past—the beautiful Chinese woman. Sometimes she is still to be seen in public, but more often she has made herself inconspicuous by observing the official fashion of plain dowdiness.

Although French communists were infuriated by my phrase "blue ants," I estimate that 90 per cent of the Chinese wear blue cotton today. And this dress symbolizes to me the incredible conformity which six years of communist rule have imposed upon the Chinese people. I always had believed that they were incurably individualistic. I would have sworn,

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School children are brought to admire a new state department store in Peking. Right: Bilingual posters in the store lunchroom plug China's alliance with Russia.

before making this tour, that it was impossible to transform the highly individualistic Chinese people I once knew into such a nation of robots. But I emerged from the China of today feeling that I had been living in a human anthill. My observations convinced me that the Peking regime deliberately has set out to create, in the world's most populous country, a type of human society in which people will behave like insects, with their self-determination amputated, and knowing only one thought—the thought of the anthill.

Before I went back to China last October I had read that both men and women were wearing identical blue-cotton garments, and it sounded quite sensible, a matter of practical economics. These clothes are cheap to make and cheap to buy, and they always were worn by a good many Chinese for that reason. I was prepared to be impressed, but I began to feel otherwise soon after I reached the Red capital, Peking. That ancient walled city, despite its lasting beauty, today is filled with the most drab crowds on earth. Apparently the people there feel that they must regiment themselves 100 per cent in blue cotton more enthusiastically than the Chinese of other cities.

Before the war, Peking people were noted for the diversity of their dress, coming as they did from all parts of the Asian subcontinent. Now you would think the crowds had just emerged from a mass bathing in blue ink. The stream of blue ants is all the more disquieting as it winds, slowly and monotonously, beneath brilliantly designed and colored palaces, temples and pagodas, the gayest and most fanciful ever built by priests and emperors, with yellow tiles, green crossbeams, red-lacquered columns and golden gates. The only dull and colorless item in this bright setting is the product of the People's Democracy—the new Chinese man.

Neither in Soviet Russia nor anywhere else has anything appeared resembling these Chinese blue throngs. Just before nightfall one evening in the city of Hankow, in Central China, I came suddenly upon a striking scene. Work had ended in factories and offices, and it was the hour when people everywhere are scattering to their homes. But in Hankow many of the uniformed blue crowds were marching, in groups or columns of two or three abreast. Children—boys and girls alike—students, workers and women were not only dressed alike but were organized under group leaders. I asked whether these people were headed for some great mass meeting. No, I was told, nothing unusual was scheduled. It was customary after work for people everywhere to join groups attending classes or lectures or exhibitions.

If my analysis of what I saw in China is correct, the primary motive for the Red regime's blue uniformity is not economic; it is, rather, psychological and political. One day in a city street, I encountered a Chinese acquaintance of prewar years who had been prosperous and richly dressed when I saw him last. Now he wore the standard shabby blue uniform. When he noticed my somewhat puzzled glance, he smiled and explained, "It makes one inconspicuous." This man, and millions like him, have become blue ants as the best way to avoid trouble. Their uniforms erase all traces of social origins and advertise the wearers' obedience, austerity and patriotism—the last a quality highly played upon by the Peking rulers.

Last summer the Reds made a short-lived attempt to experiment with more diversity in dress. Official propagandists announced that people were now free to clothe themselves less plainly. But hardly a single Chinese man and only a few scattered women took advantage of this invitation. It was safer to stick to uniformity. People stuck to the universal blue cotton, perhaps (Continued on Page 125)

Photographs by Peter Schmid

A truckload of hand-clapping young city communists arrives at a village near Canton to indoctrinate the peasants.

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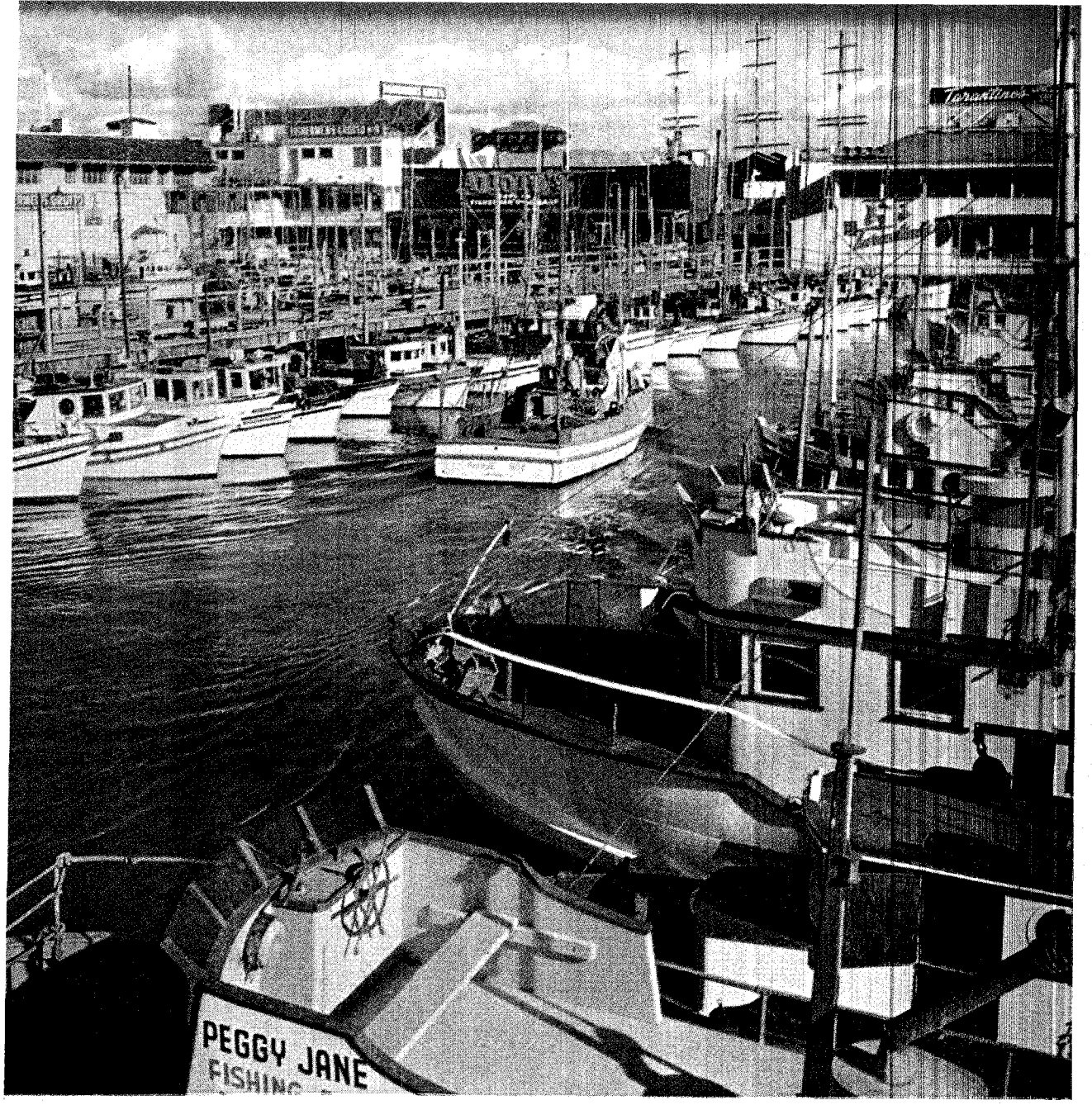
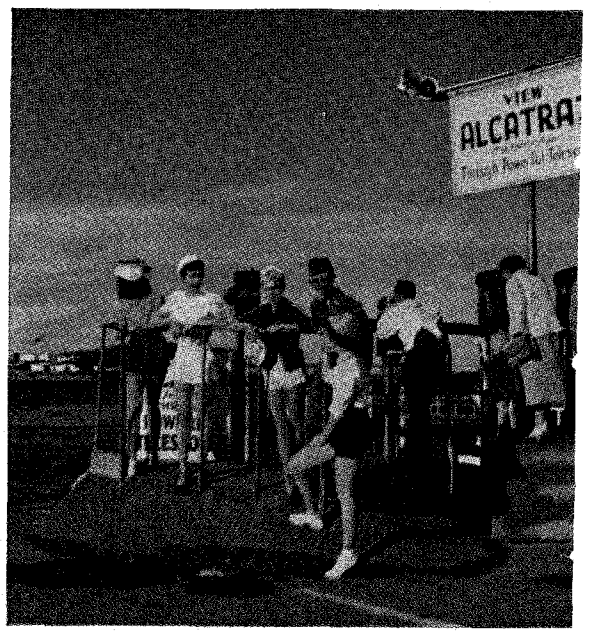


Photographs by Gene Lester



Landlubbers' spyglass affords a close look at the Federal prison on Alcatraz Island. To the crabbies, however, the Rock's most important feature is Alcatraz light.

Fishing boats, back from a day of crabbing, moor at Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco. Crabbies usually leave the wharf at about four A.M., and complete their haul by midmorning.

The Wonderful World of Fisherman's Wharf

A visit to the teeming water front of old San Francisco— where the crab is king and pirates still lurk offshore in the fog . . .

By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

The most intrepid mariners afloat, as well as the boldest and happy-go-luckiest, to hear San Franciscans tell it, are the humble *paisano* crabbies who sail each dawn from Fisherman's Wharf. They go out to the wild ocean in their tiny Maries and Giuseppes, with only a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and a respectful word to the saints, forsaking charts, buoys and channels, and come back at night as prettily as homing terns. If, to stern-sextant sailors, this seems unpardonably romantic, it must be remembered that dwellers by the Golden Gate regard their crabbies as nautical phenomena.

After all, these hardy fishermen have plied their trade in full view of an admiring city for almost a century. When their boats aren't curtsying at dock, they're off in their endless blind man's buff with the fogs or scooting for the Gate on the wings of gusty *maestros*. A million and a half tourists each year stop to be captivated by them. And, aside from the purely picturesque, they harvest some 4,000,000 pounds of rich white crab meat each year. Without them the world-famous wharf would be just another fish dock.

Fisherman's Wharf is, of course, far more than that. It is a little maritime province peopled by humble, hardworking men, with names like Mike the Baron and Tobacco Chewer and a regular orbit of operations. In from the sea they come, and up to North Beach, where the families live, over to Saint Peter and Paul's, where they pray for a good catch and safe return, then back to the dock to putter over the boats. This they do endlessly, as if life depended on it—which it does. Life for a crabbie is toil and peril, but it isn't a drudge, and all men are known by their presence.

There are Pasquale and his sons, whom they call "*Mangia Pasta*," the Macaroni Eaters; Skipjack, who is as long and lean as the fish; and Victor, wearing a gold-braided master's cap he found floating at sea—he is addressed with loud "hurrumphs" as "Mister Captain Hutz." There is Rosario Giacalone, whose stiff felt hat is cured in sea water, fish blood, engine oil and crab juices; Peroccio—The Flea—a remarkable man who got up from a major op-

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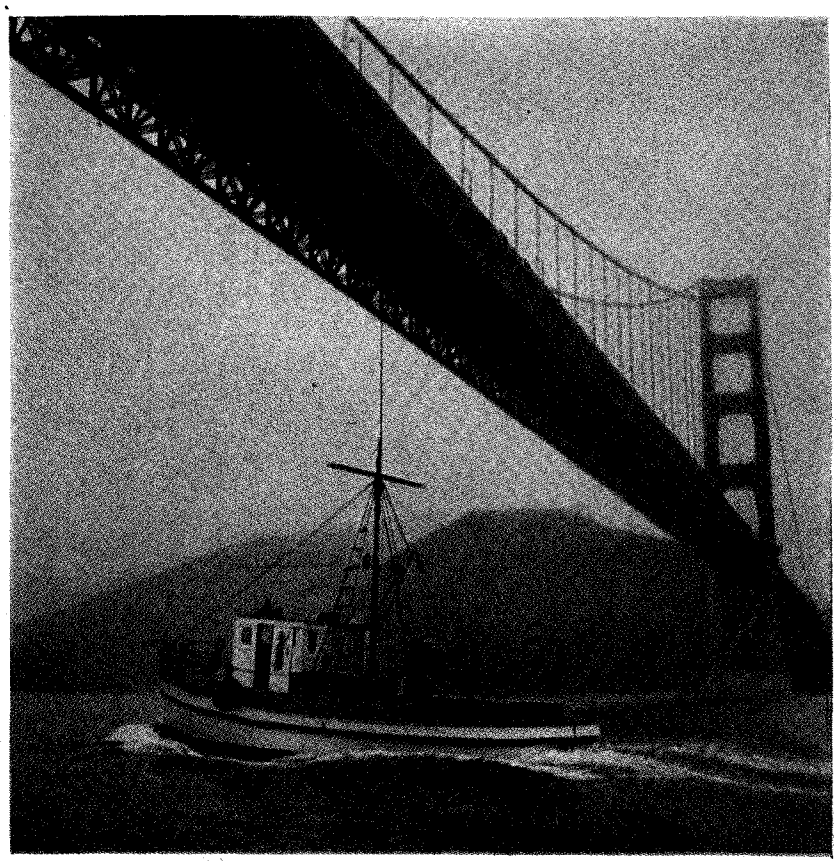
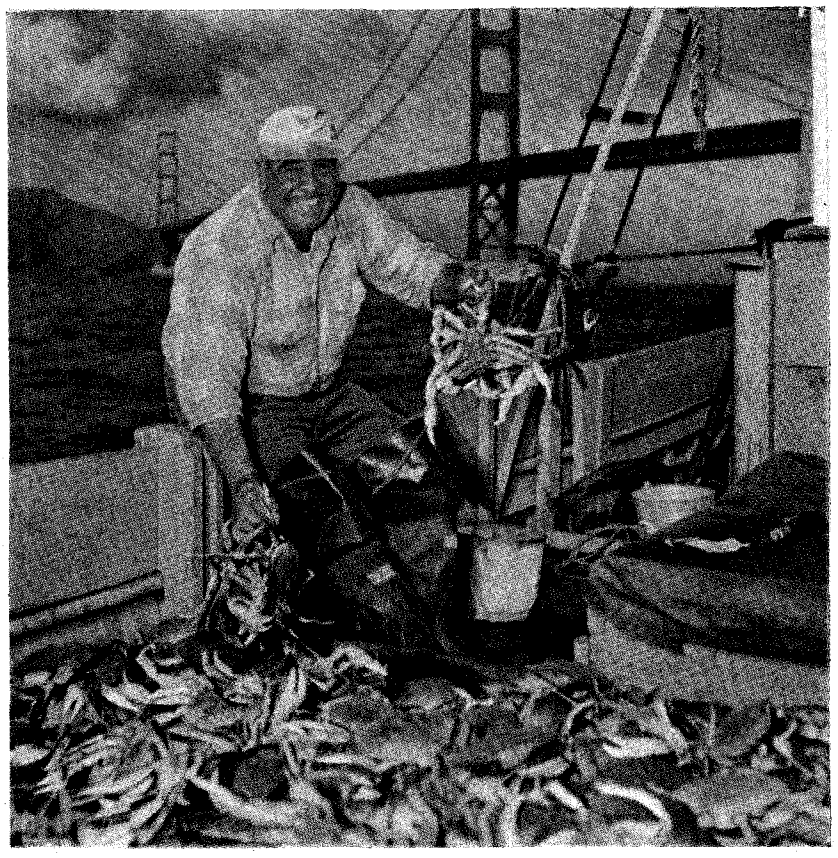
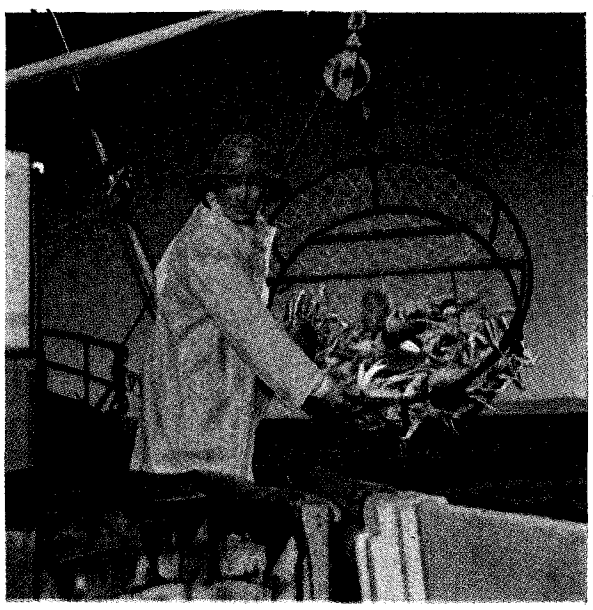


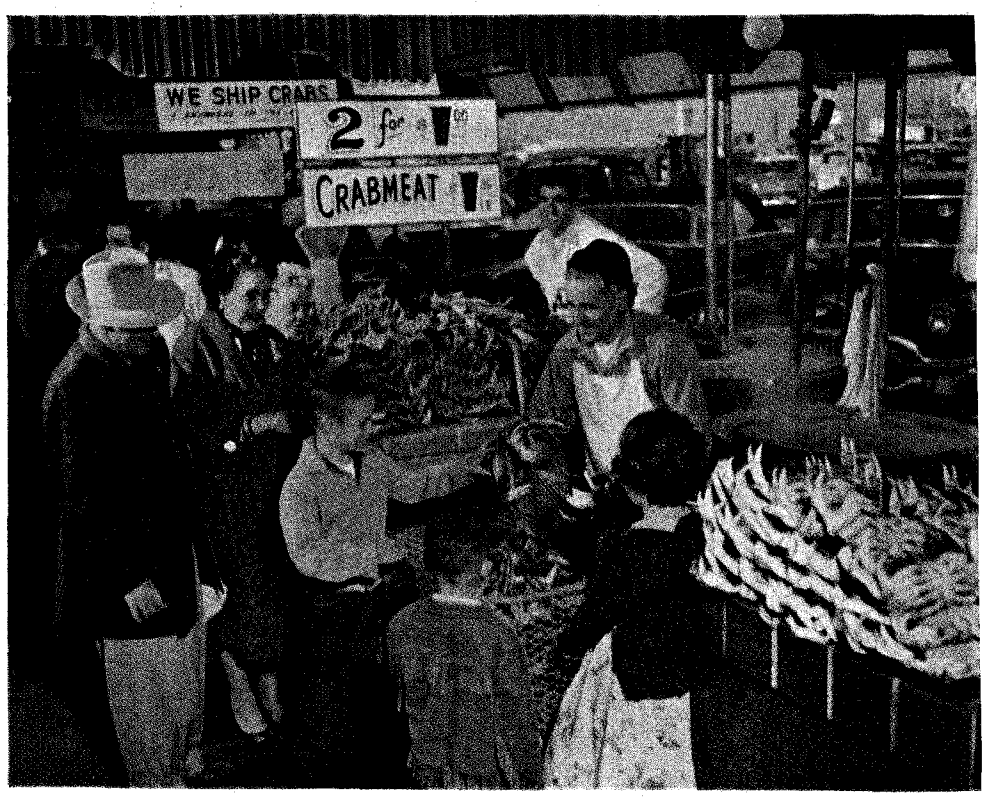
Skipper Rosario Giacalone's sturdy little San Antonio chugs past the mist-enshrouded Golden Gate Bridge, bound for crabbing grounds northwest of the Gate.



Rosario with a day's catch. "I'm a poor man," he confides. "But I don't owe a dime, I sleep-a sound and work the way I like. That's good-a 'nough for a man."



Tony Scafani hauls in a "potful" of crabs. Only males measuring more than seven inches across may be kept.



Louis Santomieri hawks freshly caught crabs at his stand on Fisherman's Wharf.

eration at the age of seventy-two to go back to his fishing; and, of course, Maniscalco, who has two sons who are priests. This is rather significant on the wharf, where few sons rise to high estate.

Joe DiMaggio did. He batted his way to "base-a-ball's" Hall of Fame, married Marilyn Monroe and has his name on a fancy restaurant. But the *paisanos* privately recall when "Giuseppe" couldn't scrape up twenty-five cents to see Babe Ruth—because he was a fisherman's son, and poor. They remember two other DiMaggio brothers who continued to haul crab traps while Joe, Vince and Dom were in the big leagues. One brother was drowned while fishing. (Continued on Page 107)

Sigi Feiler, the maître d', and Chef Frank Pipia prepare a sea-food spread at Geraldi's Fisherman's Grotto No. 9. Like many others along the wharf, this flourishing restaurant was founded by a former crabbie.

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By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

Botts and the Biggest Deal of All

The world's greatest salesman was face to face with the world's toughest customer.

Illustrated by Walter Skor

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
INTERDEPARTMENTAL COMMUNICATION

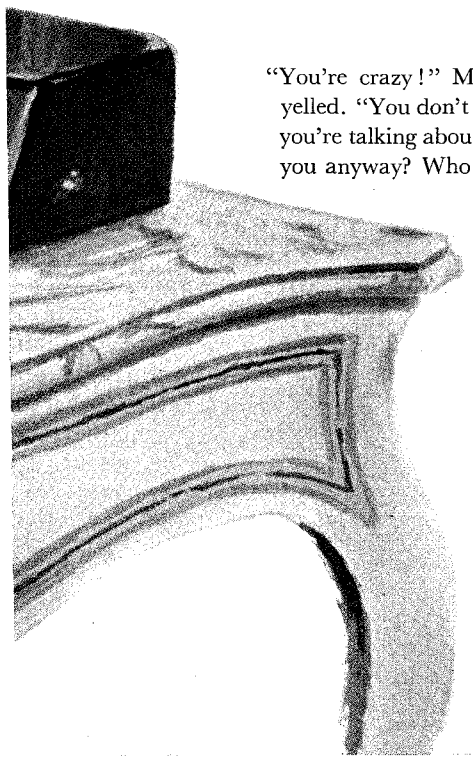
To: GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

From: ALEXANDER BOTTS, FORMER SALES MANAGER
EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
WINNIPEG HOTEL
WINNIPEG, CANADA

Date: MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1956

DEAR HENDERSON: It has occurred to me that in my somewhat hasty letter of resignation last week, I may have failed to explain the exact reasons for my drastic action. If this neglect has caused you any worry or distress, I am sorry. And I hasten to assure you that I am not mad at you or at the Earthworm Tractor Company. My only reason for quitting is to give me greater freedom of action, to permit me to operate without being hampered by foolish orders and senseless restrictions from the home office, and thus to enable me to do a far better job in promoting the company's interests.

After I complete my operations here in Winnipeg, you will be so impressed by my success that you will undoubtedly want me to resume my position as sales manager. And it is possible, if I am sufficiently urged, that I might accept. Thus it would be much better if you did not hire anyone to take my place. I would not want you to be embarrassed by having to fire a new sales manager almost immediately after hiring him.



"You're crazy!" Mr. Buttrick yelled. "You don't know what you're talking about. Who are you anyway? Who let you in?"

As I am now a free man, no longer subject to your orders, I do not need to tell you anything I am doing. However, in view of our long friendship, and because you are undoubtedly interested, I will give you a brief report of my recent activities.

You will doubtless remember that about two weeks ago you received news that Mr. George Buttrick, of the Buttrick Mining Company, Winnipeg, Canada, was planning to buy a million dollars' worth of excavating equipment from the Jumbo Wheel Tractor Company. You promptly directed me to rush up here to Winnipeg and help our dealer get the order shifted to Earthworm. You will also remember that instead of obeying your hasty directive I first visited one of Mr. Buttrick's mining properties in the state of Maine. And it is well I did so. I picked up a lot of information about Mr. Buttrick's background. And I made $10,000 on a gravel contract—of which I still have $6000 available after setting aside a reserve for taxes.

Thus, when I finally reached Winnipeg this morning, I arrived amply supplied with both information and funds. I promptly called on our Winnipeg dealer. And I found him sunk in despair.

"That million-dollar Buttrick order," he said, "is blowed up, gone with the wind, down the drain and lost in the deep blue sea! The biggest order I ever worked on—and now it is sunk without a trace."

"Come, come," I said. "It can't be that bad."

"It is, Mr. Botts. This man is the toughest customer I ever ran into. In the first place, he's a really big operator—has made millions in stock-market speculation and financial manipulation. Apparently he avoids taxes by capital-gains setups. And he owns enormous mining properties both in Canada and the United States. But that's not the worst."

"Go on," I said.

"Mr. Buttrick is not really a mining man at all. He has no practical knowledge or experience of mining operations. But he has been so successful in financial matters that he thinks he knows everything. He's obstinate, opinionated, conceited, arrogant ——"

"They told me all that in Maine," I said. "What I want to know is the latest

(Continued on Page 100)

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Angel of the Hills

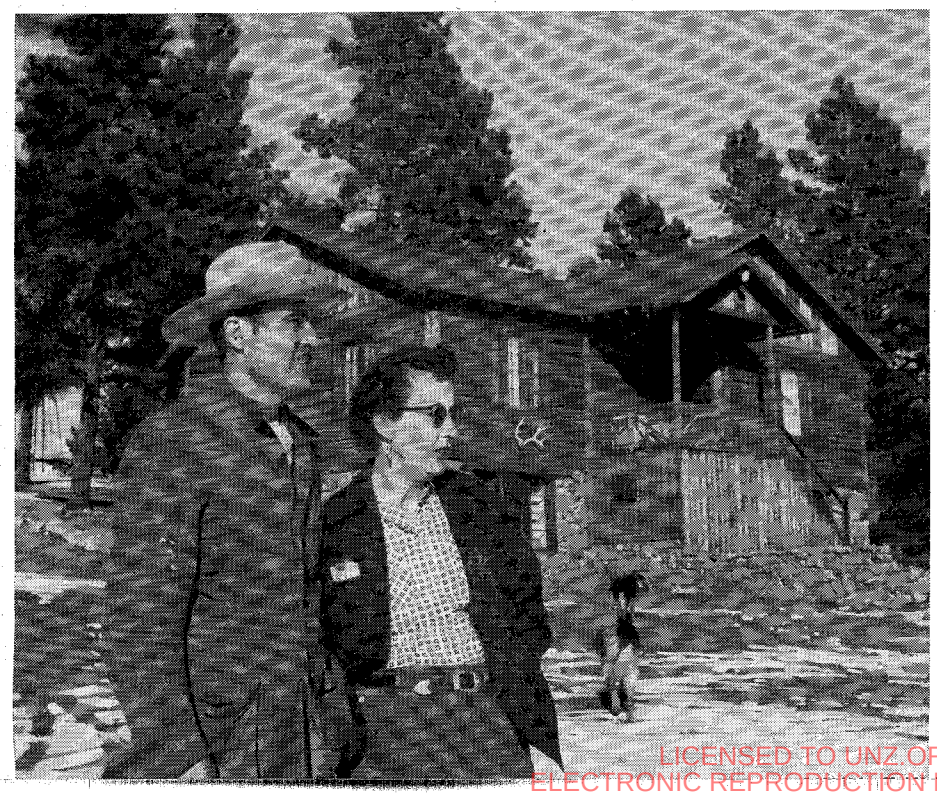
By BILL HOSOKAWA

One of nurse Alverta Burns' first patients was pioneer rancher "Uncle Lou" Speilman, who died recently at 89. In background are his daughter and son-in-law, Irene and Clyde Denny.

Colorado's remote Teller County doesn't even have a doctor. But when an emergency strikes, there's always one person to whom people can turn.

Toting a medical bag given her by friends, "Al" hikes to the home of a sick neighbor. In this rugged country, snowstorms occur even in June.

Bud and Al at their Triple-B Ranch, near Woodland Park, Colo. She never accepts money for her help, but "People show their gratitude in many ways."



The woman's voice came faintly over the telephone. "I ate some mushrooms," she whispered. "Please come. I'm not feeling so good."

Alverta Burns waited to hear no more. Calling Bud, her husband, she picked up her nurse's kit and hurried out the door. Bud was in the middle of supper, but from experience he knew the urgency in his wife's voice. He ran out to the station wagon. Alverta was waiting for him in the front seat.

Bud raced the car over five miles of twisting mountain road and slammed to a stop in front of a cabin. They found the woman writhing in agony. Some mushrooms lay on the kitchen counter—*Amanita phalloides*, the deceptive "white angel of death" which grows profusely in the high meadows on the slopes of Pikes Peak.

Alverta saw that it was too late for emetics. Too much of the poison had been absorbed.

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With an assist from Bud, Al molds plaster splints to protect the burned feet of 14-month-old Billy Roberts. Now a grandmother, Al worked for years in hospital surgeries and emergency wards.

Photographs by Pat Coffey

If she was to save the patient, each second counted. What could she do?

The nearest doctor was at the foot of the mountain, twenty-five miles down the winding Ute Pass highway. Taking the stricken woman to him was out of the question. Should she telephone the doctor for instructions? It might take five minutes to complete a long-distance connection through the mountain phone system—time enough for the patient to absorb all the deadly poison.

Alverta hesitated only a moment before she tore into her kit. She found a package of Epsom salts and dumped a heaping cupful into a small pan of water.

"Good Lord!" cried Bud, when he saw what she was doing. "That's as much as we gave our cow last week! You'll kill this woman!"

"It's either me or the mushrooms," Alverta replied grimly. She forced the woman to swallow the massive dose. Then she phoned the doctor and told him what she'd done.

"Under the circumstances, it's the only possible thing you could have done," he assured her. "There's nothing more I can do. Better give her some opiates to ease the pain."

Alverta sent Bud back to their ranch while she stayed with the woman all night. Next morning she telephoned the doctor to report her patient was feeling considerably better.

"What?" he exclaimed. "She's alive? You must be a witch!"

The people of Teller County, Colorado, a chunk of scenic, lonely real estate stretching thirty-five miles on the mountainous "back" side of Pikes Peak, definitely do not consider Alverta Burns a witch. To them she is the "Shepherd of the Hills," a name which derives from Harold Bell Wright's popular 1907 novel.

To understand why Alverta Burns means so much to her (Continued on Page 131)

Al returns to check up on young Billy (see above). In the background: Pikes Peak.

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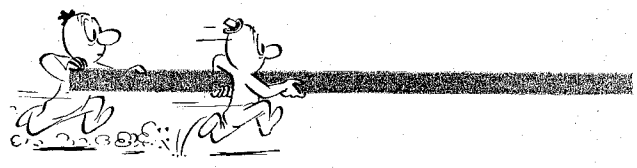
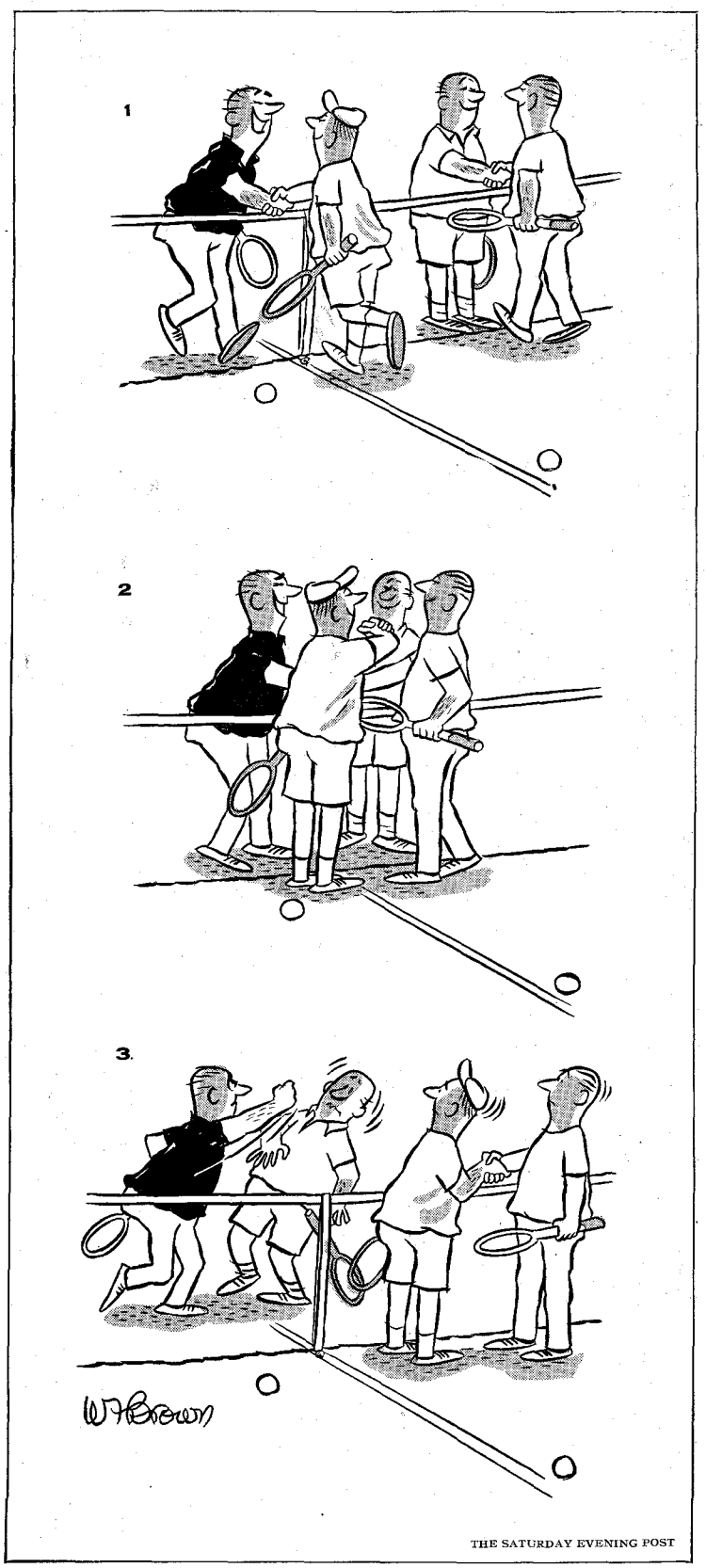
Post Scripts



Middle Age

When time's beginning
To get the best of you;
When your hair is thinning,
But not the rest of you!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just a minute there, Hassett!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vacation Plans

Somebody once said something regarding the best-laid plans of mice and men oft going astray. I feel that the statement pretty well applies to my annual vacation plans, as you may be able to determine from the following:

APRIL, 1952: "Tell you what, dear. We'll jump into the old jalopy and head north on State 84 up to Walden; then we'll swing northwest on State 62, in order to catch that out-of-this-world scenery up through Skycrest Canyon; and then, we'll ——"

JUNE, 1952: "Here come your relatives now, dear. . . . Hello, Trudy. . . . Hello, Bill. . . . Hello, kids. . . . Hello."

•

MAY, 1953: "Provided, of course, that my strength holds out until my vacation in July, I'm going to collapse into that little old hammock, and I'm going to sleep until the cows come home. Oh, I may wake up occasionally to eat a hamburger or something, but, believe me ——"

JULY, 1953: "Figure a couple more gallons of paint ought to just about take care of the roof. Look; I told you I'd fix the screen door just as soon as I finished cutting the lawn. I'll paint the trellises tomorrow. After all, I'm not an octopus, so ——"

•

MARCH, 1954: "Well, I think it's awfully nice of you to feel the way you do, dear—I mean, that, just because your nephew, Roger, is going to visit us during our vacation in June, we certainly don't have to plan our schedule according to his every whim and caprice."

JUNE, 1954: "Go to the amusement park again, dear? But we've been there three nights in a row! I'd sort of figured on taking in that movie that everybody's been talking about. Oh, Roger doesn't care too much for movies, eh? Well ——"

•

MAY, 1955: "It'll be a wonderful vacation, dear; just the two of us at that little lodge where we spent our honeymoon—where the pine trees seem to whisper—where the stars are as large as saucers, and ——"

AUGUST, 1955: "Isn't it wonderful, dear? Just the two of us at the little lodge where we spent our honeymoon—where the pine trees—— Say, aren't those your relatives driving up, dear? . . . Hello, Trudy. . . . Hello, Bill. . . . Hello, kids. . . . Hello."

VERNON H. KURTZ

Distinguished Speaker

He keeps an audience right on its toes
From the moment he starts to spout!
He keeps an audience right on its toes—
Tiptoeing out.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Exclamations I Wish I Hadn't Exclaimed

1. Oh, boy, next comes the water hole!
2. Surely you're not leaving yet!
3. Probably a woman driver!
4. Let's flip for the check!
5. Wow! Do you see what just walked out of the powder room!
6. Any friend of Pete's is a friend of mine!
7. Of course I know how to get to Williamsville!
8. It's letting up. Let's make a dash for it!
9. Six spades!

DICK EMMONS

Words We Can't Forget

I've always thought it rather funny
How many words we have for money.

It's specie, treasure, silver, gold;
It's shekels, cash—both hard and cold—
It's cabbage, lettuce, lucre, ducats;
It's mammon, the almighty buck; it's
The root, dinero, chips, the greens;
It's nuggets, wampum, riches, means;
It's dollars, currency and rhino—
And these are just the ones that I know.

RICHARD WHEELER

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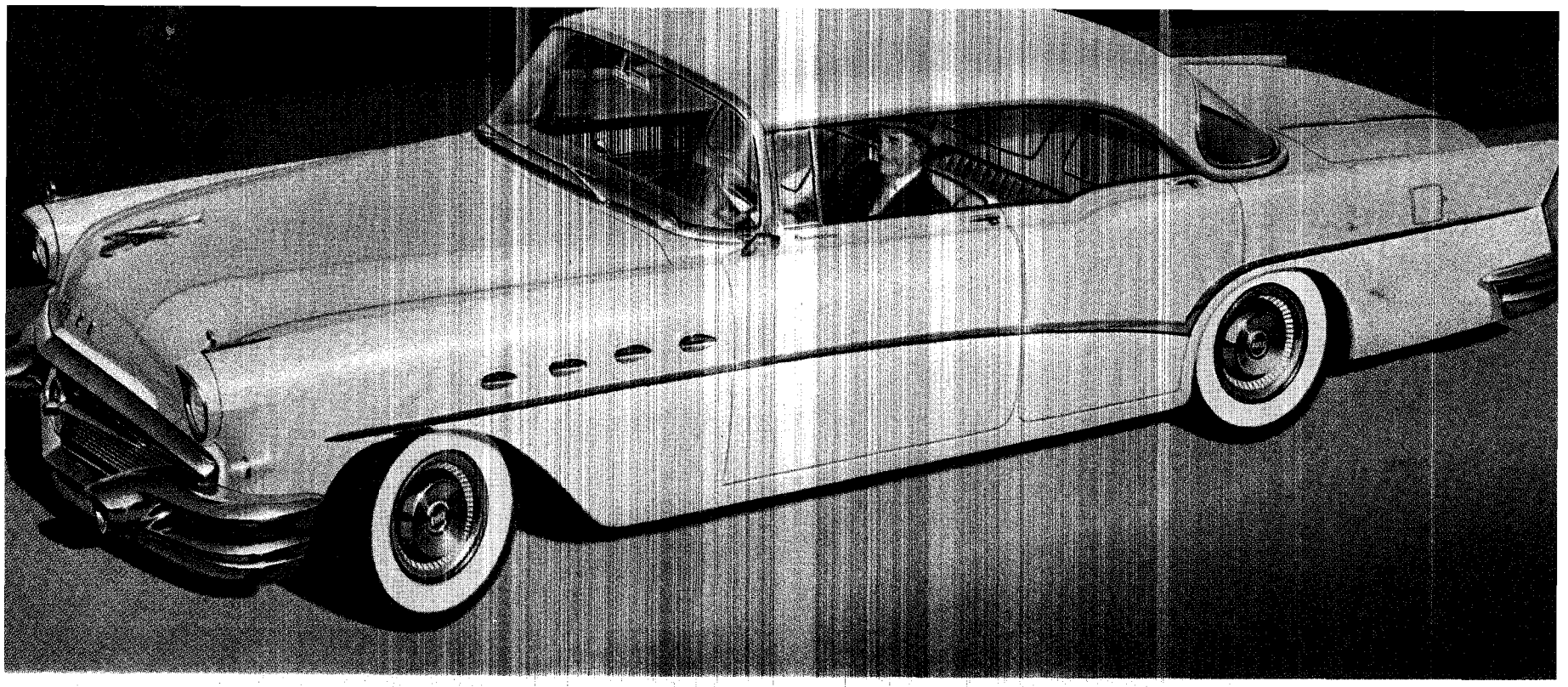

Sovereign right of a successful man

NATURALLY, a man of means has every right to spend his money as he sees fit.

He has no pretense to maintain, and no point to prove — except that he is his own judge of the worth of his possessions.

In the matter of motoring, he can choose the costliest of fine cars — or he can choose what he considers the most rewarding of fine cars, regardless of its cost.

And in a growing number of such cases, that choice of "most rewarding" goes to ROADMASTER — for obvious reason.

This is the best of Buicks, the most luxurious of Buicks, the most masterful of Buicks — the very cream of the line of Buicks that have won unparalleled popularity.

What does that mean? Just this:

ROADMASTER provides a new peak of distinctive characteristics for the many qualities that have won such soaring success for all Buicks.

The great Buick ride of all-coil springing and torque-tube stability — the velvet might of Buick V8 power — the superb sureness of Buick handling — the unique smartness of Buick styling — the luxury of Buick interiors — all these are brought to a new perfection in this Buick of Buicks.

But there is also this to consider:

ROADMASTER is the only car of the world's fine cars where you can enjoy the absolute smoothness and the instantaneous response of Variable Pitch Dynaflow — the only such car with the gas-saving action and the switch-pitch performance of this airplane-principled transmission.

If you will visit your Buick dealer and accept a ROADMASTER demonstration, you will know exactly why there is no other fine car just like this one.

It is unique, deeply satisfying, and the most rewarding automobile, we believe, on the American scene today.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

Roadmaster

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Custom Built by Buick

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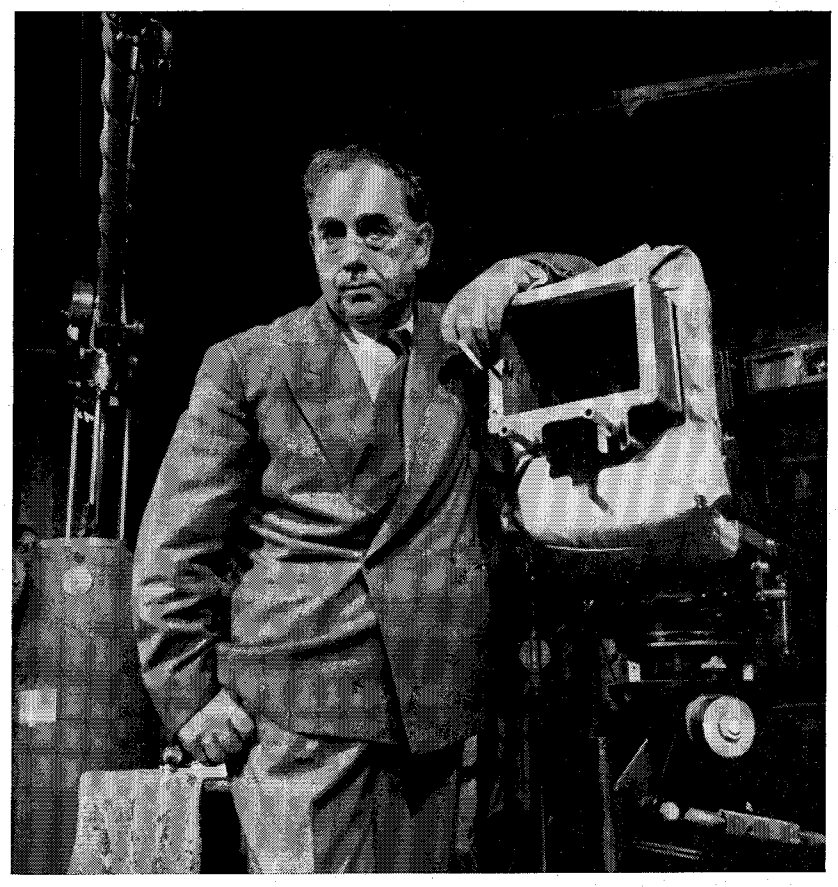


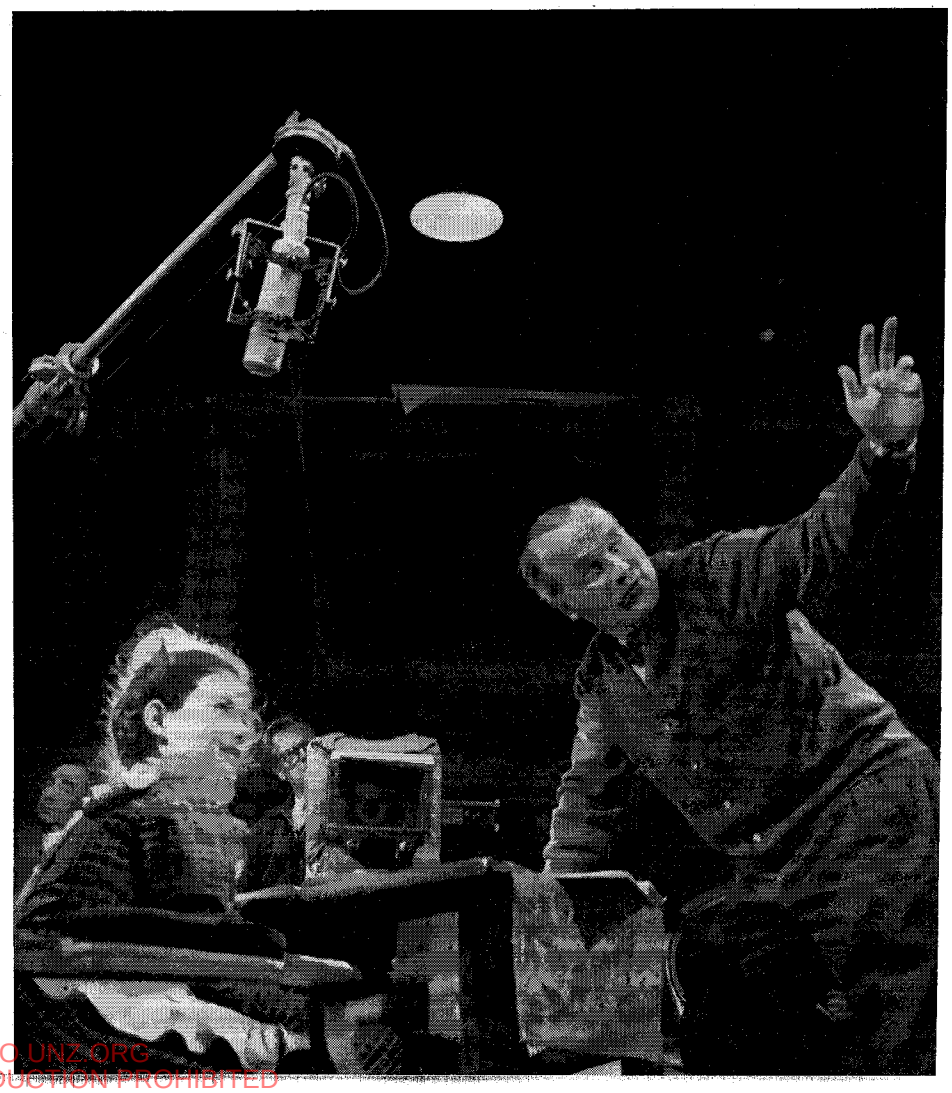
Quixotic film producer Lazar Wechsler, with his one and only camera.

This European movie maker ignores sex and the established stars. But his shoestring productions win prizes and make millions.

He Breaks Hollywood's Rules

By DEAN JENNINGS

The characterization of the Soviet M.P. (second from left) in Wechsler's Four in a Jeep infuriated the Russians.



Elsbeth Sigmund, star of Heidi, was discovered by Wechsler in a rural schoolyard. Here director Franz Schnyder coaches her.

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Limmat River, Zurich: Wechsler, actress Liselotte Pulver, producer Oscar Duby, ballerina Sonja Schmidhauser.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

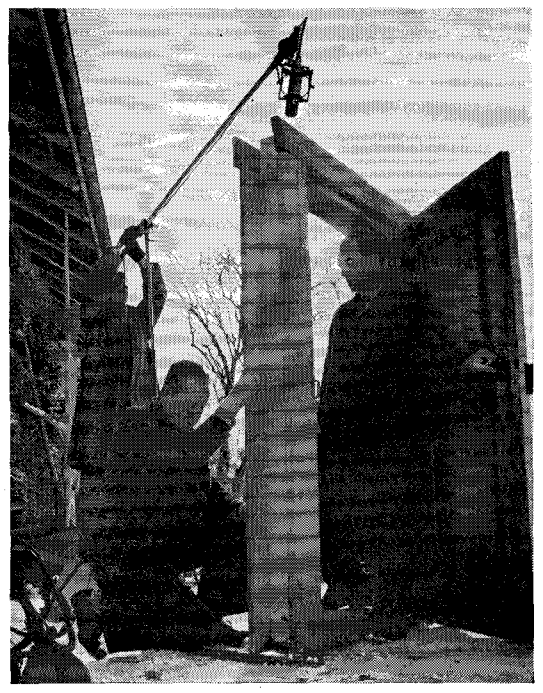
On a narrow residential street in Zurich there is a weathered gray-stone building with a small, cheap enamel sign that identifies it as the motion-picture studio of Praesens Films, Inc. On the flat, earth-covered roof there are a few scrawny shrubs, as well as a clothesline from which flutters an inelegant Swiss family wash. On stormy days the rain leaks through the roof and drips on actors.

There are no contract stars in this movie company, nor any press agents. The studio itself is actually an abandoned indoor swimming pool covered over with a makeshift floor, and there are only two tiny dressing rooms. The main door is so small that scenery and props often have to be taken apart to get them inside. There are no prop, costume or make-up departments, and there is only one camera. William Wyler, the eminent Hollywood director, once walked into this bleak and drafty building and exclaimed, "My heaven, this isn't a studio! It's a bathtub!"

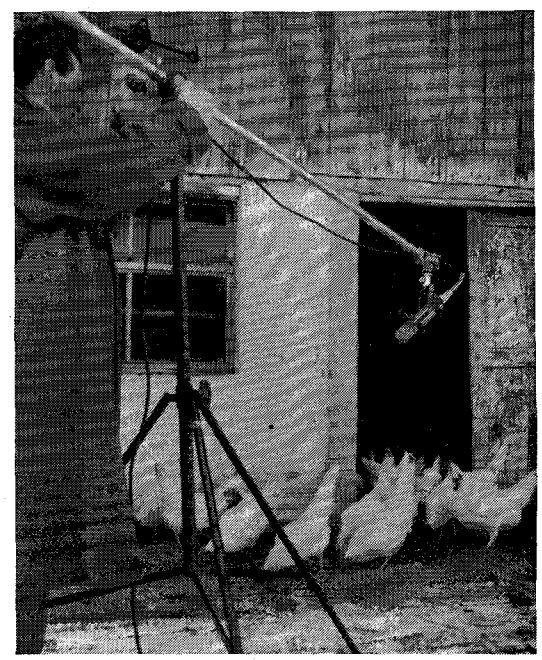
Wechsler and American writer Paul Gallico go over a story idea at a restaurant in St. Moritz, Switzerland.

Nevertheless, this humble company is looked upon with mingled incredulity and admiration wherever men make movies. During the past ten years Praesens productions have won twenty-five international awards, including four Hollywood Oscars. Six of the company's pictures, made on shoestring budgets for as little as $60,000 and never more than $300,000, have had a world-wide gross of some $10,000,000. This is a remarkable achievement, indeed, considering that most of the actors were not big names, but rank beginners who were literally plucked off the sidewalk for one picture and were never seen on the screen again.

One of the company's films was a story of refugee children called The Search. It won three Oscars, was described as "the most arresting human drama of our time" by Bosley Crowther, movie critic of The New York Times, and brought stardom to an unknown American named Montgomery Clift. Another, a vivid story of the four-power occupation of Vienna, with an anticommunist overtone, aroused the ire (Continued on Page 63)

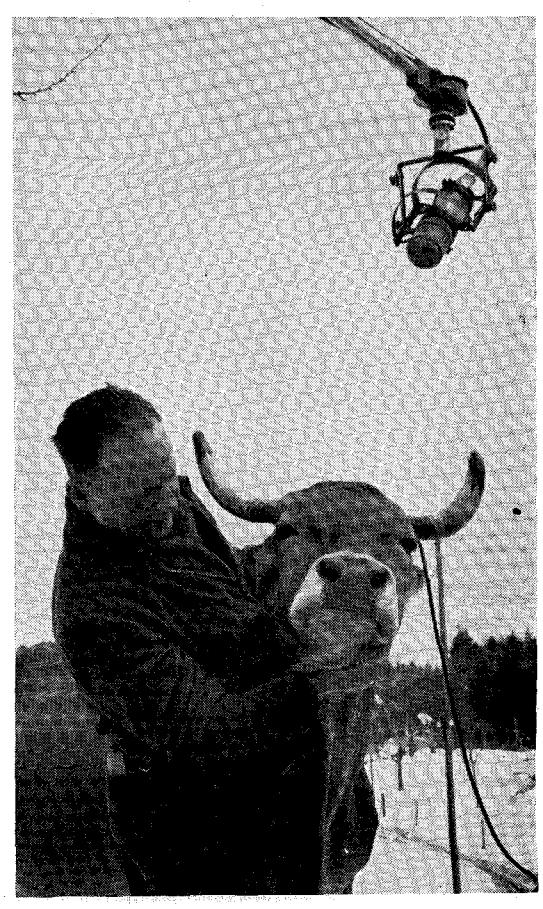


Wechsler goes right to the source for sound effects. Here his technicians produce a door squeak . . .



A cacophony of cackles—from hens, no less.

From a reluctant cow—a moo for the mike.



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Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man.

Make me some Jell-O as fast as you can.

Pick a new flavor and mold it in shape---

Black Raspberry, Black Cherry, or delicious new Grape.

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At the Personal Census Service Branch, Mrs. Katherine Carroll helps Mrs. Caroline Howes get a birth certificate. "I can't prove I was born," quipped the late Will Rogers when visiting the bureau, "but you can't deny I'm here."

They've Got the Facts on You

When it comes time to collect that good old pension or Social Security, your eligibility may depend on whether Uncle Sam remembers your birthday.

By BEN PEARSE

Because all information gathered by enumerators for the Bureau of the Census is required by law to be kept confidential, all names in this article are fictitious except those of bureau personnel and one case now a matter of court record.

The tall man strode down the third-floor hall of the Bureau of Census Building just beyond the District of Columbia line in Suitland, Maryland, and plopped wearily into a chair beside a desk at the end marked AGE SEARCH APPLICATIONS. Without waiting to regain his breath, he panted, "Madam, can you help me prove I was born?"

Mrs. Katherine Carroll, who in her many years at the bureau has watched countless men and women stride, hobble, limp and wheel themselves down this same hallway in varying states of agitation, gave him an appraising look.

"Can you tell me," she said cordially, no hint of the ruthless prosecutor in her voice, "where you were on the night of June 1, 1900?"

The man's face lighted up. "In bed," he answered hopefully. "I was only twelve and we went to bed with the chickens back on the farm."

(Continued on Page 67)

Mrs. Ruth Fitzwater and branch chief Milton Swenson, deep among the 100,000,000 file cards.

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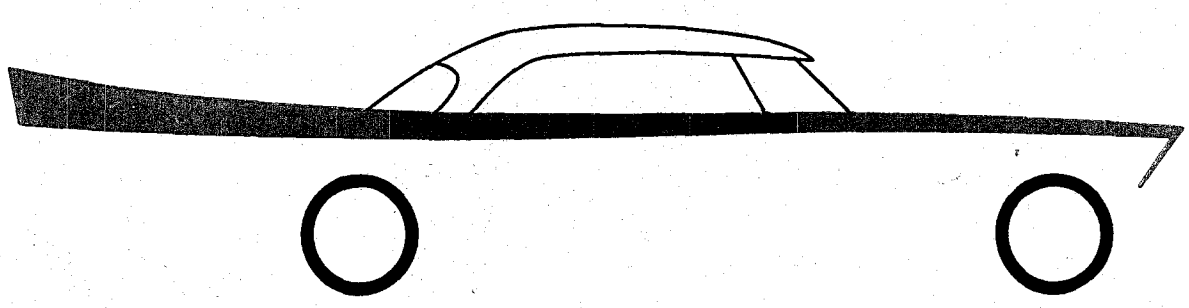
ONE OF 5

FORWARD LOOK VALUES OTHER CARS DON'T HAVE!



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"The tide!" Patch yelled in my ear. "Pull, man! Pull!"

The Wreck of the Mary Deare

By HAMMOND INNES

The sea gave us only a short time to live . . . and the killer gave us less.

I first met Gideon Patch when I came across his ship, the Mary Deare, off the coast of France. The freighter looked abandoned, and I boarded her in hopes of salvaging her. Then I met Patch. He had been deserted by his crew after a fire broke out in a hold. Patch suspected his first officer, Higgins, of setting the fire and panicking the crew. Patch knew that the owner, Mr. Dellimare, wanted the Mary Deare sunk to cover up a shady deal.

Patch also knew that his predecessor as captain, alcoholic old Joseph Taggart, had died after Dellimare tried to pressure him into sinking the ship.

Left to die by his crew, Patch had put out the fire aboard the ship. Then, with my help, he succeeded in beaching the Mary Deare on the Minkies, treacherous offshore rocks.

A formal inquiry into the causes of the wreck was then launched. Meanwhile, however, the directors hired a French salvage company to float the Mary Deare. Patch suspected that the directors intended to get the ship into deep water and sink her to destroy the evidence.

Patch was determined to get to the ship before this happened. I owned a salvage ship, and he asked me to take him out to the Mary Deare. Higgins followed us in a big, seagoing motorboat, and tried to stop us by ramming us. He crashed into us in such a way that both our ships were put out of commission.

As our ship sank, Patch struck out toward the Mary Deare in our dinghy. When I saw Higgins launch his dinghy, I expected he was going to pick up his mate, Yules, who had been knocked overboard.

"Alf, I'm here," I heard Yules call out as Higgins neared him. But Higgins never even paused. He left Yules to drown. Now, relentlessly, he pursued us.

VII

There was one last despairing cry, and then silence. Sickened, I turned to look at Patch. "It's a bigger dinghy than ours," he said. He meant it as an explanation. He meant that Higgins couldn't afford to stop—not if he was to catch up with us. Patch's face was quite white. He was rowing harder now, the sweat glistening on his forehead. His words sent a cold shiver through me, and I sat there, rigid, all pain momentarily forgotten.

After that I was conscious all the time of the dinghy behind us. I can see it still, like a deadly water beetle crawling after us across the sea, everlastingly following us through an unreal miasma of fog; and I can hear the creak of the rowlocks, the dip and splash of the oars. And I can see Patch, too, his set face leaning toward me and then pulling back, endlessly moving back and forth as he tugged at the oars, tugged till (Continued on Page 135)

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B.F.Goodrich

you're only as

GOING golfing, shopping, riding—you'll be driving even more, now that summer is here. Wherever you drive, here is something to remember. *You're only as safe as your tires.* In your car, your only link with the road is your tires. If they fail, anything can happen.

That's why you and your family need the all-around protection of B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tires. They combine, in one tire, patented protection against bruise-blowouts, skids and punctures. LIFE-SAVERS are backed by 8 years of use and proof that only B. F. Goodrich, the Inventor of Tubeless, can offer.

Nylon-Plus LIFE-SAVERS give maximum protection

They offer all the safety of LIFE-SAVERS, plus the added protection of nylon against bruise-blowouts.

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LIFE-SAVER TUBELESS PROTECTS AGAINST

① BRUISE-BLOWOUTS
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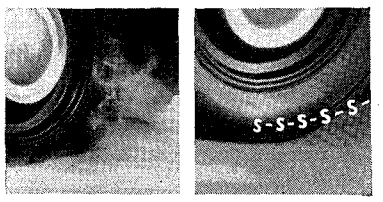
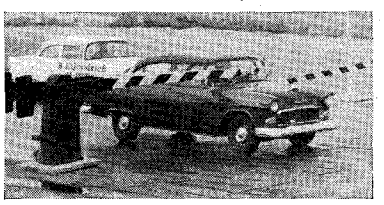
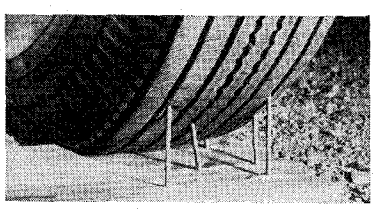
Tubeless-*because* *safe as your tires*



① **LIFE-SAVER** changes bruise-blowouts to s-s-slowouts. A patented inner liner, part of the tire itself, slows air loss. Instead of a dangerous blowout, you get only a safe s-s-slowout that gives you time to stop.



② **LIFE-SAVERS** defy skids. Thousands of grip-blocks *flex, wipe away* water, *hold* on the dried path where other tires slide. LIFE-SAVERS (on light car above) grip with caterpillar action to stop you quicker.



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Now, RCA has a remarkable replacement picture tube for TV sets already in use. It will make pictures so bright and sharp, you'll find yourself saying—"Can this really be my old set?"

This remarkable tube—the RCA SILVERAMA—is *super*-aluminized by RCA's "advanced technique" for maximum light output and clarity of picture definition. It's the very same RCA SILVERAMA you'll find in many of the newest, most expensive 1956 sets.

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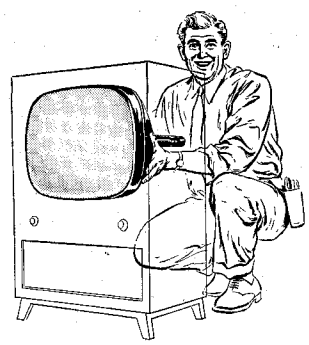

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See "BLOOMER GIRL" on NBC-TV Producers' Showcase, in RCA Compatible Color or Black-and-White, Monday, May 28.

Man in the Middle (Continued from Page 32)

independent command." He paused again. "Some don't have the stomach for it."

"All right," Warren said. And then again, "I'm sorry, Benny."

"I'm not through. Got quite a little speech I haven't made yet."

Warren shook his head. He was gone.

Down the stairs and out of the vast assembly hangar, along the alleyway past the paint shop and the processing tanks, through sheet-metal fabrication where the sounds were different, but still familiar—the shriek of shaper and saw, the solemn clank of the punch presses, the whine of the giant hydro bearing down with its enormous force. He climbed another set of stairs, and went into Engineering, and here the familiarity ceased.

Here it was quiet, and men thought and dreamed, reducing the thoughts and the dreams to lines on paper, dimensions, forms, design, imbuing all of it with the cunning and the wealth of their theoretical knowledge so different from his own. Here he felt a little in awe. It had always been so—a mechanic coming up out of the shop.

Paul Mason said, "Nice of you to come." He was like this, polite, friendly, without condescension. He was young, Warren's age; he wore an honor-society key on his vest. "The Old Man asked me to think about the airframe project." He was smiling. "We've been kicking it around. I thought we'd ask for the benefit of expert opinion." He was like this, too; flattering.

There were three others, all engineers, but only Paul counted.

"It doesn't seem to us very complicated," Paul said. He was easy, assured. "Five aircraft to start with, that's all. We can do the modifications on a handwork basis, fast and cheap. No need for elaborate tooling." He watched Warren's face, and he waited.

"Well," Warren said. And then, "Maybe."

"You don't agree?"

"The airplanes will go in service," Warren said. "They'll fly halfway around the world. They'll need spare parts." He was even a little embarrassed, pointing out the obvious. *But it's all I know*, he thought; *it's all I have to offer*. "And the spare parts will have to fit, because all a mechanic at an emergency field will have to put them on with is what hand tools he's got." He spread his hands.

"Go on," Paul said.

Warren said, "That means the spare parts have to be identical, interchangeable—like something you buy for your automobile at the local garage." He paused. "The part from the garage fits your car because it was made in the first place with tooling—templates, form blocks, dies, jigs—there isn't any way to get interchangeability except with tooling."

There was silence. "It's a thought," Paul said. He looked at the three others. "Let's kick it around a little."

He came back to his own office a little before noon. Lou, at her own desk, said, "There's the meeting at two in the Old Man's—Mr. Holt's office." Her hand came up with papers. "He wants you to look over the tentative agreements on the airframe project first."

"Right," Warren said.

There was a brightness in Lou's face, in her eyes. "You're going to England? In charge of the project?"

And here it was again. Like Benny. He felt, even, a little annoyance. "No."

"But ——" And she stopped there and closed her mouth. Then, "Shall I go to lunch now? Or do you want me to stay?"

He stood there, watching her, the papers in his hand. "That isn't what you were going to say."

"But it's what I said."

He was silent, watching her still.

"Don't tempt me," Lou said.

He shook his head. "Go ahead, say it." And he wondered how they had reached this point, and why.

"All right." She said it slowly. "You're the best man this place has. And everybody knows it—but you." She took a deep breath. "Did they pick your brains again, up in Engineering? The way they always do?" And in the silence she stood up and pushed in her chair, took her purse from the desk drawer, turned again to face him. The brightness was gone from her eyes. "I'll go to lunch now, if that's all right."

"Yes," Warren said. He walked into his own office.

It was two o'clock. Here, in the Old Man's office, the factory seemed far away, remote. They were four: Warren, Paul Mason, Walters from Contracts, and the Old Man himself—John Holt, scrawny, almost wizened, with short white hair and bushy eyebrows and pale eyes that saw deep, sometimes too deep.

To Warren he said, "You read over the agreement?"

"Yes, sir. It looks all right, except ——"

Walters said, "I drew it up myself, John."

"I'm aware of that," the Old Man said. His eyes had not left Warren. "Except what?"

"The schedule looks tight," Warren said. "Without a breakdown it's hard to tell, but if the English insist on it ——"

"They do," Walters said. "They demand it."

Paul Mason said, "It seems to me that it's a question of whether or not they insist on strict interchangeability." And he waited for, and got, the Old Man's attention.

Warren opened his mouth. He closed it again. The Old Man was saying, "Go on, Paul."

"Obviously," Paul said, "we can't give them strict interchangeability without tooling—templates, form blocks, dies, jigs. And tooling takes time to make, and money. If they insist on identical parts—the kind you'd buy for your car down at the corner garage ——" He developed the theme, talking easily, well.

A salesman, Warren thought, a *pitchman*. And he listened, and waited, knowing nothing else to do; recognizing his own words, his own phrases, his own explanations of the facts of production. *They did pick my brains; that was what they wanted.* And he sat there, impotent, awkward.

"We checked our ideas with Warren, of course," Paul said, "just to see if they stood up." Smiling, easy, sure; and his fingers toyed with the honor-society key on his vest. He paused. "But, as Warren says, without a breakdown it's hard to tell exactly."

Nothing showed in the Old Man's face, in his eyes. "Suppose you work out a breakdown—men, matériel, space, equipment. Then we'll see where we stand."

"Yes, sir," Paul said. "Be glad to." And that was all. He smiled, friendly, without condescension, at Warren.

The Old Man said, "I think that's all." He nodded, watched them rise and start for the door. "Warren, I want to talk to you." And when the door was closed and they were alone, he leaned back in his chair and built a little church with his fingers and studied it, taking his time. "Education's a wonderful thing—technical knowledge, theoretical knowledge."

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Warren thought of Benny's judgment—engineers were gourdheads with slide rules and electronic thinking machines. Benny was wrong; engineers were smart—too smart. He had, he supposed, known it all along. "Yes, sir," he said.

"You came up out of the shop," the Old Man said. "Maybe you've read, or heard, that the world is going to belong to engineers, scientists, technical people?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you believe it?"

He tried and failed to find the direction the question led. "It seems reasonable."

"Then," the Old Man said, "you're a bigger fool than I thought."

Warren opened his mouth. He closed it again.

"The measure of a man," the Old Man said, "is not what he knows, but what he is. You can buy technical knowledge, but you can't buy judgment." He sat there, small, scrawny in the big chair, and the pale eyes watched Warren's face. "Do I make myself plain?"

"I'm—not sure."

The Old Man nodded, strangely satisfied. "That's what I thought." And then, "That's all." He watched Warren rise, hesitate and walk out.

Lou was at her desk. "Calls," she said. "People with trouble want to see you. I'll line them up?"

"Yes." He wanted to think, to sort things out, but the factors were vague, intangible. *I'm over my depth*, he thought; and the sense of unreality, of make-believe was strong. *I belong back in the shop.* And yet, remembering his unease with Benny, he knew that it was not so.

Psychologists believe that no person should keep too much to himself. And so does the Internal Revenue Service.

FLOYD R. MILLER

"I talked out of turn," Lou said. "I apologize."

He shook his head. And then, "They did pick my brains—what there is of them."

"I'm going to do it again," she said. "Talk out of turn, speak right up in meeting." She was standing now, and she held her notebook tight, pressed flat against her thigh. "Someday you're going to stop being a nice guy, loving everybody, and that day ——"

He said slowly, even wonderingly. "Is that what people are trying to get me to do? Benny? You? The Old Man? Is that it?"

She was silent, standing there, watching him. She said at last, "I'll line up the appointments for you." And that was all.

It was after six when he finished at his desk, loaded his brief case and walked into the outer office. Lou was still there, and he stopped to look at her. "There was no need to stay."

"You took me off the clock and put me on salary," Lou said. "So I cost the company the same whether I'm here or at home in my bathtub."

"I didn't mean that."

Her face was hidden from him as she closed her desk. "I know." And then, "Just ignore me." She straightened, her purse in her hand. "Good night."

"Wait a minute," Warren said.

She stopped, turned, faced him.

"I'll drive you home."

"They run buses for people like me."

"So they do. But I'll drive you anyway." And for the first time on this day he felt almost sure of himself. He could not have said why.

It was dark. They passed the factory field, the dim bulk of the production service hangar; on the ready strip mechanics worked by standlight, adjusting here, inspecting there, cleaning up the day's flight squawks; an engine caught, coughed, coughed again, settled down to its steady, even roar.

"I worked out there once," Warren said. "Did you know that?"

"Yes." In the dark, her face was hidden from him. "I sneaked a peek at your personnel record one day." She paused. "Call me nosy. I wanted to see what made you tick."

"You found out?"

She was silent.

He said, "You worked for Paul Mason once. Did you run a check on him too?"

"There was no need. What he is sticks out all over him—he's smart, smooth and ambitious."

First Benny's judgment, he thought, and now this.

"That was why you hired me," Lou said. "Because I came from Engineering, the rarefied atmosphere, the Park Avenue the way you see it; only it isn't so. They walk and talk, too, and keep erasers handy for their mistakes." She was quiet for a moment. "I'm talking out of turn again."

He had one more word when they reached her apartment house. "Do you want to go to England?"

She hesitated, already out of the car, standing there, looking in at him. "I thought it was settled."

"So does Mason," Warren said, and it was all clear to him now, even to the method, the feeling of impotence gone, a controlled anger in its place. "He's in for a surprise." And then, "Good night." He was gone.

He was at his desk early the next morning. His first call was to Benny, and he felt no indecision. "Figure five airplanes, complete power-plant change—plumbing, wiring, controls, structure, everything forward of the fire wall. How many men you'll need in what classifications to do it in a hurry, with a minimum of tooling, but with interchangeability."

"Well, well," Benny said. And Warren could almost see his broad face, no longer bored, happy. "We're going to work?"

"We are," Warren said. "I'll get you a set of preliminary blueprints, and I'll give you a planner to help."

Benny said promptly, "Pete Anderson, if he's available."

"You've got him," Warren said. He scribbled the name on his pad. "He's walking in your door right now." His mind was clear, working smoothly at the job he knew and loved, the intangibles put aside; knowing from his own experience how all of it had to be. "Tell Anderson I want floor layout, too—stockroom, fabrication requirements ——"

"I'm with you," Benny said. "I'm ahead of you."

"All right," Warren said. And then, "This is under your hat."

Benny's chuckle rumbled and throbbed. "Shenanigans? We're going to show up the gourdheads with their slide rules?"

"We are," Warren said. "And I want it fast. Not in detail, but complete—a breakdown and a schedule."

"Day before yesterday," Benny said. "Yesterday at the latest."

Warren hung up. He made the calls which sent Pete Anderson and a pile of preliminary blueprints down to Benny's office. And then he sat for a time, considering and finding no flaws.

He had in a sense been pushed into it. No matter. And he told himself that he didn't know the rules of this kind of

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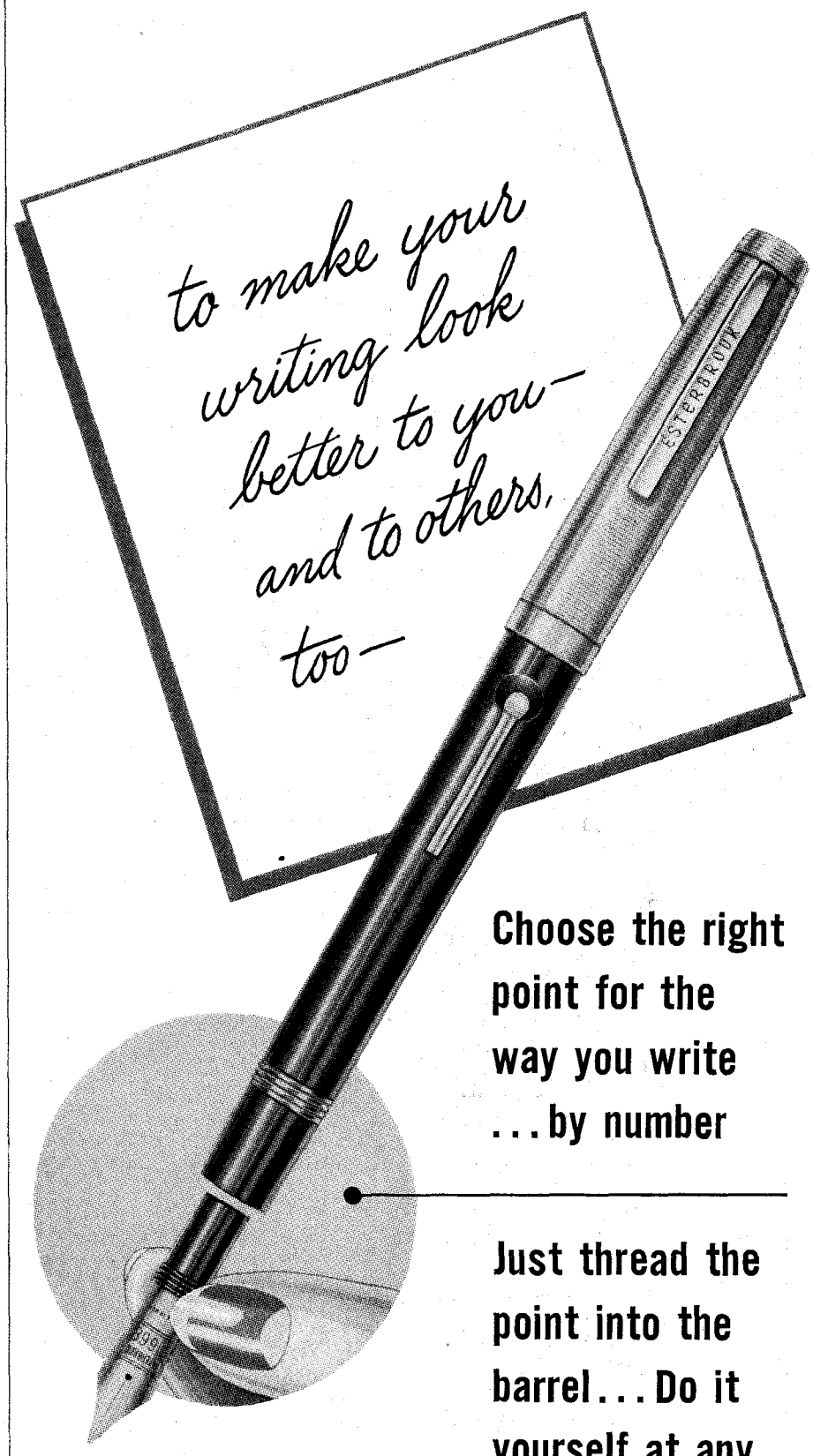

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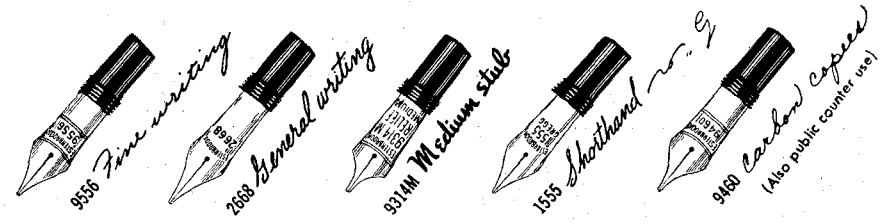

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Stanley Electric Tools

STANLEY

maneuvering—and, again, no matter. He thought of Lou's description of Paul Mason—smart, smooth, ambitious—and so he was; and sure of himself—a little too sure, and there was the handle. *They'll pick my brains again,* he thought, *as they always have; Paul's counting on that.*

It was so; the call came a little after two o'clock. He took his time, even dawdled over papers, reports that were unimportant. Then, at last, he stood up and went out, unhurried. Lou watched him in silence.

He did not go through the shop. He went, instead, through the Engineering lobby, which he had always disliked because of its quiet elegance. It was somehow changed, no longer overpowering; he wondered that he had not seen this before.

"Nice of you to come," Paul said, yesterday's formula repeating itself. The three other engineers were there, the cast assembled.

"We've kicked some ideas around," Paul said, "and we think they're sound, but"—he paused, smiling—"we'd like your views." He was leaning back in his chair, his fingers toying with the honor-society key, and he talked, as he had talked yesterday in the Old Man's office, surely, easily, lucidly.

And Warren listened, and a part of his mind absorbed, digested and rejected what he heard; while another part, a dispassionate part, studied the man himself and weighed him. *He's good,* he thought; *if he can do this well with something he knows nothing about, what would he be able to do with a problem in his own field?*

"What do you think?" Paul said.

And Warren said, the words coming easily, "I think your approach is simple—beautifully simple." And he watched the satisfaction on Paul's face.

Paul said, "We've always felt that the shop"—he smiled, made a small apologetic gesture—"tends to complicate what really shouldn't be complicated. No offense, of course. Maybe we're just in a—better position to see the problems as a whole. We are, after all, the designers."

One of the other engineers said, "Maybe it's a little too simple. Like starting out to build a house—that looks easy, too, until you try it."

"I don't see it," Paul said, and he was talking again, selling, making his pitch, and the assurance in his voice grew, and they listened, being told now, no longer asked.

But the Old Man will see it, Warren thought, *just as I do. And the English would see it, too, if it were ever shown to them; and they'd wonder, and ask themselves if this is the way our production works, how do we ever get any airplanes built? Or automobiles? Or iceboxes? Or anything?* He was silent, expressionless.

Paul said, "Thanks for coming up. You've been a big help."

"Any time," Warren said. He wondered that he felt no twinge of conscience. *You asked for it,* he thought; *you and your honor-society key.*

Paul said, "It will take us a few days to work it all up in presentable form. But now that we've got the basic concept settled ——" He spread his hands, smiling his friendly smile.

It was late afternoon before Warren got down into the shop and climbed the stairs to Benny's office. There was a table covered with blueprints. There was Pete Anderson, too, young, redheaded, his eyes intense behind heavy glasses.

"All we do," Benny said, "is throw away the old airplane and build us a new one." He snorted. "To switch engines the gourdheads have to make changes clear back into the tail. They ever hear of an easy way to do anything?"

Warren smiled. "How's it coming?"

"A ball of snakes," Benny said. "But we'll make some sort of sense out of it."

Pete Anderson said, "It isn't going to be a change you make with a pair of pliers. We'll need floor space, stockrooms, fabrication equipment, some major tooling, good mechanics ——" He waved both hands. "That's the minimum to do it right, so the pieces will go together."

"Keep at it," Warren said.

Benny picked up a pencil, looked at it and set it down again. "What changed your mind all of a sudden?"

"I don't know," Warren said. And this was no more than truth. *I got mad,* he thought, *but that isn't all of it*; and for the rest he could find no words.

"Seen it happen before," Benny said. "Man wakes up, finds he's not a kid any more." And, "You want a job done, leave us alone."

Warren left.

It was five o'clock. Warren sat at his desk and looked at the far wall. He was unaware when the door opened and Lou stood there and looked at him.

She said, "Unless you want me, I'm going home now."

He looked up at her then. He nodded. "Good night." And he watched her turn. "Wait a minute." He hesitated. "What kind of a guy is Paul Mason?"

She stood there, her purse in her hands. "I told you last night."

"No." He shook his head. "'Smart, smooth, ambitious'—there's more to it than that." He waited.

She took her time. Then, "He's people, like anybody else, loves his wife and his kids, gets along with his neighbors, doesn't go out of his way to kick dogs."

"That's an answer?" Warren said. And then, "Yes, I guess it is. Covers most of us, doesn't it?"

"If we have a wife," Lou said, "or a husband, and kids."

Warren nodded. He looked down at his hands. "Good night, Lou." There was no answer. He looked up. She was gone.

This was Tuesday. Wednesday was barren, and Thursday. On Friday afternoon Benny called. "You want to come down? Or you want us to come up." There was solid triumph in his voice.

"I'll come down," Warren said.

He sat again on the corner of Benny's desk. Pete Anderson said, "Tentative layout, list of fabrication equipment, list of major tooling, estimate of minor stuff—templates, blocks, small jigs, fixtures—that kind of thing." He turned the pages of the report as he talked. "Estimated tooling hours, fabrication hours, assembly hours and personnel required. Matériel ——"

"The whole ball of wax," Benny said. And then, "Be nice to get some sleep for a change." He looked at Warren.

There was no need to look at the figures, examine them, but they would have been disappointed if he had not. He took his time. And they expected questions too. "You kept it down? The minimum to do the job right?"

"That's what you told us," Pete said.

Benny said, "You think we don't know what we're doing?" And then, "Don't answer that."

He stood up, smiling, although the smile did not reach his mind. "Good job. Thanks."

Pete said, "The best we could do in this little time."

"I appreciate that. I won't forget it."

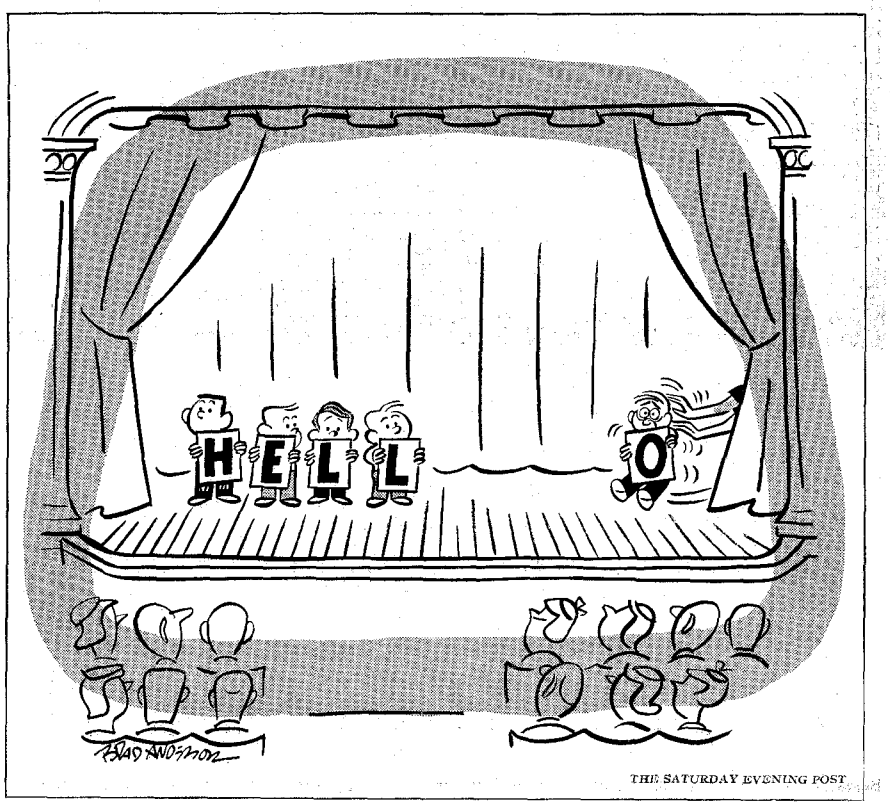
"When do we sail for England?" Benny said.

He nodded at them both. "I'll let you know."

He went down the stairs, the report in his hand. It was done, the way it had to be done, the only way it could be done—problems anticipated and solved in the light of knowing, of having been there yourself with your hands and your tools and your head, and having found out, the hard way, how it had to be. Not by making broad gestures, as Paul Mason had, not by assuming that everything would, somehow, work itself out—because it never did. It was done, and what he should have felt was satisfaction, even the triumph that Benny felt, and Pete Anderson. Instead, what he felt was something else, a sort of emptiness.

He walked slowly, amidst the familiarity of the shop sounds. He thought of the Old Man; and he thought of Paul Mason and of Mason's three engineers working hard, doing their best at something they knew nothing about, setting their ignorance down on paper where it would show. And he put it all together in his mind, and the scene was plain.

He knew what the Old Man's reaction to Mason's nonsense would be—how cold the pale eyes could seem, how implacable the mind that drove the scrawny body. And he knew how sharp the tongue, how (*Continued on Page 60*)



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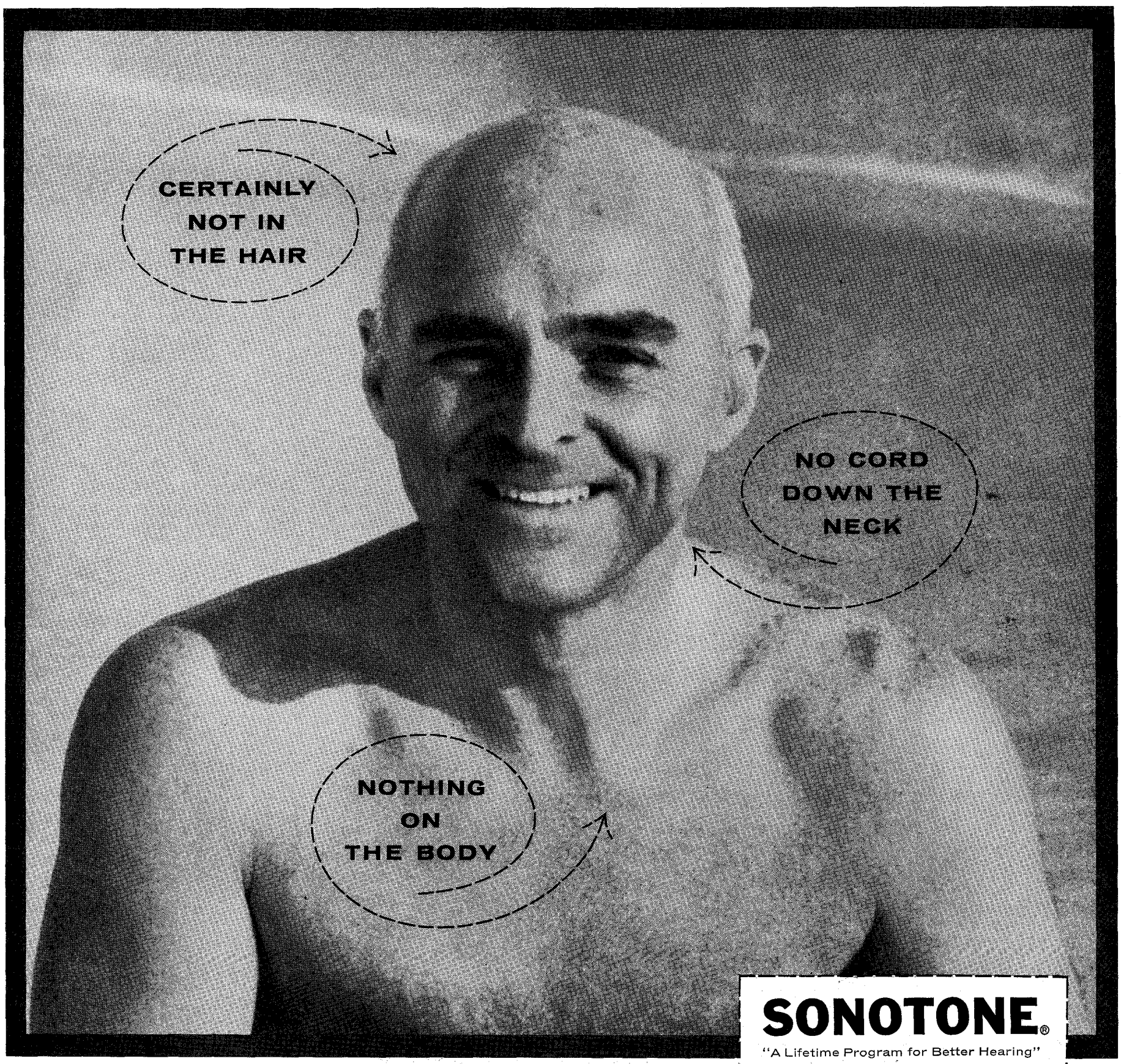
Man wearing astonishing new Sonotone hearing aid------*but where is it?*



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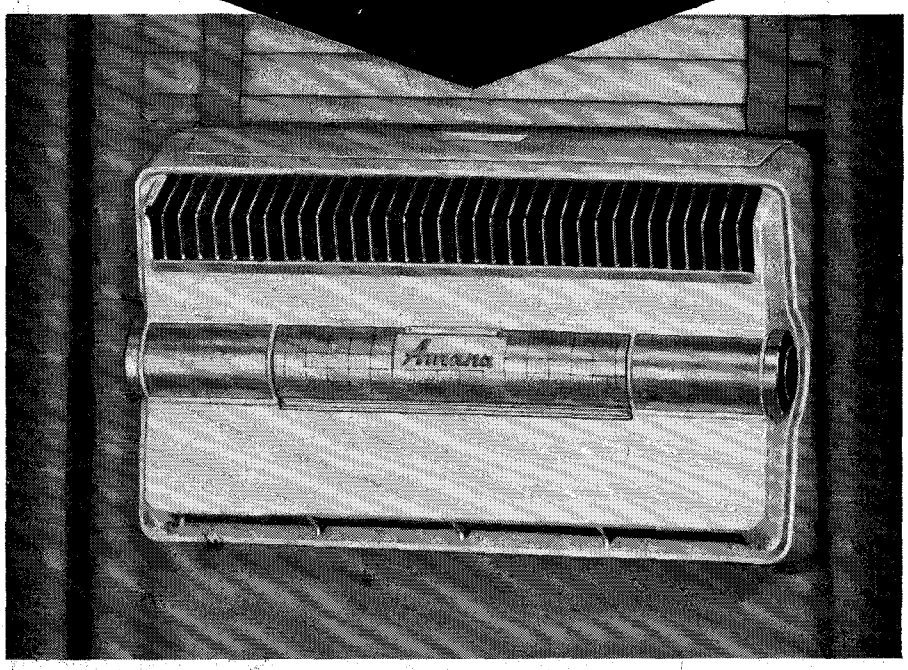

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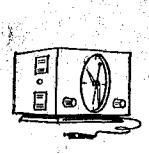

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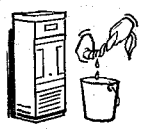

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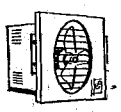

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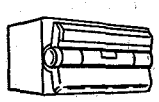

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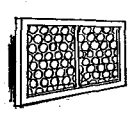

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(*Continued from Page 58*)

trenchant and remorseless the questions, exposing ignorance, holding it up to scorn. *And an honor-society key is no defense*, he thought. And another thought came unbidden into his mind: *You can destroy a proud man, a good man that way*. So?

He had reached his own office. Lou was there, and she watched him in silence. "Find out if the Old Man will see me," he said, and that was all. He held the report in both hands, like a piece of delicate machinery or a bomb. He laid it gently on his desk and sat down to wait. *He asked for it*, he told himself; *I didn't. He showed me the way you play, picking another man's brains, building yourself up. So all right.*

The phone on his desk rang. He picked it up, spoke his name. Paul's voice said, "If you're available ——" And the smile was there in the words, the ease and the assurance. "I'm seeing the Old Man in half an hour. If you could come up first."

"You've finished your breakdown," Warren said. His voice held nothing.

"If I do say it," Paul said, "it looks pretty good. I'd like you ——"

"What good," Warren said, "would my—expert opinion do now?"

There was silence. Then, "Forget it," Paul said. The phone clicked.

He leaned back in his chair and he told himself that it was simple now, that he had nothing to do but wait. An hour, no more—time enough for the Old Man to look at what Paul and his bright slide-rule boys had drawn up in their theoretical ignorance, and were so proud of; time enough for the Old Man to tear it to bits and scatter the pieces, and send Paul back up to Engineering like a whipped puppy. Then—and he picked up the report Benny and Pete Anderson had produced—then he would see the Old Man and give him this, and the triumph would be complete.

But the thoughts did not stop there. *You can destroy a man that way, a good man, an important man, as every man is important and should be fitted in, directed, controlled, used where and how he can do his best, man, and woman, everybody, Benny, Pete Anderson, Lou, me, the Old Man himself, everybody.*

It was a new concept, and it annoyed him that it should obtrude itself into his thinking now. He told himself that it was a sign of weakness that he should even consider it; and he asked himself if Paul, in his place, would even give such a concept heed, and knew that the answer was negative. So?

From the doorway, Lou said, "Mr. Holt will see you in an hour. He has an appointment first."

Warren nodded. "Thanks." But still she stood there, watching him, and he said, "What is it?" The sharpness in his voice surprised him.

"I—don't know."

"Say it." His anger came out in the open now, for no reason, no reason at all.

"I don't know what to say. These last two or three days, since the night you drove me home ——" She stopped.

"Go on."

She stood there. Slowly she shook her head. She said nothing.

Warren said, "You told me that someday I'd stop being a nice guy, loving everybody. Remember?"

"Yes."

"I took your advice. I ——" He stopped there. *Now I'm trying to put the responsibility on her*, he thought, *and I might as well put it on Benny, or Pete Anderson, or Paul.* And this was a new concept, too, fitting in with the other. *Everybody is important and should be used, and I've used them—the wrong way.* He sat silent, motionless, looking down at the report in front of him.

Lou said—and her voice was toneless, even dead—"Maybe I talked out of turn."

"Here," Warren said. He looked up, and he held the report out to her. "Take this up to Paul Mason. Tell him to throw his own in the wastebasket and use this. Tell him to get Benny Martin from final assembly to go to the Old Man's office with him to answer questions that he won't be able to answer. I'll call Benny."

Still she stood there, silent.

"Scoot, Lou," he said, and the sharpness was gone from his voice, from his mind. He watched her take the report, hesitate, turn and walk quickly out. *I've fouled it up, all the way*, he thought. *The shop is where I belong, with a toolbox and my hands, and no necktie. And the Old Man will see it too. I'm over my depth here. And he won't waste any time telling me.* And yet, in the realization, there was relief.

And when the call came, the summons, he stood up and walked out, past Lou's desk, with a smile for her sitting there, and down the hall and into the big office, feeling not like a man condemned, but rather like a man reprieved.

Two-Way Revelation

By F. G. Kernan

It seems that at keeping a secret,
Most women are truly inept;
For either it's not worth the keeping,
Or else it's too good to be kept!

The Old Man was alone, small, scrawny in his big chair. His eyes were expressionless, dispassionate. The report was on the desk in front of him, and beside it lay a second folder, neatly lettered, bearing Engineering's trade-mark.

"You pulled a fast one," the Old Man said. "Let Mason waste his time—pretty valuable time."

"Yes, sir."

"Proud of yourself?"

"No," Warren said.

"Why didn't you go through with it?"

He shook his head. "I don't know."

The Old Man leaned back in his chair. "You can do better than that." The pale eyes watched Warren's face. "You thought he was out of line. He'd used you, and you resented it. You wanted to show him up, rub his nose in it." He paused. "Why didn't you? Too soft?"

"Maybe," Warren said. He stirred a little in his chair, feeling the first touch of anger rising now—a different sort of anger, no longer growing out of frustration. "Maybe not. Maybe it was something else. You would have cut him down to nothing, made him look silly—destroyed him."

The Old Man produced what passed for a smile—a mere widening of his mouth, no more. "I might have. I still might. So?"

"He's important," Warren said.

The smile disappeared. "Explain that. Important because he has an engineering degree and wears an honor-society key, and you don't?"

"No," Warren said. "He's important the way—Benny Martin is, or a punch-press

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operator, or a stock clerk, or a typist in personnel—anybody who's a part of the factory—you, me, anybody. You use them, direct them, put them where they can do the most good; you don't—waste them. Mason's an engineer; Benny Martin's an assembly foreman ——"

"And where do you fit in?"

"In the shop, I guess. Where I began."

The Old Man was silent for a few moments. He built a church with his fingers, studied it. Then, "You wanted to go to England." And he looked again at Warren's face.

He thought of Lou, of Benny. "I thought I did."

"And now?" And the Old Man paused. "You're not going. You know that." He tapped Warren's report. "This is a good breakdown." And he was silent.

"I didn't make it up," Warren said. "I told Benny and Pete Anderson what I wanted, and they did it."

"As easy as that," the Old Man said. "And you outmaneuvered a smart man like Paul Mason, honor-society key and all, made him look silly. And that was easy too."

"I told you ——" Warren began. He stopped there. He was silent.

"You think you belong in the shop," the Old Man said. "Are you as good a foreman as Benny Martin? As good a mechanic? Do you have his experience?"

He considered it honestly; honestly answered, "No. There's only one Benny."

"Are you as good a planner as the one who drew this report up? The one who did what you told him to do?"

He thought of Pete Anderson, of the skill and knowledge showing through in the report. "No."

"And you're not an engineer," the Old Man said. "So where do you fit in?"

It was not anger he felt. It was something else, a heightened awareness, even a confidence, and the sense of unreality and make-believe was gone. He had known all along that the luck could not last; he had come too far too fast, and he had overreached himself now, and so he had nothing more to lose. And yet this was not the entire explanation of what he felt.

"I asked you a question," the Old Man said.

Warren nodded. He was even smiling. "I guess there's only one place for me." He was seeing clearly facts and factors he had never seen before.

"Where you can do the most good," the Old Man said.

"Yes." And he paused. "Sitting in your chair," he said, and he waited for the explosion.

"Getting cocky, are you?" the Old Man said, and his voice was quiet, almost a purr, an ominous sound.

"No." He paused. He had gone this far; he might as well finish it. Benny Martin thought of engineers as gourdheads; Paul Mason thought of the shop as unimaginative, doing things always in the same unnecessarily complicated way. "I'm in the middle," he said. "I don't know how I got there, but that's where I am. And there's only one place for somebody who sees both sides, Engineering and Production ——"

Spoken aloud, the words had a curious, unconvincing sound. And yet the fact was true; it had to be true. It was what Benny had pointed out to him, and Lou, and the Old Man himself. It was what he, Warren, saw now, for the first time. He sat there and looked at the Old Man, and waited.

The Old Man's eyes, pale, dispassionate, seeing deep, sometimes too deep, watched him steadily. Something stirred, roused itself behind the eyes. He looked down at his desk, picked up both reports, tossed one in the wastebasket. He held out the other—the one Benny and Pete Anderson had drawn up.

"It's taken you long enough to realize it," he said. "And it cost me, the company, a lot of wasted engineering hours spent on rubbish to prove it to you." He paused. "Maybe—just maybe, it's been worth it." And he paused again. "You're not going to England, and you're not going back to the shop. You're staying here, where you are, where you can do the most good."

He came into his office slowly, the report in his hand, feeling, strangely enough, no different from the way he had before. His mind was already at work. He would send Paul Mason to England in charge of the engineering. Benny and Pete Anderson would run the production. Between them, the two sides, the two teams, the job could be done, would be done the right way, the only way. And there would be problems, even fights, but they could be settled. The important thing was the job—the right job for the right man.

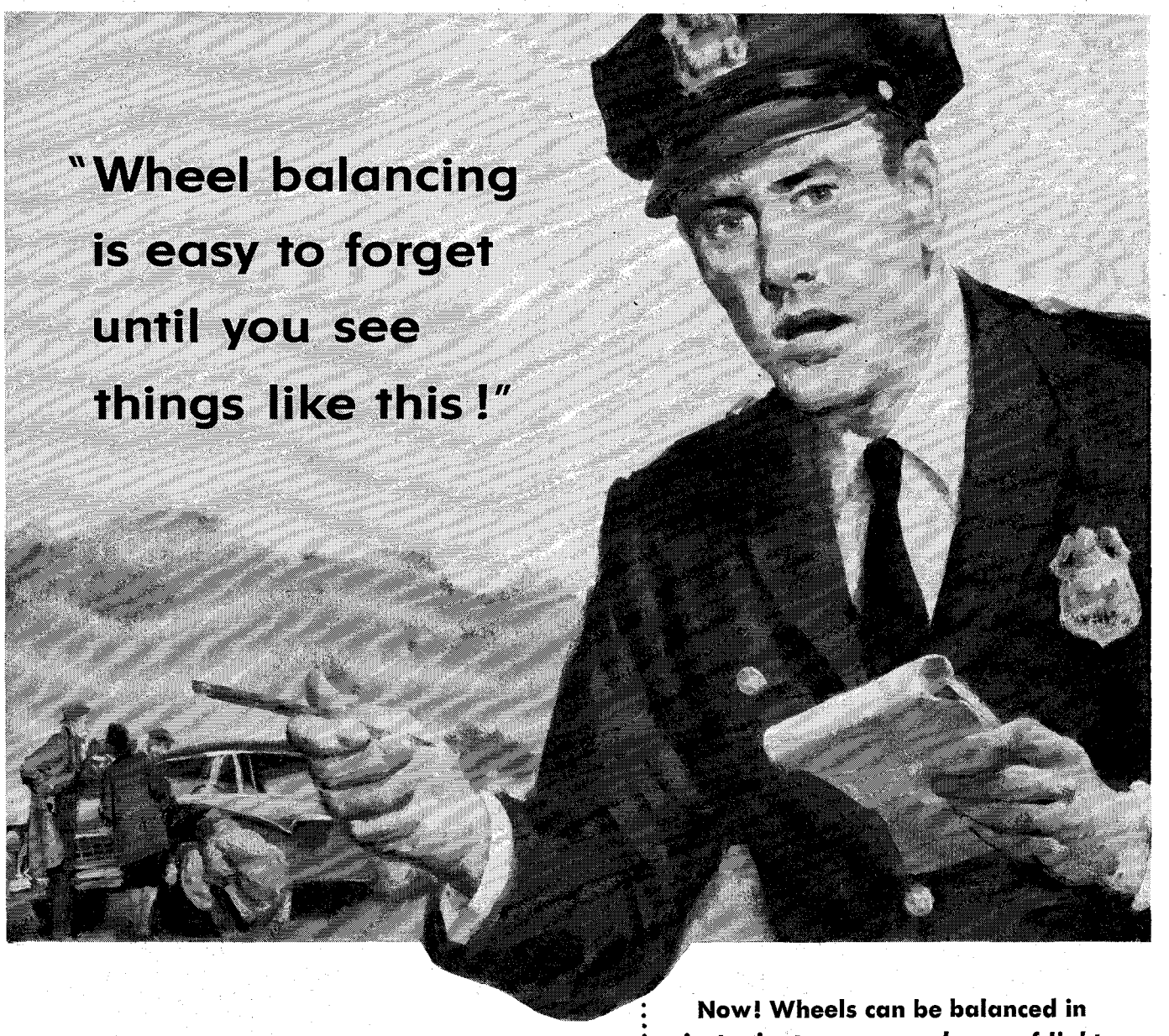
Lou, at her desk, said, "You look about eleven feet tall. Am I talking out of turn again?"

He began to smile, and the smile reached inside where the doubt and the indecision, the fears and the frustrations had been and were no more.

"No." And then, slowly, "I don't think you ever have, Lou. Or ever will." And he walked past her, into his own office, his mind working again, smoothly, clearly, concentrating.

She watched him go, content.

THE END



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"Take the guy we picked up yesterday. He was going around a curve when his unbalanced wheels went out of control and he swerved into a ditch. He was lucky. His car was wrecked. But he managed to walk away alive. Many drivers don't get off that easy!"

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He's saving taxpayers $465 million

One of the many places where independent electric companies are saving you tax money is Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border. In the photograph above, an engineer scales the walls of this canyon surveying for a power dam to be built by the local electric company. Three dams along the wild Snake River in Hell's Canyon will double the electricity available to people in the local company's service area. At the same time, these dams will save you and your fellow taxpayers $465 million. That's how much this project would have cost the public if the government built it.

Electric companies to double the supply of electricity by 1965

When you buy another appliance, or your family increases, you need more electricity. And it's always ready and waiting at the end of the wire. That's because America's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies can plan and build ahead for your future needs. They don't have to wait for an act of Congress or for tax money from the Treasury. Right now, these companies are building dams and power plants and such at the rate of more than $2 billion a year with money from millions of investors. This is one of the important reasons why you get the best and the most electric service from companies like the ones bringing you this message—***America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies****.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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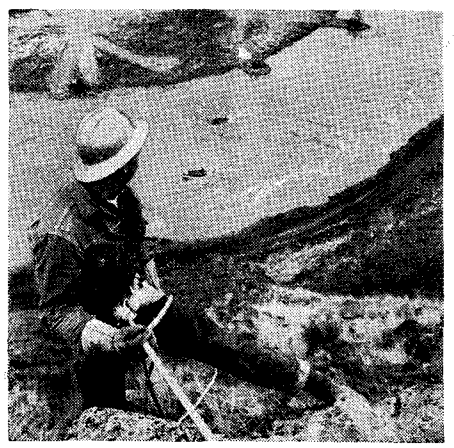

How much is he saving you in taxes?

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Alabama	$ 4,300,000
Arizona	1,900,000
Arkansas	2,200,000
California	42,900,000
Colorado	4,700,000
Connecticut	8,800,000
Delaware	2,300,000
Florida	6,900,000
Georgia	6,100,000
Idaho	1,200,000
Illinois	35,600,000
Indiana	11,900,000
Iowa	5,600,000
Kansas	4,500,000
Kentucky	4,700,000
Louisiana	5,100,000
Maine	1,800,000
Maryland	9,100,000
Massachusetts	15,000,000
Michigan	26,900,000
Minnesota	7,800,000
Mississippi	2,200,000
Missouri	11,600,000
Montana	1,500,000
Nebraska	3,400,000
Nevada	700,000
New Hampshire	1,300,000
New Jersey	16,900,000
New Mexico	1,400,000
New York	68,700,000
North Carolina	6,400,000
North Dakota	1,000,000
Ohio	29,700,000
Oklahoma	4,600,000
Oregon	4,400,000
Pennsylvania	35,000,000
Rhode Island	2,400,000
South Carolina	3,000,000
South Dakota	1,100,000
Tennessee	5,400,000
Texas	18,900,000
Utah	1,600,000
Vermont	700,000
Virginia	6,900,000
Washington	7,300,000
West Virginia	3,300,000
Wisconsin	9,500,000
Wyoming	700,000
District of Columbia and Possessions	6,600,000
TOTAL	$465,500,000

He Breaks Hollywood's Rules

(Continued from Page 49)

of the Soviet Government after it was released as Four in a Jeep. A third, The Last Chance, a preachment against Nazism, was officially attacked by Adolf Hitler. Two recent pictures, enchanting Alpine idyls based on Johanna Spyri's beloved story, Heidi, may eventually gross $6,000,000, and one caustic authority predicts: "Any day now there'll be another one called Heidi Rides Again." In Zurich they consider that a compliment.

The guiding spirit behind this operation is producer Lazar Wechsler, a huge, shaggy man with a massive graying head, thick black brows and melancholy brown eyes. In Zurich, where he sometimes appears in public unshaven, with a baggy suit and his tie askew, Wechsler is a formidable figure and somewhat of a legend. He conducts most of his business from a large upholstered chair in his home, answers the phone himself with a gruff, "Wechsler!" and gets rid of lingering visitors by saying, "Excuse me. I must play chess now."

In New York, Zurich and elsewhere, the story persists that only chess players can do business with Wechsler. Actually, his chess companions are not movie people at all, but his preoccupation with the game is so consuming that it often gums up his daily schedule.

One year the American ballet teacher, Eddie Chalif, went to Europe for a two-week holiday during which he intended to tour France, Germany, Switzerland and England. Chalif made the mistake of going first to Zurich, to visit his friend, Wechsler. "How about some chess?" Wechsler invited. "Fine idea," Chalif said. They went to Wechsler's luxurious apartment and began to play. Two weeks later, red-eyed and frazzled, Chalif limped back to New York without having seen much of Europe, but Wechsler emerged from the marathon as strong as a bear and immediately launched a new movie project.

Wechsler plays chess for small stakes and loses now and then, but his fondness for the game is a clue to the success of his films. He has inexhaustible patience for concentrating on seemingly trivial detail and generally gets what he wants.

Once he boiled over like hot lava when he saw a close-up in which actors were munching bread and salami. "In the canton shown here," he snapped, "they don't make the salami with such large fat globules. Get the right sausage and start all over."

When Wechsler can't get precisely what he wants, he comes up with close approximations of the real thing. Two years ago, before he took ten-year-old Elsbeth Sigmund to New York for personal appearances with his first Heidi film, Wechsler asked the United States Department of Agriculture for a permit to import two pet goats featured in the picture. Washington denied the permit on the ground that goats sometimes carry foot-and-mouth disease.

Some weeks later, when little Elsbeth began her American tour, Wechsler produced two goats and blandly advertised them as Heidi's original, genuine Swiss pets. Government investigators promptly moved in to the attack, but soon retired ignominiously. Wechsler's agents, it seems, had bought the two goats in New Jersey, and had patiently taught them to respond to certain Swiss-German words.

Wechsler drives his big American sedan around Switzerland as though it had red lights and a siren, and he is probably the only movie producer in Europe who has made twelve round trips across the United States by car. "When I drive long miles," he says, "I feel completely free and I can think." In the winter, though he is sixty years old and weighs 230 pounds, Wechsler amazes his friends by shooting down the snowy slopes of St. Moritz as fast as skis will take him. When cars and skis don't seem speedy enough, he boards an airliner and goes sight-seeing wherever the restless mood dictates—to Brazil, Africa, Japan or New York, for an average of 40,000 air miles a year.

Imperious and irascible when he's shooting a film, Wechsler is mistily sentimental when the pressure is off, and lavishes costly gifts on friends and acquaintances who show up in Zurich.

One time, when he was pondering what to give Arthur Loew, of Loew's International, in New York, he heard of a watch with a special dial which shows what time it is in the world's major cities.

"But, Mr. Wechsler," the manufacturer said, "this is a handmade watch, and we have only made two, one for Mr. Winston Churchill and the other for Premier Stalin."

Wechsler snorted, "Churchill and Stalin? What about Wechsler?"

He got the watch six months later for a stiff price, and gave it to Loew as casually as though it were a little thing he had picked up at a fire sale.

Despite his growing reputation in the film industry, Wechsler has few social or business contacts with Hollywood and is shy and wide-eyed in the presence of visiting stars. Last fall, when Audrey Hepburn was leaving Zurich after a visit, she gave him an impulsive farewell hug, and kissed him on the cheek. For days afterward Wechsler tenderly fingered his cheek and said with childlike wonder, "I am no longer Wechsler. I am the man Audrey Hepburn kissed."

Wechsler shows no timidity, however, with fellow directors and producers who come to Zurich from America, and he takes an impish delight in showing them his meager equipment and the cramped, muggy studio.

There was a time, as Wechsler tells them, when he was shooting a picture in an even smaller studio, and for one scene he and his aides had to push two cows and a horse up six flights of stairs because there was no elevator. For years Wechsler has cadged sofas, mirrors, stoves and other props from Zurich's leading furniture stores, and when he needs swords, costumes or period pieces he borrows them from Swiss museums. At least once Mrs. Wechsler, a gentle, pretty Swiss woman to whom he has been married for forty years, came home to their apartment and found it stripped of her choice furniture because her husband had borrowed it to use in a film.

Uninformed visitors who might quail at the thought of working under such handicaps are not likely to know that Wechsler has been grinding out good pictures, money or no money, for the past thirty years. "Give the man a camera and some film," one admirer says, "and he'll turn out a masterpiece."

Wechsler became a movie maker by accident. Born in Poland, he came to Switzerland as a boy whose first love was engineering. When he graduated from Zurich's famed Federal Polytechnic Institute, there were no jobs available. A friend in the clothing business offered him a temporary job as a raincoat salesman. Wechsler set up shop in an open-air market, but soon realized that customers were scarce. He moved to another spot, hung one of his raincoats on four stakes and filled the hollow with water. He put a dozen live goldfish in the water and began his spiel: "Look! Look! Even the goldfish know this coat can't leak." He sold 2000 coats in six weeks, took his profits and went to England to buy more coats.

In a London theater one night he saw for the first time some commercial film strips advertising soap, cigarettes and other goods. There were no film commercials in Switzerland at the time, and Wechsler forgot the raincoats and rushed home to investigate this fascinating new business. He got exclusive rights from most of Switzerland's big theaters, signed

"I can see an improvement already."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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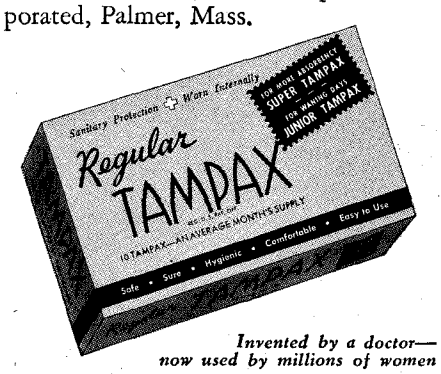
The lady isn't puzzled-

about which sanitary protection to use

Like so many of today's smart moderns, she long ago decided on Tampax. Internal sanitary protection offers so many benefits that its millions of devotees can scarcely understand anyone tolerating another kind.

Why, then, have you deferred the Tampax decision? Perhaps the answer is *that you haven't tried it.* You can read over and over again how comfortable and convenient it is—how it prevents odor—how easy it is to dispose of, applicator and all. But these are only words—the true test of Tampax is to *try it!* Only by trying it can you share in the wonderful sense of freedom Tampax gives you. Only by trying it can you discover the delightful differences that have made Tampax so accepted.

So please try Tampax. Find out once and for all what it's like to be without the confining belt-pin-pad harness at "those times." Choice of three absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notion counters. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.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up advertisers and went into business under the name Praesens Films, which means "Today's Films."

The little company prospered, and Wechsler soon joined forces with Walter Mittelholzer, a noted Swiss aviator, and a talented young camerman named Emil Berna. On their first venture they flew to Addis Ababa and made a documentary called Wings Over Ethiopia. Wechsler wanted to end the picture with a scene showing a bevy of seminude Ethiopian dancing girls silhouetted against the setting sun, but one of his Swiss friends, an official adviser to the court of Emperor Haile Selassie, begged him to forget it. "The emperor would be furious," he said, "and might even put you in jail."

Wechsler promised to reconsider, but he was no less stubborn then than now. He and Berna flew to French Somaliland, shot the scene with non-Ethiopian girls, and went home to release the picture. Two years later a Zurich movie critic exposed the fake scene and implied that Wechsler, for the honor of Switzerland, should apologize to the emperor. Wechsler ignored the attack and never bothered to reveal that Haile Selassie, who also knows that pretty girls are good publicity, thought the picture was fine.

Wechsler filmed a series of African travelogues, spent almost a year in China on another documentary, and then came home. About that time Mittelholzer and two fellow climbers were killed in an avalanche on an Austrian mountain, and it was some time before Wechsler got over the shock and chose to go on without him.

Those early films, although artistically successful, did not yield enough cash to permit Wechsler to start feature production. He reorganized Praesens with the help of Zurich friends, including Walter Boveri, head of the world-wide Brown-Boveri industrial empire, and Gottlieb Duttweiler, the embattled chain grocer who has been the bête noire of Swiss politics for years. The new company issued stock at twenty dollars a share and raised almost $500,000.

During the early years of World War II, Wechsler hired a young advertising writer named Richard Schweizer and asked him to submit movie-story ideas. Shortly afterward, Schweizer was riding a train into Zurich when he met an Englishman who had just escaped from an Axis prison camp in Italy. Schweizer offered him a cigarette, and the Englishman said, "Thanks, but would you please light it for me? My fingers don't work very well any more. They were frozen when we came across the Alps."

Schweizer used the pilot's story to develop a poignant screenplay called The Last Chance, an account of a desperate group of civilians who crossed the mountains into Switzerland with the help of Allied officers.

The story was violently anti-Nazi, and some of its scenes, including one tremendous nighttime explosion, were filmed within rifle range of German troops stationed along the Swiss frontier. Hitler and Goebbels tried to block the film, and their repeated threats alarmed the Swiss Government. Wechsler was ordered to quit, and Emil Berna's camera was immobilized for eight months, until popular General Guisan, commander in chief of the Swiss Army, personally got the ban lifted.

When the film was shown in Switzerland in 1944, the Nazis complained that Wechsler made them look inhuman because, among other things, he showed German riflemen shooting escaping civilians in the back. Almost a year later, with Hitler dead and the war ending, United States Army officers went to bat for Wechsler and got him a scarce plane priority so he could fly a print to New York.

Movie distributors there had never met Wechsler and took a negative view of a freak picture in which, for the first time on any screen, the actors spoke their lines in seven different languages. Wechsler spent several discouraging weeks trying to interest someone in the movie. Arthur Loew finally saw it and released it through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The critics were profligate with superlatives, and the picture, which had cost Wechsler a mere $120,000 to make, eventually grossed more than $1,500,000. Wechsler gratefully donated a print for American Military Government showings in Germany, with the proceeds to go to needy refugees. At last reports the fund had taken in more than 1,000,000 marks.

Wechsler soon brought another picture, called Marie Louise, to the United States. It was the story of a little French girl who, like thousands of other French children, was given a temporary home in Switzerland during the worst of the German air raids on France. Marie Louise, which cost only $60,000 and took in more than $600,000, brought Richard Schweizer his first Academy Award for the most original screenplay of the year.

In 1946, while visiting Germany, Wechsler was deeply moved by the plight of thousands of refugee children. Some had lost their parents in battle or concentration camps, others had run away from home; all of them were ragged, hungry and scared. Schweizer and Dr. David Wechsler, the producer's scholarly son, talked with UNRRA officials in Frankfurt and then collaborated in writing a screenplay about a mother who prowled the dusty rubble of Germany's bombed cities, looking for her lost child. They named their story The Search.

About that time Wechsler was in New York, where he had just seen The Seventh Cross, a picture directed by a promising young director named Fred Zinnemann. Wechsler collared Arthur Loew and said, "I never heard of this Zinnemann, but I must have him." Loew learned that Zinnemann was busy in Hollywood, but Wechsler said he could wait. Seven months later Zinnemann finally got to Switzerland with Montgomery Clift, a Broadway actor with no movie experience whom he and Wechsler had picked on a hunch. The little boy was played by Ivan Jandl, a wistful ten-year-old whom Wechsler spotted in a Prague schoolyard, and the mother was portrayed by Jarmila Novotna, a Metropolitan Opera soprano, who also lacked screen experience.

Wechsler brought the film in for $280,000, then a record cost for a Praesens picture, and there were some uneasy stockholders in Switzerland. But The Search turned into a smash. Schweizer and David Wechsler won gold Oscars for their script, and a third Academy Award for acting went to the boy from Prague, who, ironically, vanished behind the Iron Curtain with his prize and has never been heard from again.

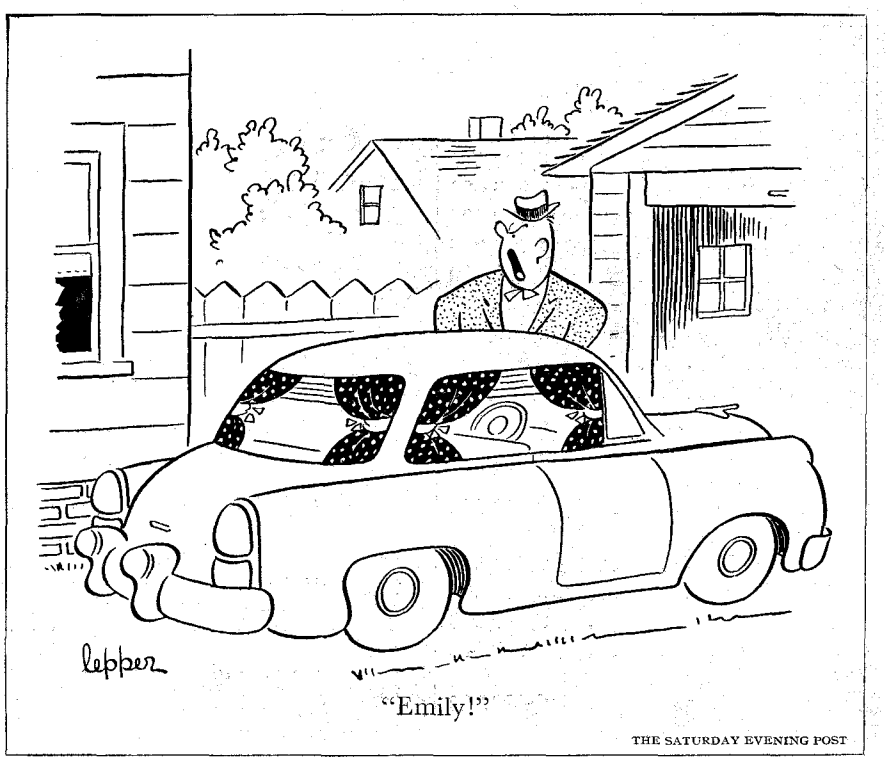
The picture won ten international prizes, including the United Nations Award, and grossed more than $4,000,000. Zinnemann, who has probably had a wry grimace or two about the mere $22,000 Wechsler paid him for a year's work, has since won his own Oscars with High Noon and From Here to Eternity, and is now one of the highest-paid directors in Hollywood.

Wechsler has never won an Oscar for himself, but he found a way to remedy that. When his son received his gold statuette by mail—neither he nor Schweizer could attend the California ceremonies—Wechsler took it to a jeweler and ordered an exact duplicate. It was an expensive counterfeit because it contains more gold than the original and has four engraved plates around the base, representing the four Oscars awarded to Praesens. It occupies a special shelf in his office, with medals, cups, diplomas and other prizes the studio has won, and presumably it prods him to greater effort.

He does not like to be reminded, however, that some of his pictures got critical acclaim without putting big profits into the till. Several years ago he borrowed Cornel Wilde from 20th Century-Fox for a film about an American sailor in Switzerland, called Four Days Leave. The picture did not click, and Fox, which had agreed to pay Wilde's $80,000 salary in exchange for a percentage, absorbed most of the deficit. Another Wechsler picture, called The Village, a story about a Swiss community project for homeless children of all nationalities, got fine reviews, but the losses were substantial.

If these comparative failures are mentioned, Wechsler shrugs. "I don't like to make films just to make money," he says. "I think a picture should convey a thought to an audience. We never start one unless the whole staff agrees that there is an urgent need for such a story, whether it makes money or not."

Wechsler is a man overflowing with emotion, and *(Continued on Page 66)*



"Emily!"

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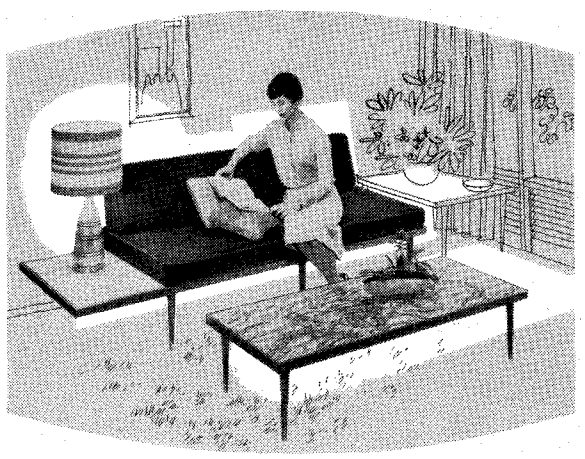

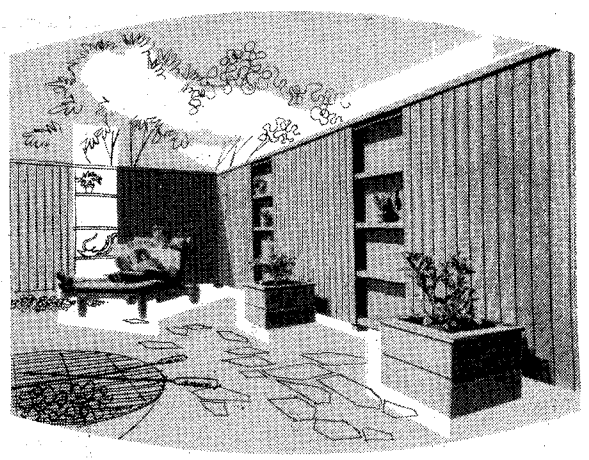

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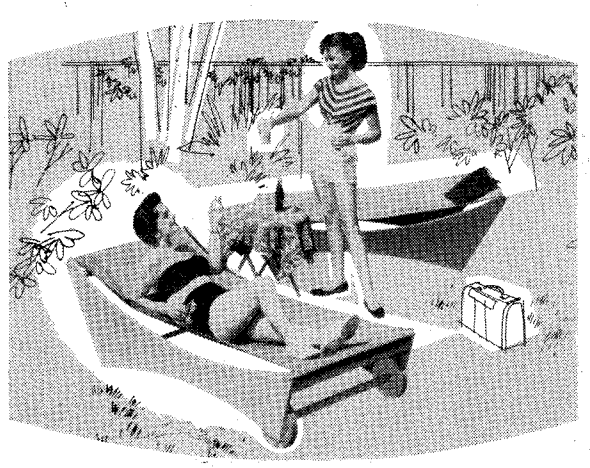

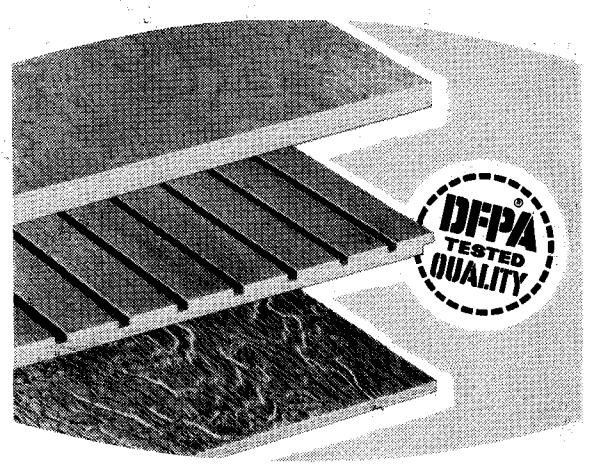

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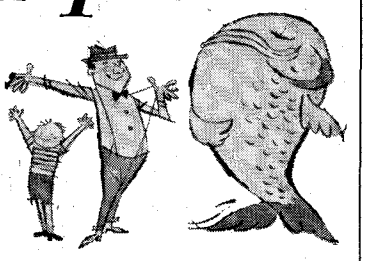
"Are fish more important than folks?"



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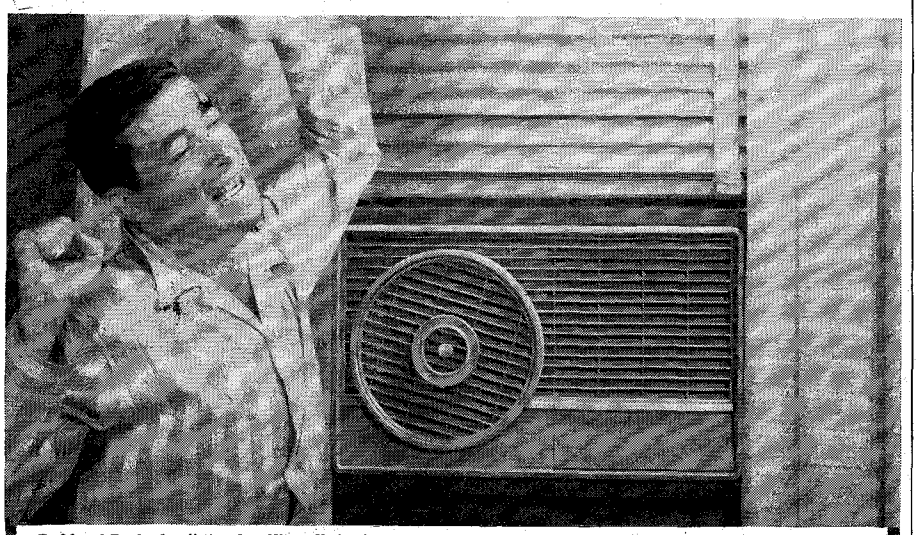
See your Fedders dealer. He's listed in the yellow pages of your phone directory.



Fedders' Exclusive "Weather Wheel" design is the mark of America's best-made air conditioner. Choice of colors, models, and prices for every home and budget. Up to three years to pay!

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Here's the answer to the problem that has prevented millions of Americans from having an air conditioner. It is the new Fedders ¾ hp *Supreme*—world's first big-capacity air conditioner ever to run on normal house current!

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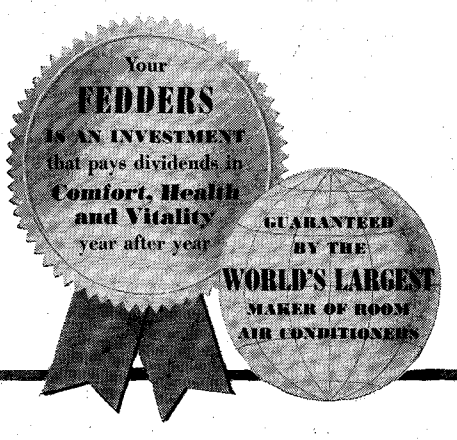
Uses 40% less electricity. Savings on electricity are considerable. Tests show that the *Supreme* draws up to 40% less current than other ¾ hp air conditioners, yet has equal cooling capacity! (And it gives 50% more cooling than ½ hp units.)

See your Fedders dealer today and ask for a demonstration of the new ¾ hp *Supreme*. Approved for apartments.



FEDDERS AIR CONDITIONERS

(*Continued from Page 64*)

when a film is under way his staff finds him an exasperating and unreasonable master. Emil Berna was shooting a picture in the Alps once when an icy blizzard struck the location camp without warning. Berna phoned Wechsler in Zurich and described the storm.

"That's impossible!" Wechsler roared. "I'm looking out the window right now and the weather is beautiful!"

Like some of his Hollywood contemporaries, Wechsler suffers from acute telephonitis and cannot even resist grabbing a ringing phone at other people's homes. He once estimated that his phone bills averaged $25,000 a year, and says quite frankly, "Without the telephone I would die."

Uors von Planta, the Praesens production manager, recalls one period when Wechsler phoned him from Warsaw at a late hour every night. The connection was always poor, and von Planta was forced to shout so Wechsler could hear. After five nights of this, von Planta's landlady complained that he was waking up the other tenants and evicted him.

At home Wechsler follows up his telephone conversations with long, typed memorandums, and many an employee has been galvanized into action with special-delivery or registered letters, which show up at all hours. Wechsler's chauffeur, Hans Sennrich, who doubles as an assistant sound man, was roused from bed one recent dawn for such a missive. The message read: "The water in the car battery is low. Please fill it. Wechsler."

Wechsler's top people—in fact, there's only one in each category—are Emil Berna, cameraman; Rolf Epstein, sound engineer; Herman Haller, film editor; Robert Blum, composer; Schweizer, the writer; von Planta, and Marie Lehmann, private secretary. They have all been with him for years and have long since made a wise adjustment to his temperament.

Wechsler is probably not aware that friends and associates are endlessly intrigued by his idiosyncrasies, but perhaps it does not matter. As one said recently, "Say what you like, these are the little reflections of genius." Most of his intimates have great affection and respect for Wechsler even when they disagree with his thinking. A year or two ago Wechsler imported Betty Smith, author of A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, to write an original story for Praesens. She stayed in a hotel near Wechsler's large hilltop apartment on Voltastrasse, and for the next five months he bombarded her with long memos full of suggestions on how to write the script. On the eve of her departure, with the assignment completed, Betty Smith smiled sweetly at Wechsler and sent him all of his letters, prettily tied with ribbon. They had never been opened.

The Betty Smith story was never filmed for one reason or another, and soon afterward Wechsler undertook his most ambitious venture—a film version of Heidi, and a sequel in color called Heidi and Peter. Following his usual practice, Wechsler found many of his actors in streetcars, clubs, schools, churches, farmhouses and on the streets. Elsbeth Sigmond was found with a group of children playing in a rural schoolyard, and a happy choice she was. On the basis of early returns, the grosses on these two productions—their combined cost was under $475,000—may equal or exceed the take on several other Praesens films combined.

If there is any significance in the fact that both pictures are romantic little fragments with no messages whatsoever, Wechsler does not mention it. It is said in Zurich that he really made these pictures for Barbara Wechsler, a ten-year-old granddaughter upon whom he lavishes gifts and overwhelming affection. The inevitable opposition also says mockingly that Wechsler owns a handkerchief factory—which is true—and therefore makes sure that each film is a tear jerker.

But the more realistic fact is that Wechsler, in addition to being an organizer with a passion for detail and truth, also has a childlike sensitivity toward the sad and the happy things in life. It is no accident that most of his pictures have at least one bit wherein a child happily opens a surprise package. And in all his films there is an emotional peak involving a wordless embrace or a simple, tender touching of hands as the symbol of some basic human need. He has shown that good drama is not hampered by a confusion of tongues. His work, as more than one critic has remarked, could be clearly understood without dialogue or subtitles.

Wechsler is both vocal and bitter over the fact that Praesens is still a relatively impoverished organization, although its films are piling up impressive grosses. All other major European film companies—French, German, British and Italian—are subsidized, or guaranteed against loss, by their governments. Praesens, he says gloomily, has been on its own from the beginning. The unofficial explanation seems to be that if the Swiss Government subsidized a film company in Zurich, there would be jealous howls from other cantons, even though the others have no motion-picture industry. Also, Swiss bankers are overly cautious and conservative and, unlike American banks, don't consider movies a sound investment. Thus, without important capital, Wechsler has been limited to one picture a year. It takes about two years before he gets the profits from a picture, but he keeps his staff on full salary whether they are working or not.

Wechsler personally has made a lot of money, but it came from such side lines as an export-import business and making advertising films, and he has poured large amounts back into Praesens. He is convinced that the canton of Zurich will eventually give Praesens a helping hand, especially for a new studio. When that happens, the company may buy a second camera and make two or three pictures a year.

There is already a change under way because Praesens has just released a picture in Switzerland without the familiar credit line: "Produced by L. Wechsler." The story is an old Swiss folk tale named Uli Der Pachter, and was produced by Wechsler's old friend, Oscar Duby.

Wechsler saw the picture at a sneak preview in Zurich and came out into the daylight dabbing at his eyes. He stood there alone for an instant, and there was a puzzled look in his eyes. "I am astonished," he murmured, "that they can make such a good picture without me." He let the thought run through his mind for a moment; then turned to a friend. "I am glad the picture is good," he said huskily. "I am glad. It means that Praesens will go on after I die." THE END

... ...

Marked Men

By Hal Chadwick

What sort of bosses make
their secretaries tingle?
Single.

... ...

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They've Got the Facts on You

(Continued from Page 51)

From a torrent of gratuitous and largely irrelevant information released by this reminiscence, Mrs. Carroll noted a few pertinent facts and passed them on to a clerk at another desk at the edge of a forest of filing cabinets that stretched away in the distance as far as the eye could see.

John Henry Johnson, as the tall man shall be called for convenience, was a harrowed example of how complicated life can get for lack of a simple legal piece of paper called a birth certificate. For years he had been trying to prove he had been born in 1888, but without success.

Birth records in rural areas of Arkansas where he was reared were practically nonexistent in the '80's. An affidavit from his parents or the attending midwife was out of the question; all were dead. Depositions from relatives or neighbors who had personal knowledge of his birth—if they were twelve years or older at the time—would have qualified him for issuance of a delayed birth certificate. But all those he had been able to locate in years of correspondence were either his own age or younger.

"You're my last chance," he pleaded. "I've been retired because I admit I am more than sixty-five, but I can't get my pension until I can prove it. And my grandson I drove east with must start back tomorrow."

When the clerk emerged from the files forest a few minutes later with a sheet of notes from the 1900 records, showing that John H., son, had been enumerated in the household of William C. Johnson, head, and Susan, wife, in the Mountain View District of Stone County, Arkansas, and was then listed as twelve years old, he was so overcome that he forgot to finish telling about his operation.

Last year, more than 140,000 persons similarly situated sought help from the bureau's Personal Census Service Branch to extricate themselves from one type of pickle or another, but all stemming from a common deficiency—no birth certificate. Estimates of the number of Americans who have no official record of when, where or to whom they were born run as high as 40,000,000. The late Will Rogers, who once visited the bureau to prove American citizenship for a passport, although some of his Indian forebears were living here before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, spoke for all of them when he quipped: "I can't prove I was born, but you can't deny I'm here."

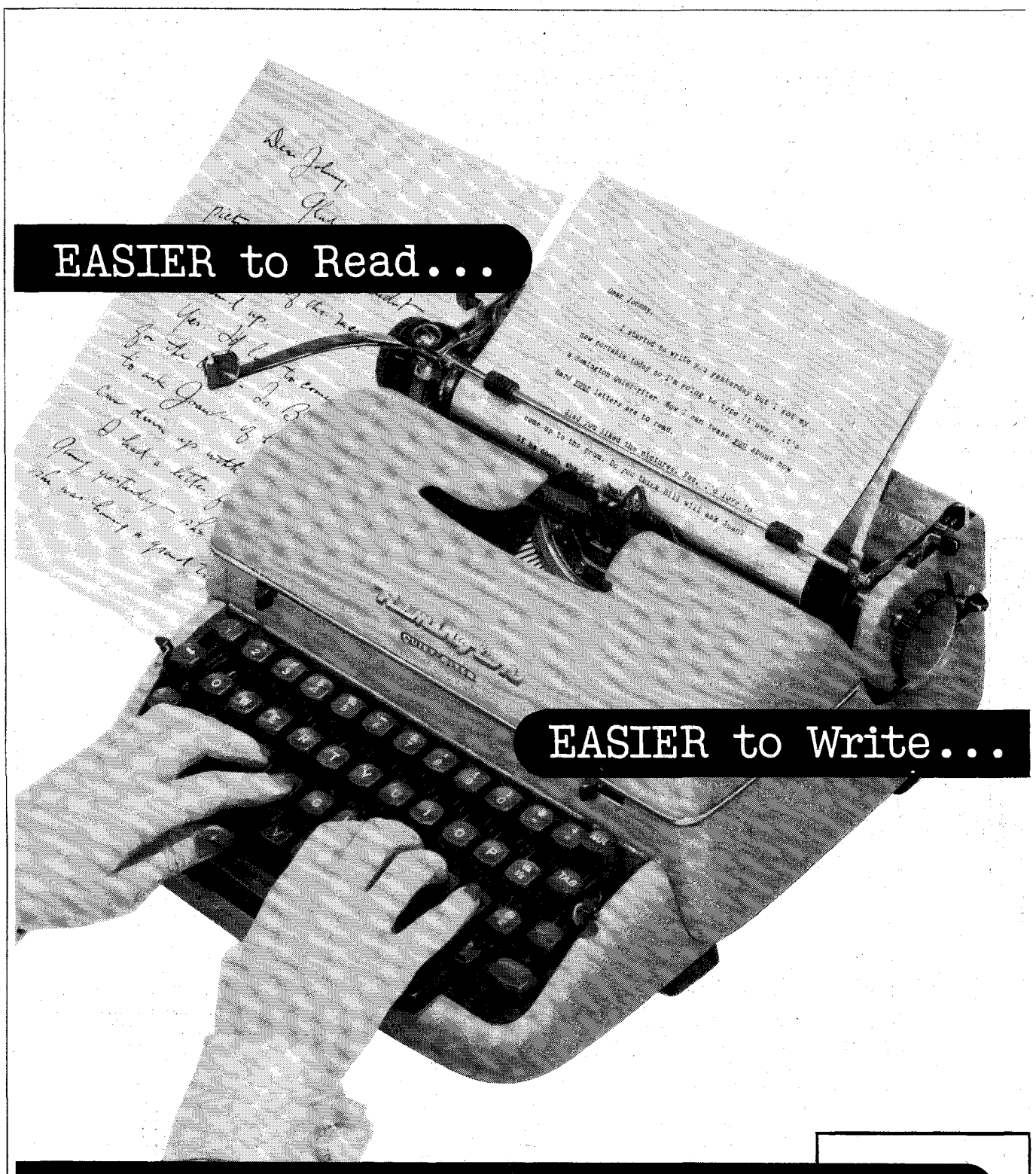
Many kinds of evidence are accepted in lieu of a birth certificate—church records, marriage licenses, hospital registers, statements by an attending physician or midwife, a notation in the family Bible, a military discharge or draft-registration card, school rosters, even vaccination certificates. But a surprising number of Americans never had any of them or can't produce them at will for a bewildering variety of reasons.

"I tried everywhere to get my birth papers," wrote one man dolefully, "but there's no record any place. I was supposed to be born in Chicago around 1891, but there was a fire at our house which burned everything. My mother and father had me in our Bible, but the fire got that too. The school board says they can't find my record, altho I went most every day. They can't even find me in the hooky book. I been around the loop so many times I'm dizzy. Never married. No insurance. Got a half-davit (affidavit) from a woman who knew my mother when she was pregnant with me, but that was no good because she moved away before I was born. Please help, as I think I am available for social security."

The British burned some of the United States census records when they set fire to the Capitol in 1814, and practically all the records of the 1890 census were destroyed by fire and water when the old Department of Commerce Building burned in 1921. But there are still more than 700,000,000 names left, including the duplications from one census to another. A certificate that yours is one of them is a kind of universal documentation of your terrestrial existence in subdivision United States, acknowledged as gospel by all agencies of the Federal Government, and acceptable to most states as the basis for issuance of a delayed birth certificate.

If you don't have a birth certificate, you needn't apologize. Birth registration was not compulsory in many states until 1920. In New England, vital statistics have been almost a fetish from colonial times, but west of the Appalachians such information is as likely as not to be spotty even after the turn of the century. Prior to that, there were great gaps left by the Chicago fire, the Johnstown flood and innumerable lesser calamities. And even today the bureau frequently receives requests from the sons and daughters of doctors who have neglected, absentmindedly perhaps, to register the births of their own children.

More than half the applicants—supplicants might be a better term—who write, telegraph, telephone or come to the bureau in person, it is estimated by



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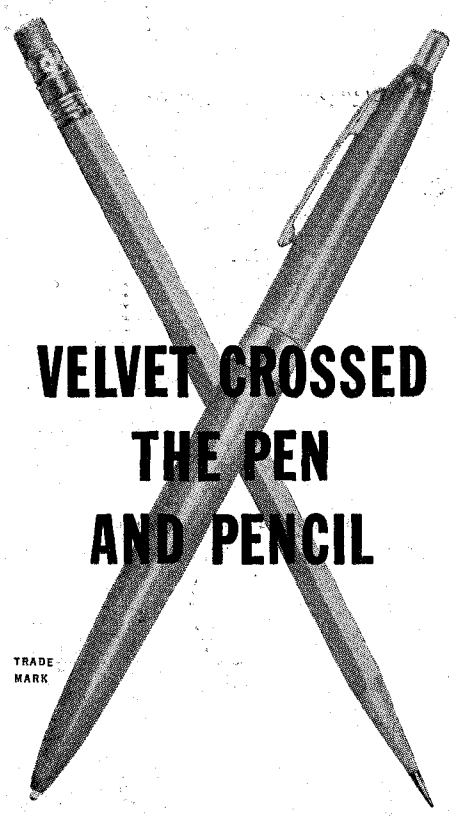

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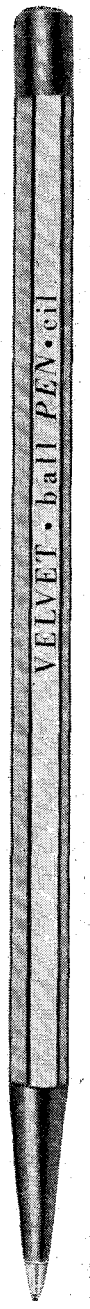

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Milton D. Swenson, chief of the PCS Branch, want the record for proving eligibility for Old Age and Survivors Insurance. In more than nine out of ten cases the branch is able to provide the necessary certificate despite such nebulous descriptions of the place of birth as "Higgins plantation" or "North Dakota, I think," and estimates of the date of birth as "the year of the big wind" or "the dark cloud." In one of these, a birth-date mystery was solved by divining that the "year of the big star" was 1909, when Halley's comet first appeared on its last visit. But the branch's library on local tornadoes and eclipses is limited; something more concrete than meteorological reference will get you quicker service.

Many of the letter requests—application blanks are available at post offices and local offices of many Government agencies—bear witness to long and fruitless prior search. "I suppose I am barking up the wrong tree again," wrote a dispirited oldster from Louisiana, "but I tried everywhere to find the place of my birth. By word of mouth, I was told I was born in Blank Parish in January, 1895. Those were my mother's words to me. Will pay what is reasonable." Apparently he considered the three-dollar fee for a routine search, one dollar extra for immediate attention, as reasonable, because he remitted, and learned his mother had told the enumerator the same story, a coincidence establishing the fact in the absence of contradictory evidence.

But applicants are not always that affluent. "What does one do," one letter began, "when one finds oneself in such a predicament as I am in? I am trying to get a claim filed through the Civil Service for benefits from my late husband's retirement. I have got our marriage certificate, but need proof of my age and my three children's. Will pay you from my first check."

These "promissory" applications automatically go into a basket to be answered to the effect that under Title 5, Public Law 137, 82nd Congress, First Session, all business at the branch is strictly cash. A couple of weeks later, however, Swenson was surprised to receive a glowing acknowledgment from the woman, with four crisp one-dollar bills enclosed.

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart," she wrote, "for sending me the certificate. I have received my first check for back payments of $437 and here is the $4 I owe you. God bless the Census Bureau and the United States of America for keeping a list of everybody."

Swenson looked suspiciously at one of his assistants, who must remain anonymous or henceforth never have any pecuniary peace. "Yes, I lent her the money," she confessed, "but it was just before Christmas. What can you do?"

After a long, hard day searching files, cross-checking maps and dog-eared city directories, and gazing fixedly at one whirling roll of microfilm after another, it's the gratitude of those who have had a legal place or date of birth unexpectedly conferred upon them that keeps the 120 searchers in Swenson's record empire—largest in the world—from going berserk.

"I wish to thank you for the very prompt attention you gave me in helping prove I was born," wrote an appreciative Nebraska woman. "All these years I felt like an alley cat." A Texan wrote, "Your response was most prompt and successful, which went a long way in restoring my faith in Government agencies, which was badly reduced by the recent drought."

Another beneficiary, after expressing gratitude for the certificate that established his citizenship and saved his job at a defense installation, added "If you're ever in Miami, Florida, look me up."

But not all 700,000,000 individual records on the census rolls are as readily located as John Henry Johnson's was. Enumerations from the first nose-counting in 1790 up until 1850 listed only the head of the household by name. Abraham Lincoln, for example, was just an anonymous statistic in the 1810 census, the figure "1" under the heading, FREE, WHITE MALES UNDER 10, after the name of Thomas Lincoln, of Hardin County, Kentucky.

But by 1860 the rolls had been expanded to include the names of all in the household, so that beneath the name of Abraham Lincoln, 51, male, lawyer, born, Ky., appeared the names of Mary, 35, female—history says she was then 42; either the enumerator misunderstood or somebody fibbed—Robt. T., 16, Willie W., 9, Thos., 7, males, and M. Johnson, 18, female, servant. This multiplication of names, and the growing nosiness of the national personality—the 1950 census form listed thirty-eight questions, including whether you own your TV—would make the search for any one a next to impossible task without a card-filing system based on the sound of the names listed. Unless, that is, you could remember your street address of fifty or sixty years ago, which most people can't.

In this system of phonetic filing, all names that sound alike are filed together—Smith, Smithson, Smithy, Smyth, Schmidt, Schmitt and any other variations. Originated to resolve the confusion in the registration of deeds, it was later extended to library author-index systems and is now in general use among insurance companies and business firms, as well as Government agencies like the Social Security Administration. The largest of them all is the Census Bureau collection, more than 230,000,000 names on 100,000,000 cards transcribed from the census rolls of 1890, 1900 and 1920.

The principal advantage of the system is that the listing is alphabetical instead of geographical. It's hard to believe, but fewer than 2500 John Smiths, including all variations of spelling, were enumerated as head of a household in the 1920 census of the whole state of New York. Still, trying to find one of them on microfilm without a fairly specific address would be a formidable task, even in one district of New York City. But a skilled searcher can cover the whole state in less than half an hour by thumbing through those 2500 cards, in a matter of minutes if the John Smith sought has a middle initial.

Transcribing 230,000,000 names to individual cards was a made-work project born of the Great Depression that employed some 5000 clerks for more than two years. But it was one of our more imaginative boondoggles. Several million oldsters have already used it to establish their right to Social Security benefits. During World War II more than 700,000 defense-plant workers in one year alone needed it to prove their American nationality. Without this alphabetical file, a search is often a genealogical feat akin to proving eligibility for membership in the Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution.

When a name can't be found in the file, the search automatically gets tougher. Searchers think nothing of going through 10,000 names in a county looking for a native of "Higgins plantation," or a community called Hog Wallow which has long since vanished from county maps. Sometimes they would prefer to run through as many as 30,000 or 40,000 names rather than write back for fuller information which the applicants probably don't have.

"You ask me when I was born," replied one woman tartly. "That's for you to find out." Another answered, "I never had a mother, was brought up by my grandmother. Never had a maiden name. I been married three times." Of course, when a request like the following comes in, there's nothing to do but write for something more definite:

"I want you to look up the record of Mary Jones. Bill Brown cut her throat with a razor. They sent him to Leavenworth. They used to call me Little Mary, but after her death they call me Nubby."

The only information to be gleaned from that inquiry is that Bill Brown will probably be enumerated in Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1960, and Mary Jones not at all.

Speaking of marriage, census records often come (*Continued on Page 73*)

"Oh, let's not plan our vacation this year.
Let's just let it louse itself up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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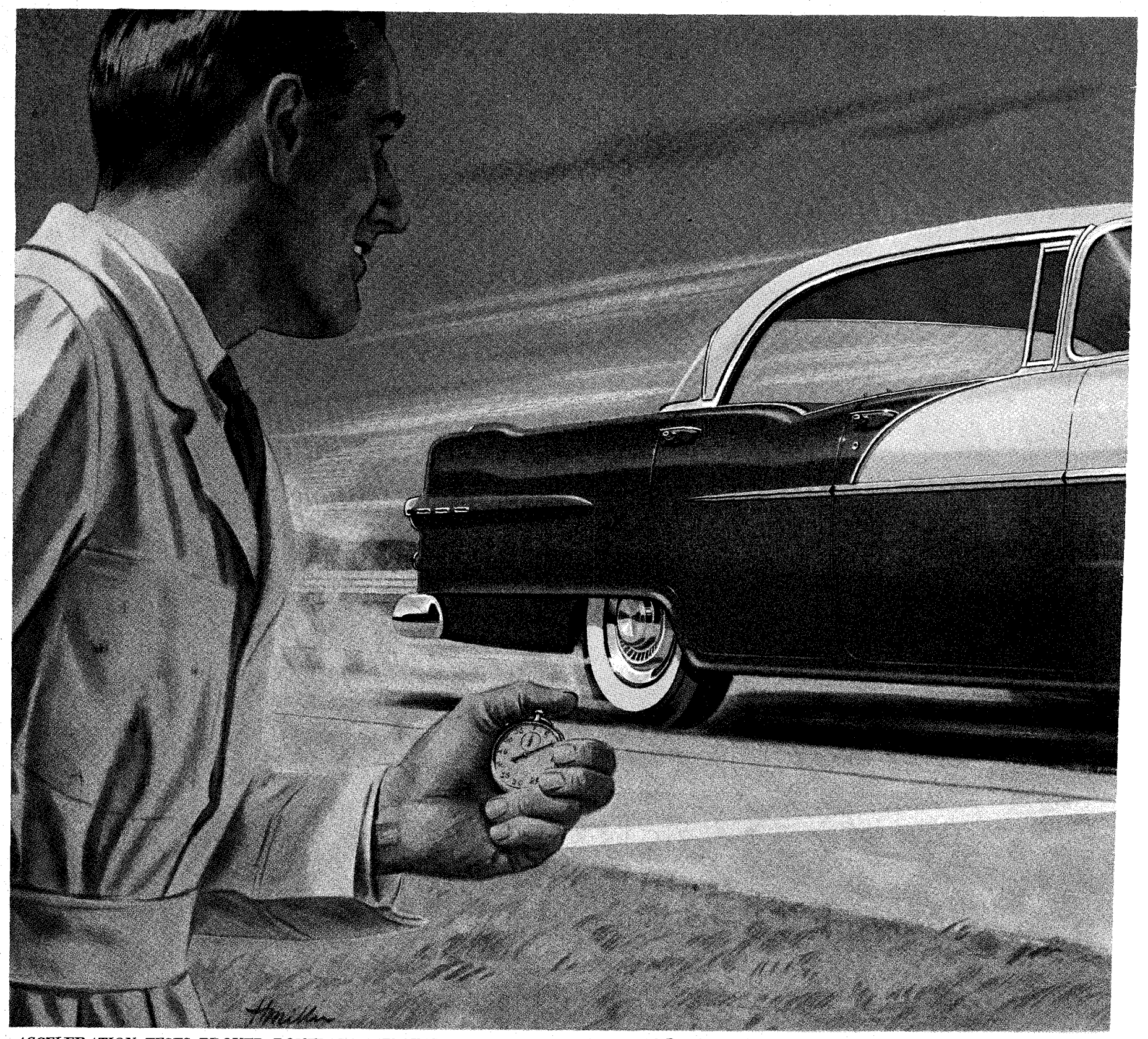

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Estimates of what it would do in the tests were stretched to the most optimistic extremes. Even so, no one guessed how good it really was . . . *this fabulous '56 Pontiac topped every estimate, topped anything they'd ever seen*!

And it will surprise *you*, too, no matter what you've been driving lately . . . nothing on wheels prepares you for this kind of GO!

You expect blazing action from that mighty Strato-Streak V-8. And you get it . . . from the most advanced power plant on the road today. Built like a racing engine . . . but with all of Pontiac's famous ruggedness and dependability . . . t new V-8 is packed with high compression, high torq high power giving you the greatest GO on wheels!

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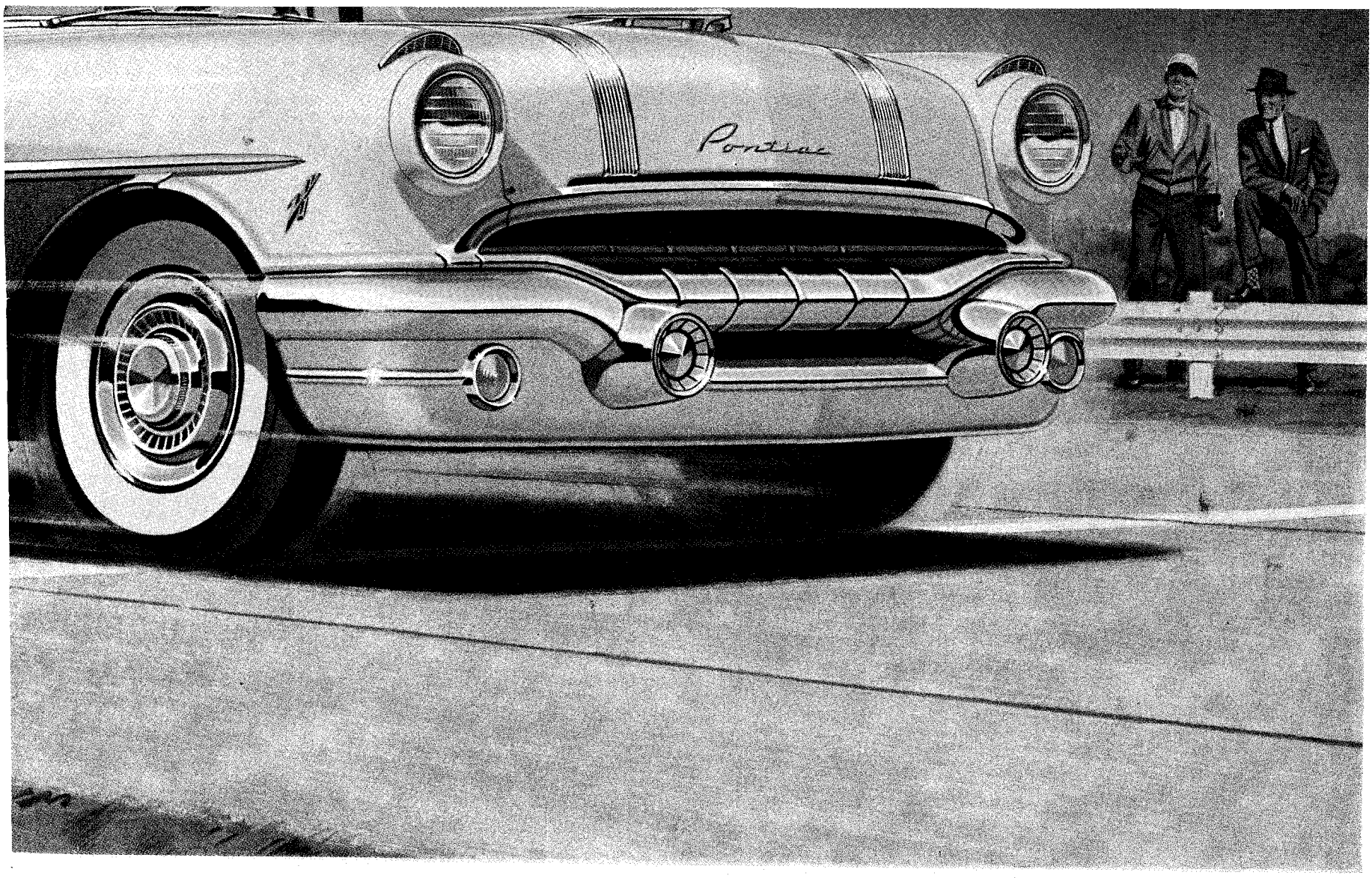

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If the phone rings, park the Handmixer on its heel with the beaters over your mixing bowl. No dripping on the countertop.

Moral—now you don't have to guess any more. Just ask your dealer for the Handmixer with the red Hoover emblem on it.

HOOVER

FINE APPLIANCES

...around the house, around the world

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(*Continued from Page 68*) in handy to prove a marital relationship. One such request, addressed simply, "To the White House," announced peremptorily, "This is Sally Tompkins talking to Washington, D.C. Now listen. I want to know quick if you have a record of my wedding January 11, 1899. The courthouse burned down next day. P.S. Me and Jim was married in Cedarcreek, Tennessee." The postscript saved her. The bureau has no record of weddings, of course, but did find Jim and Sally Tompkins enumerated in the 1900 census as head of household and wife, which is as good as a dove-crested marriage license in a court of law.

Sometimes applicants don't like the answers the bureau gives them, especially when it conflicts with their own belief, often quite honest, that they are old enough to qualify for Social Security checks. "I am writing to let you know that my stepmother gave my birth wrong. She never liked me. I was born February 10, 1890, not 1892 like you say. I really need the money for old age resistance." Another correction was suggested more diplomatically. "There was a slight mistake in the certificate you sent me. The month and day are all right, but the year is wrong. I was born in 1888. Would you please change it and thank you kindly."

While the census records cannot be changed under any circumstances, Swenson explains, portions of them can be withheld at the applicant's request. When a search showed a man had been enumerated in the state penitentiary at Waupun, Wisconsin, he was notified before a certificate was issued, in order to give him a chance to indicate a mistake had been made. "I was in prison at the time you say," he replied, "but I haven't been in any trouble since and now I'm married and have a family. I never told them." The certificate finally issued bore all the facts exactly as shown on the record except "State Prison, Waupun."

"The law specifically states," Swenson points out, "that census information, being given voluntarily, cannot be used to the detriment of any person. That would almost be like a person testifying against himself. We can't change or add to the records, but we can leave out portions of it if the applicant considers it harmful."

This policy proved a boon to a well-known movie actress, a dazzling blonde at the time, who appeared at the bureau recently to obtain a certificate for a passport. When a searcher innocently started with the 1920 records and found her listed, proving she was at least thirty-five, she displayed an unmistakably genuine emotion.

"Good heavens," she moaned, "I've been twenty-six the last three times I was married. Can't you see what Walter Winchell could do with that?"

At her anguished request, her age was omitted. A rule of thumb evolved from bureau experience might be that women applicants tend to get younger with each succeeding census until they reach their sixties, after which they suddenly become their own age or even older. The one age with which they have no quarrel is sixty-five.

Although the bureau leans over backward to fill requests for birth and nationality records, many extraneous inquiries have to be turned down. A belt manufacturer once asked how many persons' names—presumably of the 700,000,000 on file—began with each letter of the alphabet so that he could get the right proportion for inscribing initials on his belt buckles. Oil companies frequently ask for (*Continued on Page 76*)

The Perfect Squelch

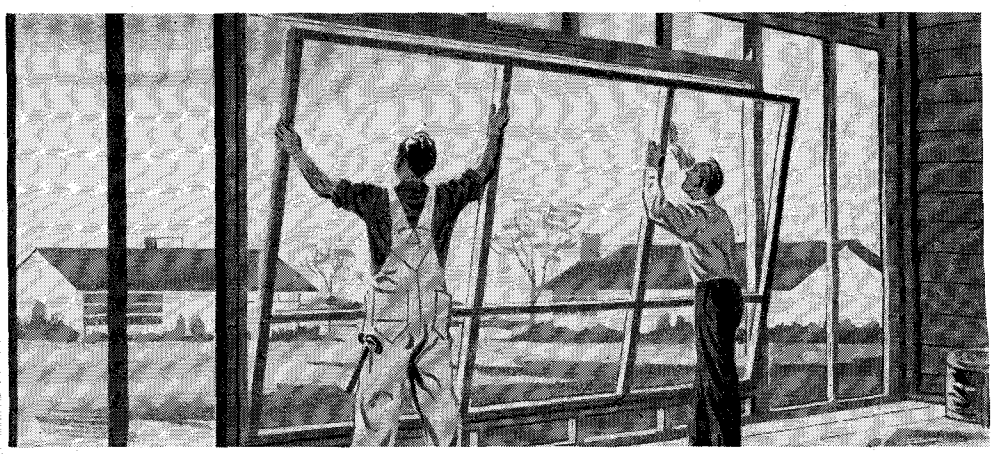
Lawyer Plear knew his client had done some extensive drinking before smashing his expensive convertible into another car. But that didn't diminish the vigor of his defense. He hammered steadily at the testimony of the arresting officer, trying to discredit it at every turn. He even managed to suggest that the policeman's vision, hearing, memory and judgment were faulty.

Finally he paused dramatically; then snapped at the patient policeman, "Now think carefully. Are you positive the alcohol you testified you smelled on my client's breath didn't come from the smashed radiator of his car?"

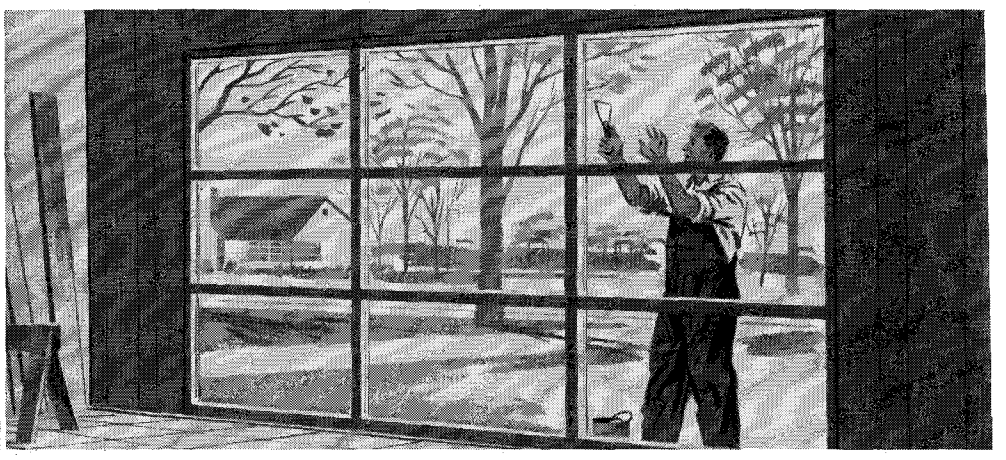
"It's certainly possible, sir," the policeman said, "if that's what he had been drinking."

Richard G. Schoener

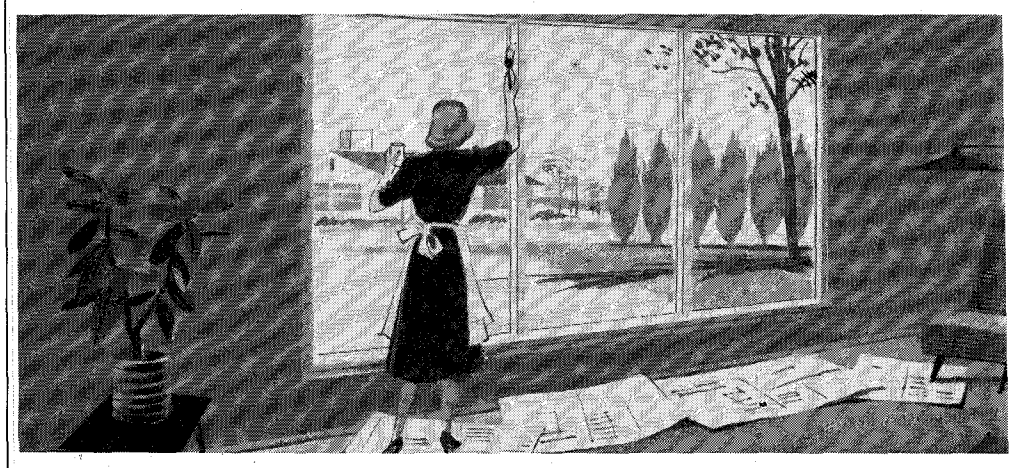
IF YOU'RE BUILDING A HOME



OR ADDING A ROOM



OR ENCLOSING YOUR PORCH



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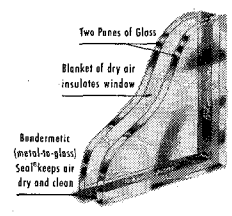

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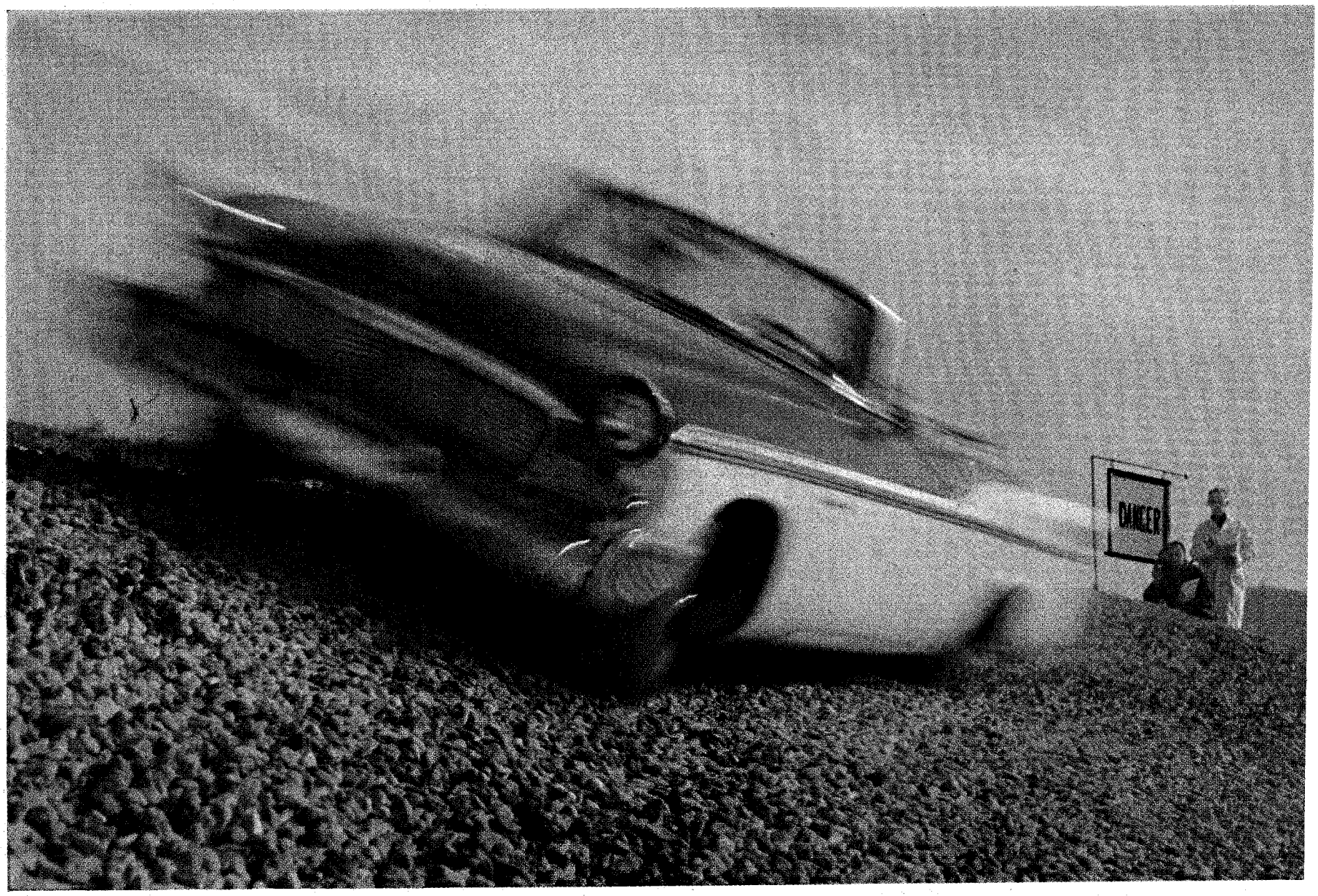

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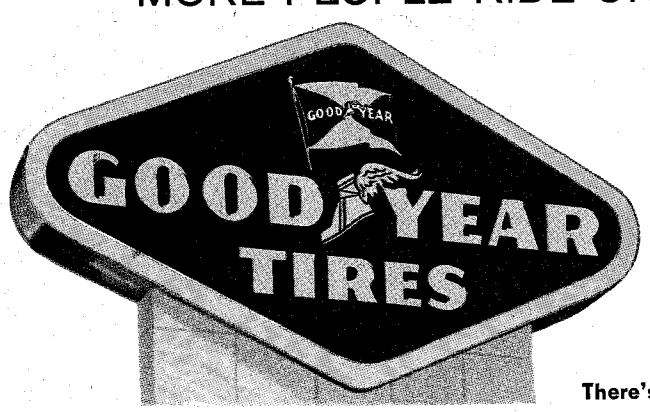

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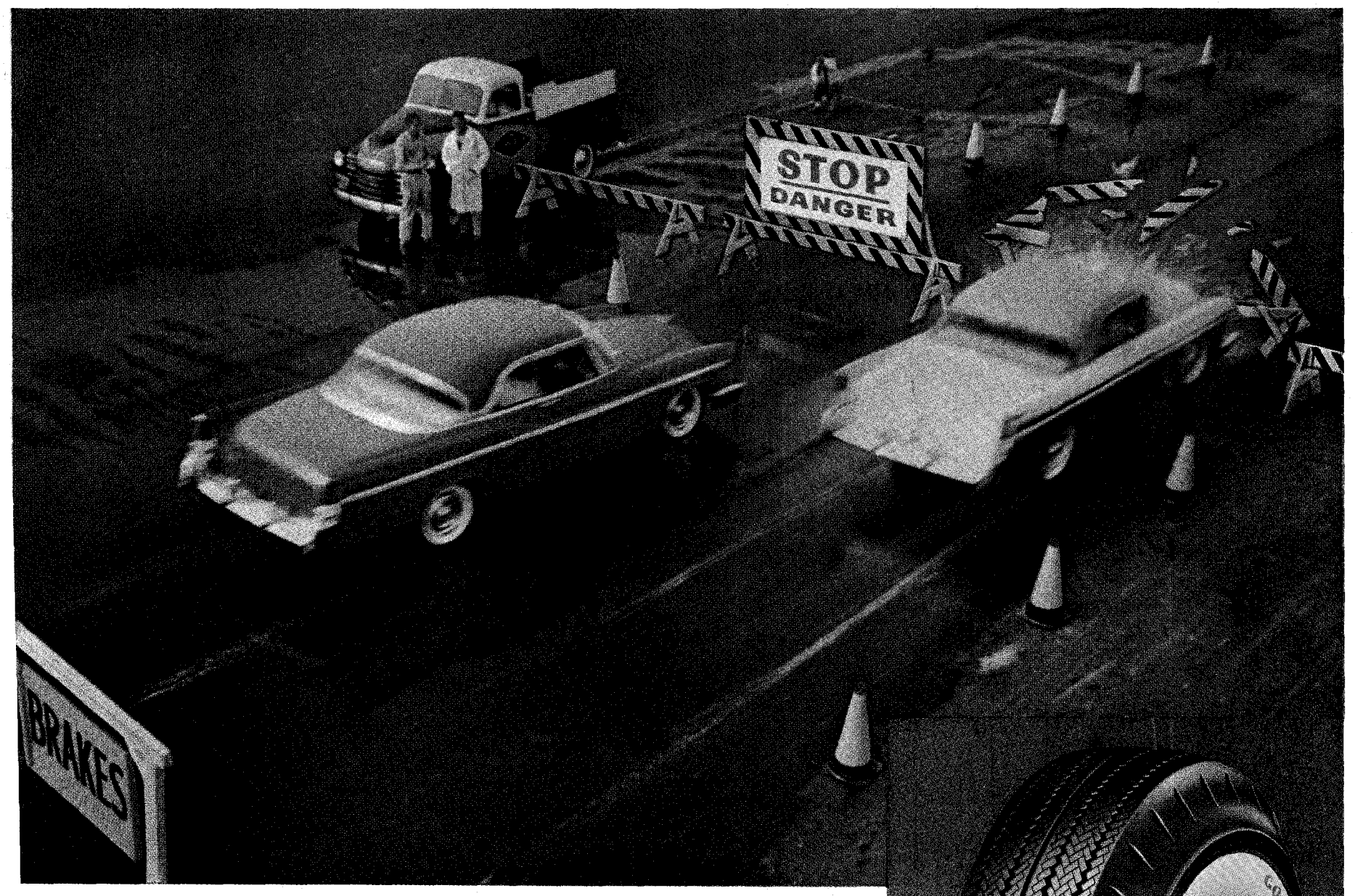
% QUICKER ON WET ROAD!



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You don't have to go to great lengths to stop! Look above: There are new tubeless tires with ordinary-type treads on the blue and grey car —new 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushions on the red one.

In this dramatic wet road test, both cars rushed toward the wooden barriers at the same speed—braked at the same instant. The blue and grey car couldn't stop in time—crashed into the barricade. But Goodyear's high traction tires dug in . . . 8640 biting edges hung on . . . and the red car came to a swift, safe, straight-line stop.

This new Twin-Grip tread snugs your car to slick straightaways—helps it cling to curves with unswerving confidence. For safety's sake, they belong on your car. See your Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

OOD YEAR

This safety-built triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord tire costs only a few dollars more than a standard tubeless tire.

This new Twin-Grip tread design is also available in a tube-type Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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(*Continued from Page 73*) addresses to aid in unscrambling the titles of leased properties. Hardly a day passes without a request for help in locating some long-lost relative.

"I am writing in a sincere effort to find my father, whom I have never known," read one letter. "His name was Harry Brown and his age about 50. My mother's maiden name was Dorothy Green and they were married in Texas, at least that is where I was born. The last I heard he was working in a factory in Dallas in the early '20's. If he is alive I would like to contact him. If this is not permissible, I would be grateful if you would pass on my name to him wherever he is."

Such requests have to be refused, Swenson explains, on the theory that the person involved may want to remain missing, which is considered his privilege. Not even if the Federal Bureau of Investigation sought help in locating the ten most wanted criminals would branch searchers flip a single card.

One exception made to this rule a couple of years ago, however, led to finding a missing heiress to a half-million-dollar fortune left by the late Mrs. Sara Mercer Weller, widow of a Pittsburgh attorney and oilman. After Mrs. Weller's death in 1951, her sister and brother each received a third of the estate, and an attorney, Charles J. Spinelli, was appointed special master by the Orphans' Court to find another sister, Mrs. Martha Mercer Wright, whom the family had not heard from for about fifty years.

Spinelli spent two years in the search. Mrs. Wright was traced to St. Louis, where she had died long ago. But with the aid of the census files, a faded photograph and considerable ingenuity, he finally located and proved the family relationship as far back as 1880 of a daughter, Mrs. Della Wright McKeon, who was living with a son in a modest two-room flat. Six days before Christmas, 1953, Mrs. McKeon received a check for $479,730, later supplemented by an oil strike to more than half a million dollars.

"We made the exception," Swenson said, "first, because of the court order authorizing Spinelli to act in behalf of the missing person. But we could have ignored that if we hadn't believed she would prefer not to remain missing if she knew about the check. We didn't consider half a million dollars detrimental." Mrs. McKeon still lives in St. Louis, but happily not in a two-room flat.

Most people can go through life without needing a birth certificate—at least until they reach sixty-five—but often when you need one, you need it in a hurry. A man we shall call John Nelson came into the bureau one day greatly upset. His firm was sending him abroad and he and his wife stopped off in Washington to pick up their passports and do a little sight-seeing. They never got as far as the Washington Monument.

John Nelson's father, grandfather and an older and a younger brother had all been born in the United States, and he himself had lived here all but six months of his life. The catch was that it was the first six months. He was born in Canada while his father was employed temporarily on an engineering project there. When he gave his nationality as American, but said he had been born in Canada, the passport clerk, who gets paid for being slightly more than normally suspicious, asked for proof of his father's nationality.

Expecting to have to identify himself, Nelson had brought with him his Army discharge from World War I. But as long as you are able to shoulder a rifle, it seems, the Army doesn't care where you were born—or your father either as long as it wasn't in an enemy country—and never mentions it on discharges. Nelson had sat in his hotel for two days, running up a high long-distance phone bill and higher blood pressure vainly trying to establish his father's citizenship, before he heard about the Census Bureau.

Fortunately, only a matter of hours before his boat was to sail, Nelson received as fine a family tree as a professional genealogist could have grown, showing that his grandfather, father and two brothers were all born in the same town in Minnesota.

"I know now," he said as he received his certificates, "what it is to be a man without a country. Even for a couple of days, it's not fun."

Swenson doesn't believe his branch will run out of work soon. Whenever the volume of applications seems to be dropping off, Congress widens Social Security benefits or narrows immigration and naturalization restrictions, and the daily mail picks up again. For any who might be inspired to get a birth record against the day it might be needed, he suggests trying state or local agencies first, since theirs is the best evidence if they have any. If you finally come to the PCS Branch at last, he hopes you will cherish the certificate you receive with the same tender regard as did one of his favorite customers. Printed faintly across each certificate is the warning, ANY ALTERATION VOIDS THIS TRANSCRIPT.

"Rest assured," wrote a man from the great open spaces, "I will not tamper with it in any way, although I wish you could have used my nickname, Hogjaw, instead of those Pa gave me. Casper Aloysius. Hell, what a name."

THE END

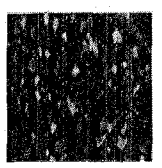
FLOOR ABOVE: CORKTONE KENFLEX IN RANDOM DESIGN

Wherever the public is served
KenFlex Vinyl Floors give added service

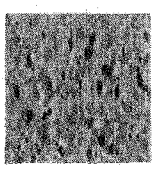
Low Maintenance Costs are just one extra advantage that KenFlex Floors offer modern business. Others are crisp, clear tile-deep colors that can be installed in distinctive "customized" designs ideal for your individual business needs. And KenFlex provides a rugged blend of vinyl and tough asbestos fibers for greaseproof, moisture- and alkali-proof floors. These long-wearing tiles can be installed wherever today's commerce demands... above, below or at ground level... right over concrete in contact with the earth. The smooth surface cleans quickly with remarkable ease... needs waxing only for extra "gleam"... an economy feature no maintenance-wise businessman can overlook.

FLOOR BELOW: ANTIQUE CORAL AND PILGRIM GRAY

Three exciting tile styles to choose from:



CARNIVAL KENFLEX



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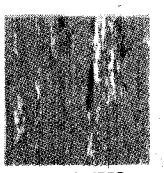

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KENFLEX VINYL ASBESTOS TILE

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's been like this ever since he claimed our goldfish as a dependent on his income tax return."

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This is U.S. 66 near Lincoln, Illinois. Time-exposure photograph highlights safe flow of busy north-south traffic on this modern 4-lane divided highway.

"Saved my job...and maybe my neck.

See those lines of light? They show how smoothly Illinois has straightened out one traffic mess, and a lot of my trouble."

"I'm a salesman, and I was about ready to chuck it. From my home in Springfield I go 200 miles north to Chicago and 100 miles down to St. Louis—most of it on Route U.S. 66. And a lot of it at night. With all the thousands of cars on that road, I saw too many smashups—wondered when I'd be part of the next one. I began to hate my trips. In my business that means I began to hate my job.

"But things are changing now. The state's turning 66 into a 4-lane expressway, section by section. By the end of the year it'll be smooth sailing all the way. Think of the time and expense—and nerves—I'll save!

"They've made it a limited access highway, too. That means you get on and off at controlled points. And *that* means much greater safety. On one improved section, for example, accidents were cut *over half*. I call that real highway progress."

There's real highway progress all over Illinois. Last year about 400 miles of highway were improved. This year Illinois is pushing 127 million dollars' worth of primary road construction, another 415 million dollars' worth of toll road, and 74 million in county, city and township road building.

Every one of these 600 million dollars has a sound plan behind it. But a plan requires *support*—from people like the Springfield salesman, from everyone. From *you*, in your own state. Want to help? Write for "Road Block," a free booklet that tells you how things are really going on America's roads and how you can help better them. To get your copy, just drop a card to Dept. 5, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS

EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.

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Everybody looks to WILLSON for safety equipment that provides the *greatest protection* with *snug comfort* and *better design.* Safety directors all over the world look to WILLSON's Research Center, backed by 85 years of pioneering, for latest developments in eye, head and respiratory protection.

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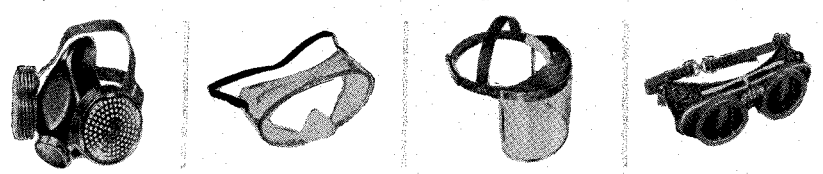

Willson Products Division • Ray-O-Vac Company • **Reading, Pa.**

Counterfeit Cavalier (Continued from Page 25)

he held out; maybe he sold out. Anyhow, he choked on it."

"And they stuffed it in his mouth as a lesson," Jick said, "to scare other little men so they wouldn't do the same."

Baldwin was searching the dead man's pockets, but someone had already done that. There was nothing—nothing to establish identity.

"Shouldn't we tell the police?" Jick asked.

"Don't rush me, sister. Take it easy." Baldwin sat back on his heels and seemed to study the body as if it might tell him something. Then he hunched his shoulders and stood up. "Not the cops, cupcake; the sheriff. This is out in the county." He spread the currency on the sand, each bill by itself to dry in the sun. Jick stood watching him silently. Suddenly she sensed that he saw something invisible to her. He reached out strong fingers and picked up a ten-dollar bill and scrutinized. He looked long and closely at one side and then turned it over to pore over the other side.

"What is it?" Jick asked. "What's about that ten-dollar bill?"

His eyes were level and cold as he looked up at her. "Some lug," he said, "made a social error." He folded the bill and thrust it into his pocket.

"You mustn't do that!" she exclaimed.

"Says who?"

"What's funny about that bill?" she demanded.

"If you weren't nosy, you wouldn't ask," he said flatly.

"Is it marked?" she wanted to know.

"Not marked," he said shortly.

She thought it over. "Then the only other reason it could be funny," she said, "is on account of it is counterfeit. How would you be able to know it is counterfeit?"

Baldwin did not answer. She watched him with widening eyes as he took his own wallet out of his pocket and selected a ten-dollar bill. He rumpled it and put it in his mouth to dampen it. Then he spread it on the sand with the others that had been taken from the dead man's mouth.

"What for?" Jick asked.

"Didn't want you to get wrong ideas," he said. "I don't swipe ten-buck bills."

"Not good enough," she said tartly.

"Look," he said, "this sheriff is going to have more than he needs with a murder on his hands. He'd get dizzy if it got complicated by a phony ten-spot. He might blow his top and get lugged off to the loony bin. I got sympathy for that sheriff; I'm protecting him. Get the idea?"

"I don't get the idea," Jick said, "and I shall tell him."

He grinned at her. "If you do," he said, "I'll haunt you. Likewise and in addition I'll tell him you're a cockeyed liar. I'll tell them to search me. They won't find any phony ten-spot, I guarantee—make you look silly. Now you better leg it to a telephone. I'll stay here with the stiff—somebody's got to. Pedal off, baby; pedal off. And don't go playing out of your league. The pitching'll be too hot."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Not me, sweetheart. On the contrary. Shoot off your little trap to the sheriff if you feel you got a duty. I guarantee nothing nasty'll happen to you. Personal guarantee with the trade-mark stamped on the heel. Nothing nasty'll happen to you."

"But to you?" she asked.

"Not covered by the guarantee," he grinned. "So beat it and let your conscience be your guide."

The picnic party huddled together as if for mutual protection as Jick Roche, with Bill North for company, drove across the desert to Scottsdale road in search of a telephone.

"Everybody," Jick had said, "better stay put till the sheriff comes. Bill and I will wait and guide him here."

She had taken charge and everybody accepted her leadership as a matter of course. "Let Jick do it," was the accepted attitude when anything was being planned. They liked it that way, but Jick would have done it whether they liked or not.

They found a telephone a couple of miles down the road and talked to the sheriff's office in Phoenix. Then they sat in Jick's station wagon and waited. Bill North did not smoke cigarettes because his stomach continued to misbehave. Jick lolled back behind the wheel, stretching out her delectable legs, and thought things over. Mostly she thought about Artemus Baldwin because he was puzzling and she doted on coping with puzzles. She went back to the beginning. Just how was it that he had been invited to the picnic? He hadn't just popped up out of thin air. Someone must have invited him, and by the very fact of inviting had vouched for him. For mysterious reasons of his own, his sponsor had been Walker Bayside, who was an artist who painted and etched desert things, like cactus and greasewood and paloverde and rocks and sand. He lived in a house that was also a studio out beyond Squaw Peak, and he wasn't one of Jick's favorite people, though not repulsive. She wondered how Bayside had met Baldwin, and made a mental note to find out.

Then she took up mentally the matter of the counterfeit ten-dollar bill and how it happened that Baldwin recognized it as such, and what possible reason he could have had for snitching it and replacing it with a genuine note of his own—to his financial loss. It was a waste of good money to swap a bad ten-dollar note for a good one, and Jick was a person who liked to get her money's worth. Baldwin seemed to her like that sort of person too. Maybe he got his money's worth in the transaction. It was obvious that he did not want the police to get possession of that bogus currency. To say the very least, his conduct was peculiar, and to say the most, it was suspicious. So what should she do about it?

"Bill," she asked suddenly, "if you don't see where a thing leads, what do you do about it?"

Bill North owned a practical and literal mind. "I tend to my own business."

"You dodge issues," Jick accused.

"Sure," Bill admitted. "I don't want any truck with issues. I let things slide."

"Why?" Jick wanted to know.

"Why not?" Bill countered.

"Maybe you're right," she said, puckering her eyes, "but I like positive reasons and I abhor negative reasons. It'll take the cops an hour to get here. Anybody can make up her mind about anything in sixty minutes. If not, she is a very poor mind-maker-up. Or maybe impulse."

"What impulse?" Bill asked without special interest.

"Just don't try to make up your mind at all until you come, bang, face to face with it, and then sort of blurt. You haven't got a subconscious, have you, Bill?"

"What's that?" Bill asked.

"It's a thingumajig inside of you that takes charge," Jick said. "I guess I'll turn this jiggery-pokery over to it and see what happens. . . . Say, Bill, who's this Artemus Baldwin?"

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Bill shrugged. "You see him around."

"Around where?"

"Oh, around, like at the dog track, or like that. Horse races. You bump into him. My stomach don't feel so good."

"Get in the back seat and go to sleep," Jick directed. "And shut up. I'm going into the silence."

"A deuce of a place to go. Where is it?"

"It's where the subconscious lives," Jick said.

"You're nuts," said Bill.

"And you," Jick said without special emphasis, "are a lump."

Bill scrambled into the back seat, and presently Jick heard a gentlemanly snore. She shrugged. "Lump!" she said crossly. And then, "Most people are lumps. All their heads are good for is to grow hair on. And then they get bald. Pfiff!"

After many long, hot minutes the sheriff and myrmidons drove up. Things became practical and rather stupid and running around in circles—with photographs of the spot marked *X*, and acting important, but being as completely bewildered as people who were not the law. And everybody had to give his name and address, and nobody could identify the corpse, who, Jick thought, was sitting or, rather, lying for most unattractive photographs. Through all of which Jick said and did nothing, but waited for her subconscious to take charge—which, perversely, it did not do, leaving everything up in the air, and no decision whatever on Artemus Baldwin and the ten-dollar counterfeit note.

Baldwin seemed not at all worried, and when the sheriff and his minions and the corpse went away with no disclosures made, he grinned at her and winked in a way that annoyed Jick.

"Why," he asked, "didn't you give out?"

"Not," she said brusquely, "out of consideration for you."

"I bet you," he said, and almost leered.

"I think," she said as one who pronounces a judgment upon a not very important point, "that you are a crumb. Not a big toothsome crumb for birds, but a teeny, dried-up crumb for red ants."

"Lollypop," he answered, "your reading of human nature must be a special gift. Like having two heads or a strawberry mark on ——"

"There's one dandy thought," she said, looking at him very hard, "to slick up the end of a noxious day: I'll probably never see you again."

"Five will get you twenty," he said, "that you never were wronger since Hector was a pup."

He got up lazily, walked over to join Walker Bayside, and the pair of them drove away across the desert.

When Jick arrived at home, she found that her father had company—a gentleman of middle age, still slender, with gentle, scholarly face. Jick always appraised. Her guess was that the visitor was a professor, or a doctor, or at least a man engaged in one of the more serene professions. He was presented to Jick by the name of Wessler. Jick was not surprised to find him there because her father was always bringing home someone unexpected—either an old acquaintance encountered or a new acquaintance to whom he had taken sudden liking. Mr. Wessler turned out to be an old acquaintance.

"From Washington days," Mr. Roche explained. "When I knew him he was a nursemaid."

"I think," Jick said gravely, "he would be very nice with children."

"He was," her father said, "baby sitter to the President of the United States."

She peered at Mr. Wessler and then at her father. Sometimes it was hard to tell whether her father was making a joke, or if he was serious, or if it was a mixture of the two.

"Am I supposed to guess?" she asked. "Like in a television program."

"What's his line?" Mr. Roche blinked with mild

(*Continued on Page 81*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll be glad when you get your voice back!"

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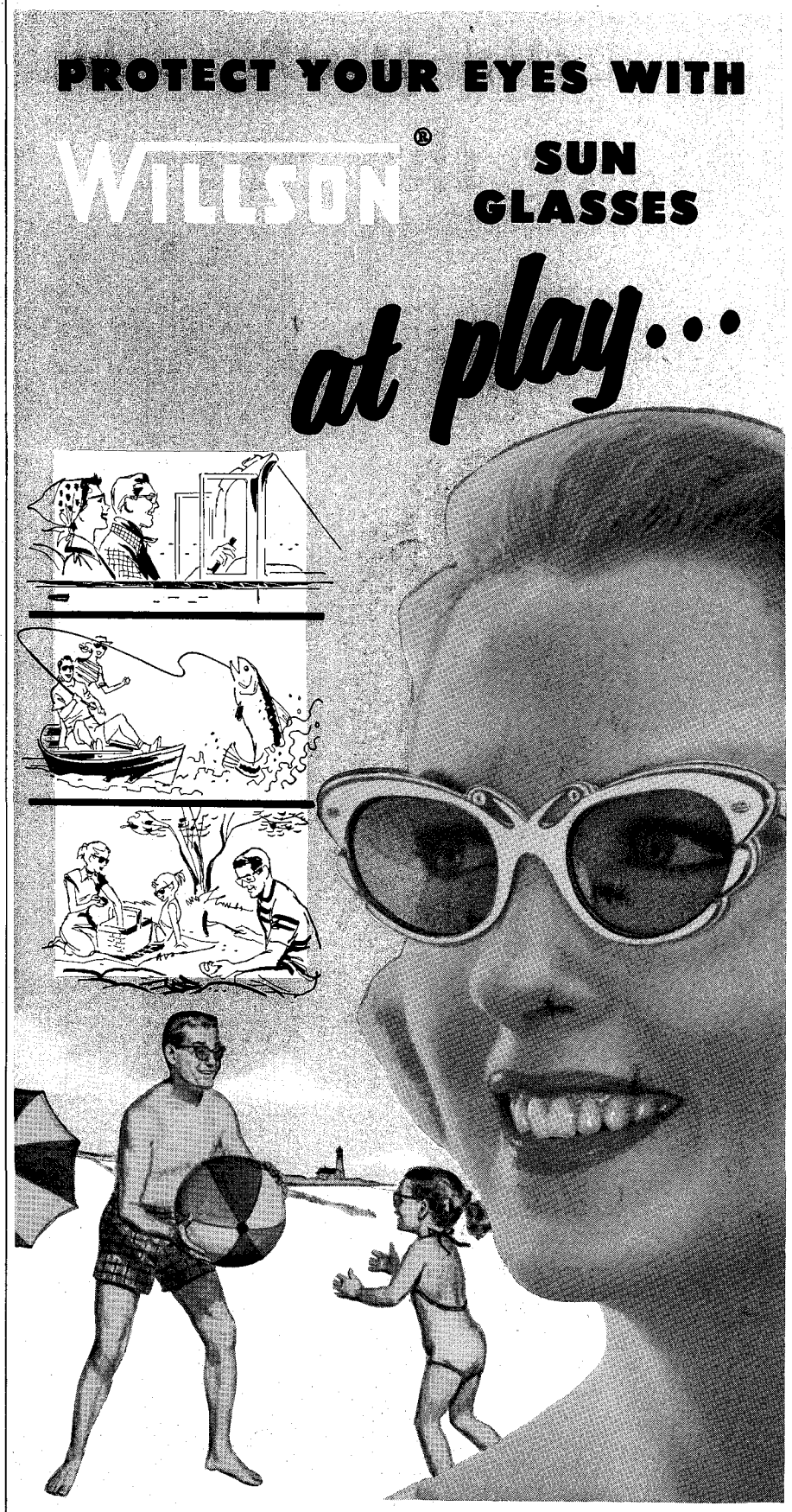
SUN GLASSES
at play...



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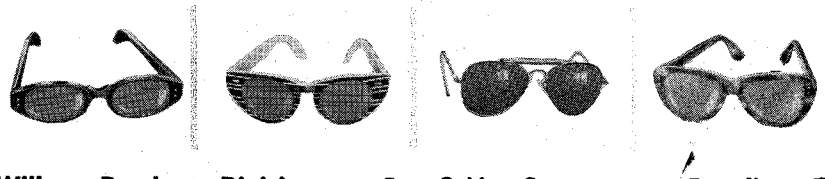

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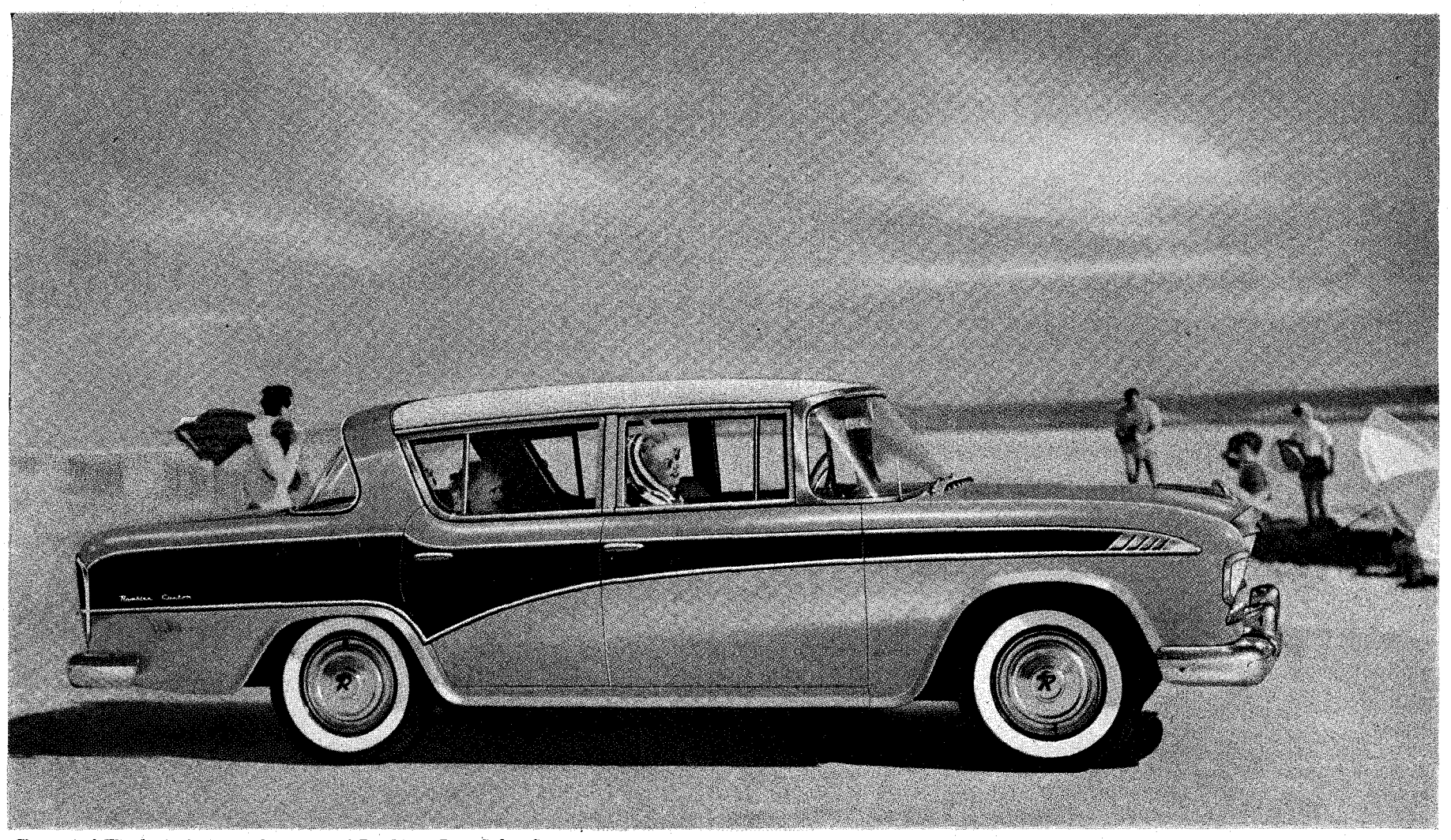


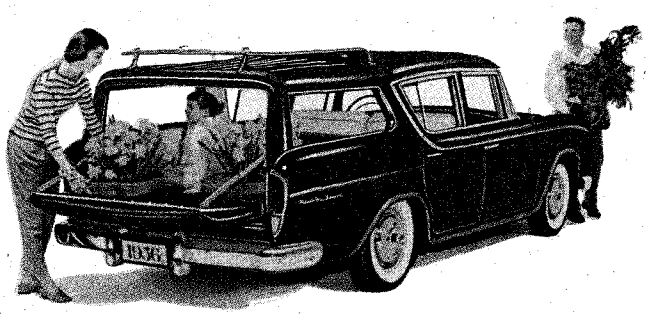
C'mon in! The driving's fine in the new 1956 Rambler 4-Door Sedan Custom.

SEE YOUR NASH DEALER! SEE YOUR HUDSON DEALER!

YOU GET IT ALL IN A RAMBLER—all the fun of driving the smartest thing on wheels—all the savings of America's lowest prices, model for model—plus top trade-in value.

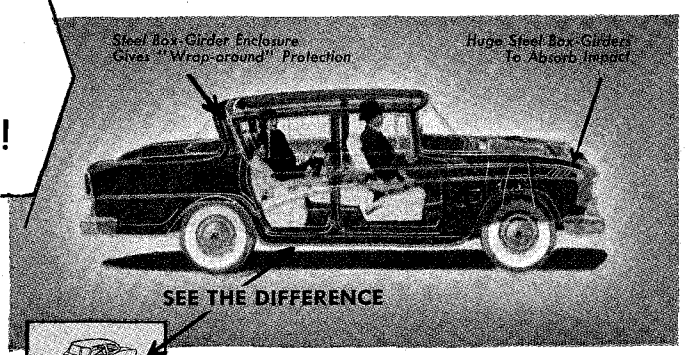
You get the "Solid Gold Look"—luxury to rival $5,000 cars, in a king-size, 6 passenger interior. It out-parks, out-turns, out-maneuvers them all. You get more visibility, more headroom, more shoulder room than the average "Big 3" car . . . a three-times smoother ride with Deep Coil Springs on all four wheels . . . Airliner Reclining Seats and Twin Travel Beds (optional)—all this in the safer car, that's most fun to drive and gives most miles per gallon. Tops in resale value, too! See it. Drive it. At Hudson dealers. At Nash dealers.

No wilting summer heat with built-in All-Season Air Conditioning. No choking dust. No hair-mussing wind. Warms in winter, too. Its low price will amaze you!



$2230 **America's lowest-priced** 4-door station wagon, delivered at the factory, including federal taxes. State and local taxes (if any), white wall tires and optional equipment (if desired), extra.

Here's the Double Safe Single Unit Construction that gives Rambler TOP RESALE VALUE everywhere!


Steel Box-Girder Enclosure Gives "Wrap-around" Protection
Huge Steel Box-Girders To Absorb Impact
SEE THE DIFFERENCE
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In Single Unit Construction, frame is a welded, steel box-girder enclosure as big as the car itself, giving "wrap-around" protection front, back, above, below, at sides. Stronger, safer, more modern. Other cars merely bolt a body on a separate, flat frame.

All cars are coming to it—only Rambler has it now in the low-price field! It's one rock-solid, welded unit with twice the strength of old-type bolted construction. It's "hard-muscled", free of the drag of flabby, dead weight—that's why Rambler tops all cars in gas mileage!

FLASH! *RAMBLER TOPS MOBILGAS ECONOMY RUN FOR 2nd STRAIGHT YEAR!* ***24.35*** *m.p.g. with Hydra-Matic Drive!*

SEE IT! DRIVE IT!

The All-New, All-American

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You'll make the Smart Switch for '56

Product of American Motors

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

See DISNEYLAND—*great TV for all the family over ABC network.*

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(*Continued from Page 79*) amusement at his daughter. "You get twenty questions."

"There's only one kind of a sort of a man that baby-sits Presidents," Jick said. "So I don't need any questions. So he's Secret Service, though he doesn't look it a bit. . . . You aren't guarding the President in Arizona, Mr. Wessler, so why?"

"The Secret Service has other duties than guarding the President," Mr. Wessler said.

"What other duties?" Jick asked promptly.

"Well," said the Secret Service agent, "we were organized way back in 1865 to suppress counterfeiting. Now we have to guard not only the President but his family, and the Vice-President if he requests it, and visiting foreign dignitaries. They used to lend us to other departments to hunt for spies or run down frauds. But that was stopped in 1907, and now we work only for the Treasury Department. Nowour duties are strictly defined by law."

"Counterfeiting?" asked Jick.

"One of our principal jobs," Wessler said, "and the forging or counterfeiting or altering of, for instance, checks and drafts drawn by officers of the United States, and even stamps."

It was counterfeiting, because of that ten-dollar bill pocketed by Artemus Baldwin, that attracted her interest. "Is there very much counterfeiting, Mr. Wessler?" she asked.

"Well, back in the 1860's, when the Secret Service was created, it was estimated that one third of all the money in circulation was counterfeit," he answered.

"Yes, but now," Jick said, frowning intently.

"Since 1934," Wessler said, "when we found over a million and a quarter dollars' worth of counterfeit notes, we have reduced it tremendously."

"Mr. Wessler, if just anybody found that he had, say, a counterfeit ten-dollar bill, what ought he do about it?"

"Turn it in to the nearest Secret Service office and tell all he knows about how it came into his possession. Or, if there's no Secret Service office available, it should be turned in to the local police."

"The country," said Jick, "must be simply crawling with Secret Service men to thwart all these different kinds of depredations."

Wessler smiled wryly. "We are the most pitifully undermanned outfit in the country. Only about two hundred and fifty of us. And a good waiter in a hotel is better paid. Not many inducements to join up, Miss Jick. An agent must have a college education, he has to pass Civil Service examinations—and then he draws the munificent salary of four thousand two hundred and five dollars. He can work up to five thousand and sixty dollars." He shrugged his shoulders. "A man has to be in the service five years, at least, before he's had training and experience enough to be much good."

"How," Jick asked, "do you teach a man to be good?"

"We have a couple of schools which help. There's a five weeks' course in the Treasury Law Enforcement School and a four weeks' course in the Secret Service School. Then, we get some good prospects from the universities and colleges. There are several that offer instruction in police administration—Washington, Indiana, Michigan State, Southern California, and others. But the real training is by practical experience—sending a new agent out on assignment with an older and competent man."

"Quit pestering Wessler," Jick's father said. "He has troubles and annoyances enough without young snippets cross-questioning him when he's relaxing."

"But I like to know things," Jick said. "How do you find out if you don't ask?"

"You'd get farther," her father said, "if you'd study how to snare yourself a husband, so I can get you off my hands. You're an expensive luxury."

"That," Jick said, "I do not have to study. Also, I am a profitable investment. . . . Mr. Wessler, a girl that listens a great deal instead of talking all the time picks up very valuable facts. A good many men are not discreet about how they talk, especially if they are distracted by a girl's attractive legs." She sniffed. "Expensive luxury! Mr. Wessler, this person made more money out of one thing I finagled him into doing than my allowance amounts to in ten years."

A boy who might have been in his twelfth year came out of a cabin at a back corner of the premises. He gangled. He wore threadbare dungarees and cowboy boots with run-over heels, and his blue checked shirt dangled outside his trousers. He was very intent upon something as he approached.

"Another member of the tribe," Mr. Roche said. "My son, Pomfret Lionel Roche . . . Mr. Wessler."

"It is," said Pomfret Lionel, "a privilege to meet you, sir." And then, as if fearing to be interrupted when on important business, he said, "I am engaged in a piece of research in my laboratory. Will each of you be so good as to lend me a ten-dollar bill? I have borrowed one from the cook and one from the chauffeur. Each has marked his note for identification. Three more ten-dollar bills will help to complete the experiment."

"We had better," said Jick, "do as he asks, or consequences. He thinks up reprisals when he is thwarted."

Three ten-dollar bills were produced and marked. "I will return them to you in fifteen minutes," Pomfret Lionel said, and gangled away to his laboratory.

"And please," Jick said to Mr. Wessler, "use all of his name when you speak to him. I mean, he insists upon being called Pomfret Lionel."

"Even by his school friends?"

"Oh, yes," Jick said. "The first day at school, in Scottsdale, he told the other kids what his name was, and they whooped. The second day they all called him Pomfret Lionel and did not whoop. He stook steps. When my brother takes steps his feet are heavy."

It was less than fifteen minutes until Pomfret Lionel returned. His expression was one of restrained elation. "I have examined these notes under my microscope," he said. "I find that this one, initialed by you, father, is counterfeit."

"Would you mind letting me see, young man?" asked Mr. Wessler.

Pomfret Lionel handed over the bill, and the Secret Service man examined it minutely. From it, he looked up to the boy with some respect. "You are correct, Pomfret Lionel," he said. "But how did you detect that it was spurious?"

"To the trained eye," Pomfret Lionel said a trifle pompously, "it is not difficult."

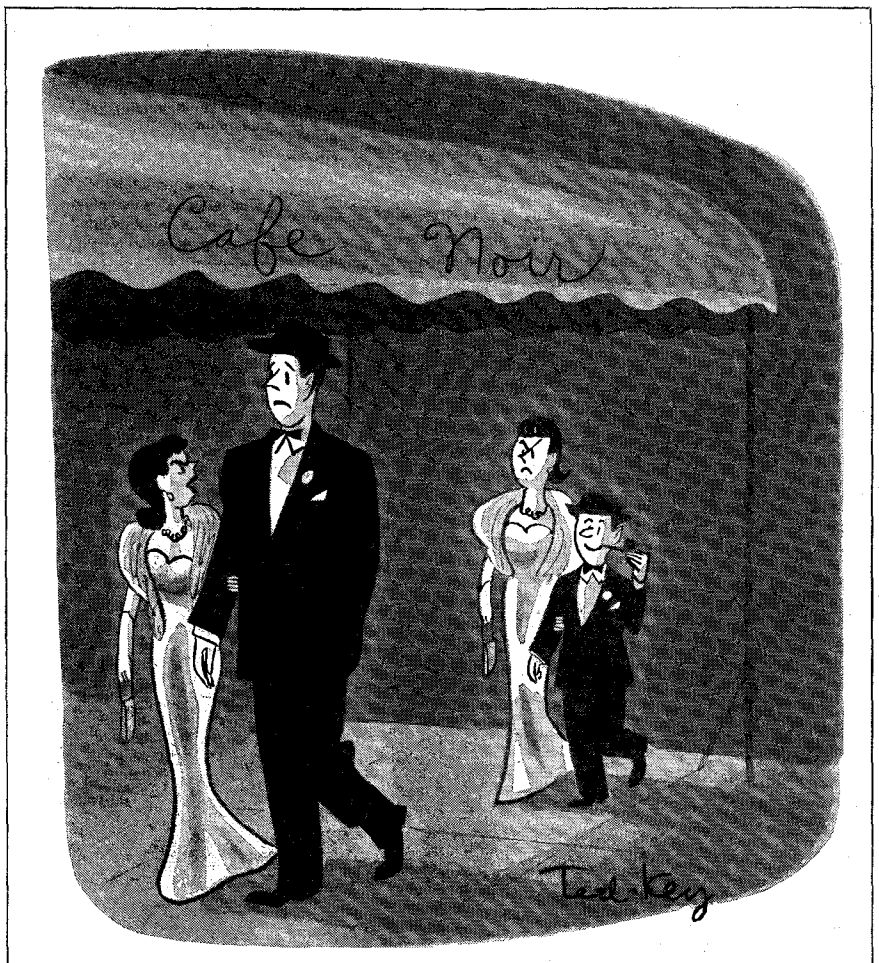
"Would you mind pointing out to me," asked Mr. Wessler, "the defects that indicated to you this note is not genuine?"

"First," Pomfret Lionel said in his pedantic way, "I examined the portrait of Mr. Hamilton. The background, in a genuine note, is made by what they call a ruling machine. It is a kind of crosshatching, and the lines ought to be very clear and sharp. But on this bill they were blurred, so that it was almost solid black. Then I—I looked at Mr. Hamilton's eyes, and they were kind of dead, as if Mr. Hamilton weren't very intelligent. If you compare them with the eyes on a good bill, you'll see what I mean. Sometimes the counterfeiter underbites his plate and it gets black blurs, and sometimes he overbites it, and then the light lines and dots won't show, and the picture kind of looks flat."

"Son ——"

The boy's face froze. "My name, sir," he said stiffly, "is Pomfret Lionel Roche."

"I beg your pardon," Wessler said quickly. "You have proved your point. But how did you learn these things?"



"I'll fix her up with another member of the crew, he says!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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That scratch and tear.
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Be as careful of your comb as you are of your combing. Use a hard rubber Ace: it gentles your hair into place, glides safely across your scalp because there are no sharp "burrs" between teeth and each tooth-end is smoothly rounded. Moderately priced, individually packaged. For everyone at home or away.
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"There was a piece in a paper," Pomfret Lionel said, "and it was very interesting, and so I went to the library and got books and I read them. And my laboratory equipment is a microscope I got for Christmas, and I like to look at things under it. And that is how I got to be an expert."

"A very competent expert," said Mr. Wessler. He turned to Mr. Roche. "Any hope you remember where you got that note?" he asked.

Jick's father wrinkled his brows. He examined his wallet. "Yes," he said. "I can tell you exactly where I got it. It is the only ten-dollar bill I have. I got it last night at the dog track. A man asked me if I could give him two fives for a ten. Which I did."

"Know him?" Wessler asked.

"Never saw him before."

"Can you describe him?"

"I'm a good describer," Mr. Roche said. "I remember people. This was a man about forty years old. I'd say he was five feet eight and skinny. High cheekbones and rabbit teeth. No necktie, but a gaudy sport shirt. Too long hair."

"Daddy," said Jick, "think hard. Did he have a scar right here?" She pointed to a spot on her left cheek, midway between nose and ear. "Shaped kind of like a fishhook."

Roche squinted at his daughter. "Sure as shooting he did. How'd you know?"

"Do you know this man, Miss Jick?" the Secret Service agent asked.

"I don't know him," Jick said crisply, "but I know where you can find him."

"And where might that be?" Wessler asked.

"In the morgue," Jick said tersely.

"How could you know that?"

"Because," she said, "I sort of helped find his body this afternoon and telephoned the sheriff to come get him."

Her father threw up his hands despairingly. "What in thunder kind of a mess have you got yourself into this time?" he demanded.

"The kind," Jick said, "that I don't want to talk about any more till I sort it out."

"But, my dear," her father said, "Mr. Wessler will make you talk."

Jick turned to the Secret Service agent and her grin was pure *gamine*. "If Mr. Wessler wants a very educational and enlightening experience," she said, "he can go ahead and try."

Wessler's smile was friendly and she liked him so much that she almost changed her mind and talked. But something held her back. Something about Artemus Baldwin stopped her tongue. She wanted to sit down alone and think out what.

"Miss Jick," Wessler said amiably, "I seldom bite off more than I can chew. I know a stubborn chin when I see one."

Jick peered over his head at a spot on the distant horizon before she spoke.

"If," she said presently, "I were a Secret Service man, there's a point I would like to clear up."

"And what is that, Miss Jick?"

"It is why somebody should be so mad at this man with the fishhook scar for passing counterfeit money that they turned him into a corpse. Personally I think he was not murdered because he passed counterfeit bills, but because he passed them in Phoenix."

"Why would shoving them in Phoenix make somebody that mad?" Wessler asked, leaning forward in his interest.

"A nice, cozy reason," Jick said, "would be because the counterfeiters were simply lethally all in a dither for fear that counterfeiting and Phoenix might be connected in the minds of the Secret Service. . . . It has been charming to meet you, Mr. Wessler. I shall now go to take a warm bath. People," she said, as if announcing an important discovery, "think very smartly in bathtubs."

Artemus Baldwin, twenty-nine years of age, graduate in police administration from Michigan State and for five years a member of the United States Secret Service, sat alone in the bedroom of his motor-court apartment. It was not one of Phoenix's better motor courts. Even when alone he did not lay aside the mannerisms of the character he had assumed, and in which he had been drilled until they had become second nature to him. If he were careless in the most minute particular when he was in his room, hidden from eyes of men who must be suspicious of friends and strangers alike, he might make some misstep when the sharp eyes of those whom it was his mission to deceive were upon him. He even strove to think as the character he portrayed would think.

He had been provided with credentials to be used in case of need. He could prove, if proof became necessary, that Chicago had become too hot for him. He could prove not less than three convictions for minor offenses, and could boast without fear of contradiction that he had been questioned and released for lack of evidence in a case of such importance as to reach the front pages.

He had arrived in Phoenix quietly and had made no overt efforts to ingratiate himself with the underworld. He merely and quite naturally, for such a character as he was, made himself visible in such surroundings as would be his natural habitat. He made no advances, but let his appearance and manner stand for themselves. His plan was to let the underworld recognize them as of its own and to wait patiently for overtures to come.

He knew he would be tested, scrutinized, before he would be accepted by the society in which he hoped to move; and even when, if ever, tentative welcome should be offered, he would play hard to get. His labor was to establish a personality which would impress watchful eyes with the belief that he might be of value in their occupations. His manner would be toughly aloof, and he would seek to create some situation in which he could demonstrate that he was capable of acting very swiftly and unpleasantly.

Of course, Norman Wessler, special agent in charge of the Arizona district, knew he was present, but he had not seen Wessler nor had Wessler seen him. Now it was necessary that he communicate with the man who was his immediate superior. He thought for moments of the difficulty of Wessler's position—one man with all the vast area of Arizona to police as to matters within his jurisdiction. There were two men, now that he, Artemus Baldwin, had arrived to help because the chief, in his office in the old Treasury Building, had decided that help was needed in Arizona.

The days had gone when the crime of counterfeiting was pretty much confined to the East. The efficiency of the Secret Service over the years had compelled the counterfeiting industry to disperse, so that, today, only some 15 per cent of the spurious money in circulation originated in the vicinity of New York, while 38 per cent came from the Pacific Coastal areas; 20 per cent in the Southwest, mainly in Texas; 23 per cent in the Middle West and only 4 per cent in the South.

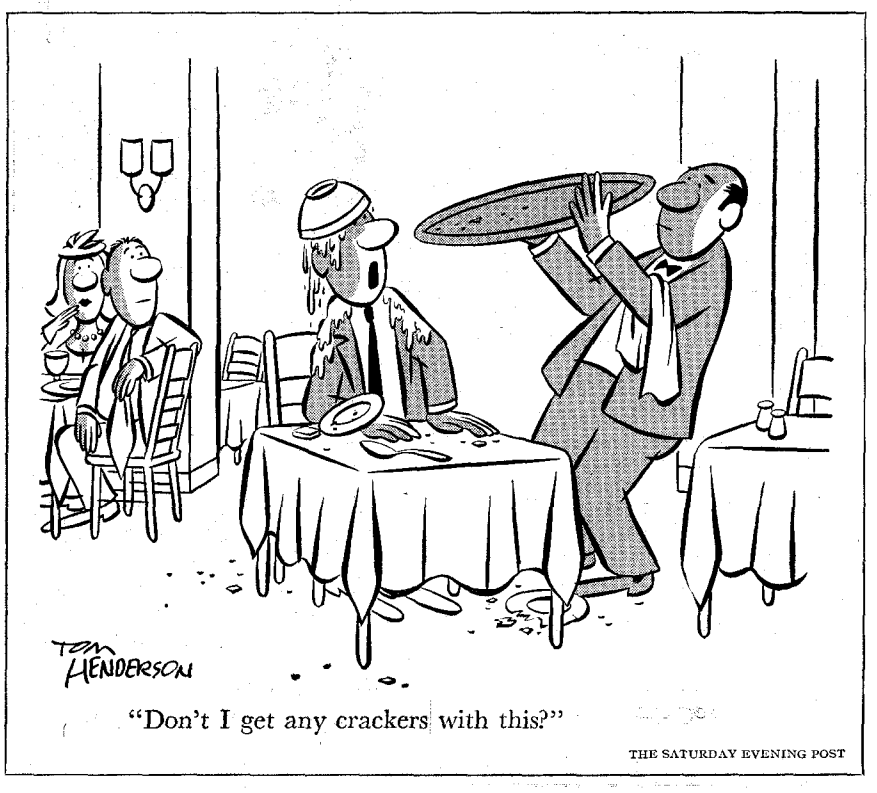
Some evidence, some hunch—Artemus did not know which—had fixed the chief's attention upon Arizona, where, hitherto, most of the bureau's work had been concerned with the forgery or alteration or other shenanigans with Government checks.

In Artemus' pocket was the counterfeit ten-dollar bill which, under the sharp eyes of Jick Roche, he had abstracted from the cash crammed in the mouth of the dead man whose body had been found out in the desert. He grinned ruefully as he thought about Jick, rather regretting that it was necessary to make so unfavorable an impression upon such a delectable—and unpredictable—girl. She could make things difficult if she decided to tell the police what she had seen, but somehow, being rather an astute judge of human nature, he doubted that she would betray him. On the other hand, he had an uncomfortable thought that all signs failed when one dealt with Jick Roche.

Of course, he had no way of knowing about the discovery of the second counterfeit note or the way it had come into the possession of Jick's father. Nor had he knowledge of the fact that Wessler had already seen the body in the morgue, that fingerprints were on their way to Washington, and that the local police were working at the moment to establish the dead man's identity.

Artemus pulled down the shades of his windows and wrote a concise report of the day's events, with which he enclosed the note that he had, in a manner so debatable to Jick Roche, exchanged for a genuine ten-dollar bill of his own. He finished his report and sealed it in an envelope directed to Wessler. Then he drove himself downtown and dropped the letter in a mailbox in the lobby of the Hotel Adams.

Artemus drove out McDowell block after block beyond the solidly built area until he came to a garish neon sign identifying Uncle Mike's Place. He parked his car and went inside to the music of a four-piece Mexican orchestra which made up in vigor what it lacked in skill. There were a bar, a space for dancing and tables at which more liquor than food was served.



"Don't I get any crackers with this?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man *says:*

"Life insurance policies, like cars, need regular check-ups."

Many a fine life insurance program could do much more for its owner if it were checked regularly, and kept up-to-date in keeping with changing needs and changing laws. But here's one place where "do-it-yourself" doesn't pay . . . especially when capable Mutual Benefit Life men like **William R. Howson of Saginaw, Michigan,** provide a thorough policy-modernizing service without the slightest cost or obligation. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey.

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It was in places such as this that Artemus spent his evenings unostentatiously displaying himself, so that the fringe of the underworld would become accustomed to his presence. Always he sat alone, showing no interest in his surroundings, hunched over his drink. In the beginning, a girl or two had approached his table, but none of them had been permitted to sit down. Without looking up, he uttered the one word, "Scram." Such conduct was certain to arouse curiosity, and Artemus wondered what form it would take.

He was aware that a group at a table down the room had been eying him and discussing him. There were three men and three girls. Presently one of the men detached himself and strolled over to Artemus' table. He was a pudgy, youngish man, short, with an oddly shaped head which seemed to be mostly brow and pate shaped like the half of an ostrich egg and equally bald. The face was guileless and friendly and nondescript. His manner was that of an ingratiating puppy hoping to be stroked.

"Hi," he said hopefully.

Artemus looked up at him and then dropped his eyes without returning the greeting.

"I seen you around," said the pudgy young man.

"Yeah," answered Artemus without lifting his eyes.

"Around the horse parks. Me, I sell sucker sheets outside the gate. Maybe you seen me." Sucker sheets were those slips which one may buy containing a list of horses which someone, claiming special knowledge, prophesied would be the day's winners.

"Yeah?" Artemus said.

"Name of Porque the Egg," said the young man. "How you pickin' 'em?"

"I eat," Artemus said shortly.

"The boys is kind of friendly," Porque the Egg said. "We figgered you looked alone."

"I play 'em alone," Artemus said.

"Honest, feller," said Porque, "it ain't a good town for that." He said it earnestly, with a note of sincerity.

"Says who?" Artemus asked. "And can he make it stick?"

"Look," said Porque, "it don't do no harm to be friendly."

"I don't waste time playing in the minor leagues."

"The boys been talkin' you over," Porque said. "They git skittish at the idee of somebuddy movin' in."

"On what?" Artemus sneered. "Runnin' a peanut stand?"

"They ain't such small time," Porque said defensively.

"Show me," Artemus said tersely.

Can You Name This Star?

This four-year-old in a Raggedy Ann party costume made by her mother was born in Cincinnati and made her "debut" as a twenty-five-dollar-a-week night-club singer there. The owner had her change her name—Kappelhoff—to a shorter one. She sang her way to success. Thrice married (two dance-band musicians, one theatrical agent), she likes French poodles, camellias, hockey and football. Her movies include Tea for Two, The West Point Story and Young Man With a Horn. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Doris Day

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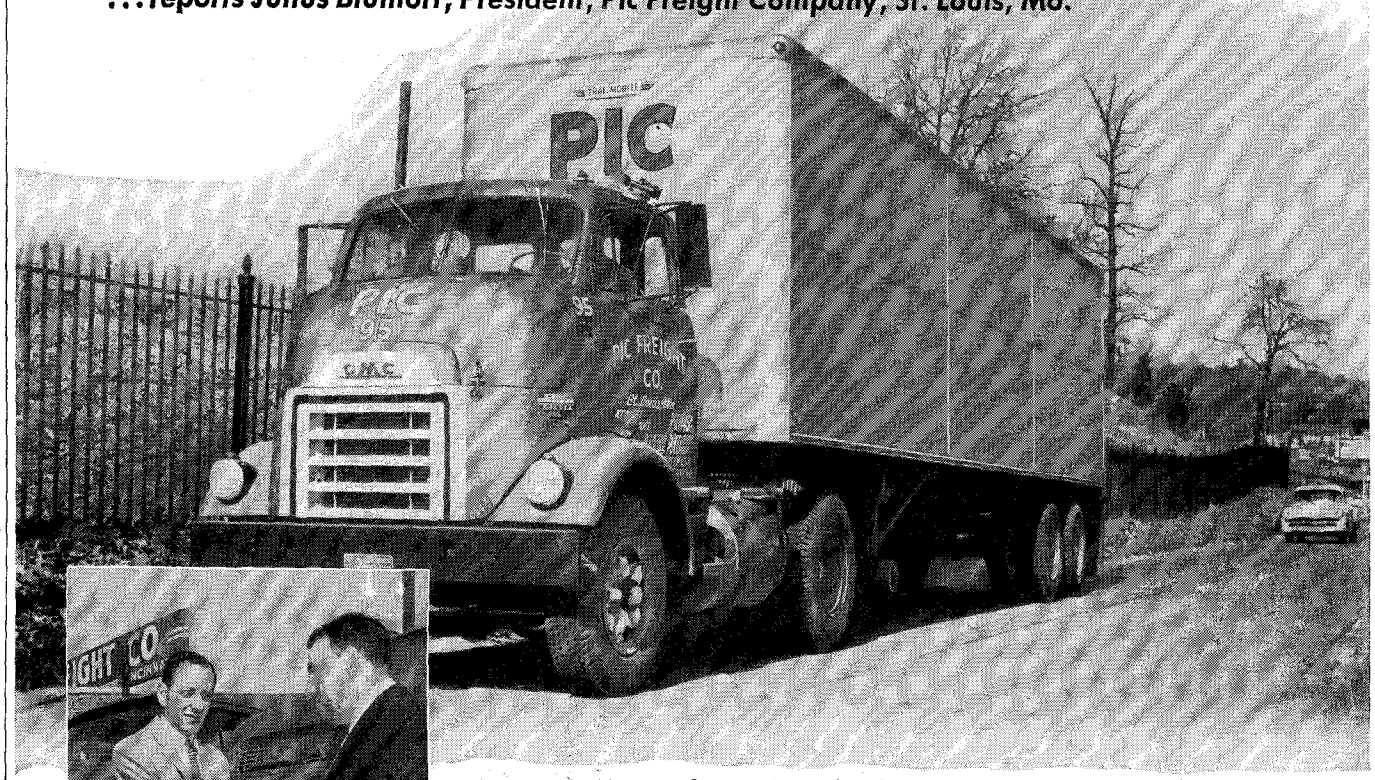
CUT ENGINE WEAR, SAVE FUEL COSTS, REDUCE TRIP TIME

...for our more than 400 trucks"

...reports Julius Blumoff, President, Pic Freight Company, St. Louis, Mo.

"OUR COMPANY IS steadily growing bigger," adds Mr. Blumoff. "Recently we have opened new terminals in Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. The thousands of dollars we've saved with Eaton 2-Speed Axles played a major role in this expansion program."



"PIC PICKS EATON 2-SPEED AXLES for the same reasons other over-the-road haulers do," Howard A. Grossman *(left)*, Vice President, Associated GMC Truck Company, Chicago, tells Mr. Blumoff. "Eatons have the needed utility for every road condition, pay for themselves in maintenance savings, provide extra dependability. That's why we recommend Eatons to all GMC truck buyers."

"RUNNING more than 400 trucks about 5 million miles yearly is a complex business," says Mr. Blumoff. "To keep our profits up, we've got to watch cost per mile closely. That's why every truck in our fleet—over 400 GMCs—is equipped with an Eaton 2-Speed Axle. The Eaton 2-Speed is tops for keeping our maintenance and operation expenses low.

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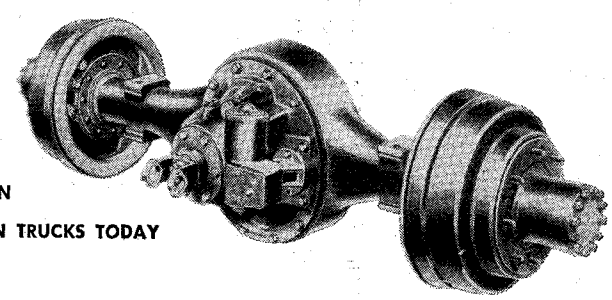

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EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

2-SPEED TRUCK AXLES

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"Now listen," expostulated Porque. "It ain't agoin' to do no harm to git acquainted."

"Take me," Artemus said, "I got a hand I don't need to draw cards to."

"Yeah," said Porque, "but you could be sociable."

Something was dawning in Porque's eyes. They were big, simple, brown eyes. Artemus recognized the thing that was awakening. It was hero worship. At last Porque had encountered a man he could look up to and admire—a hard guy. Not a small-time guy, but one who had what it took. He himself was a bit awed by his companions. But here was a stranger who looked down on his companions, who was authentic tough, big-time tough.

Artemus did not undervalue this emotion, even in a Porque the Egg. He decided it was time to stop playing hard to get. He shoved back his chair and stood up. "Right," he said. "I'll give them the once-over."

"Name of Baldwin?" asked Porque.

"It'll do for now," Artemus said.

They walked over to the table where the two men and three girls sat, and Porque remembered his manners. He introduced the girls first. "Mr. Baldwin," he said, "that's Nora, and the skinny one is Mildred and the other's Ellen."

"Yeah," acknowledged Artemus.

"And this here's Moose Tunney and Burps Merino."

"Yeah," repeated Artemus.

"You set in my chair. I'll drag up another," Porque said.

"You and the skirts take a powder," said Moose. "Us men want to talk."

"The broads can scram," Artemus said. "Porque stays."

It was something to make an issue of, and Artemus seized upon it. "What's the big idea?" demanded Burps Merino.

"Porque stays," repeated Artemus.

"He don't count," snarled Moose.

"With me he counts," said Artemus, and saw gratitude in Porque's big eyes.

There was a moment's hesitation. Moose and Burps stared with cold eyes at Artemus. The girls got up and went away. Porque poised, ready to follow.

Artemus motioned to a chair. "Squat," he said.

Porque sat down diffidently. There was another moment of silence—and that was that. The issue had been made and Artemus had won the day.

"You find bodies," Moose said grimly.

"News gets around," Artemus said.

"To us it gets around," Burps said in an expressionless voice.

"All right. I find a body," Artemus said.

"On a picnic with swells," growled Moose.

... ...

Sliding Scale

By Anne Lincoln

Now blessings on the
afternoon!
Mornings, the world's a
merry tune,
Crescendo; hungry babies,
pup
And yellowhammer whoop
it up!

But drowsy afternoons they
lapse,
Diminuendo, i n t o n a p s.

... ...

"In my business I need to know swells," Artemus stated.

"Sometimes bodies don't want to be found," Burps said.

"They got a way," Artemus answered, "of proclaiming themselves."

"This body didn't want to get found," said Moose.

"Sometimes I find bodies," Artemus said. "Other times I make 'em."

"Now, boys," expostulated Porque. "You said this was to be just friendly. Now you're gettin' hos-tile."

"Shut up, squirt," snapped Burps.

"If," said Artemus, swiftly on his feet, "you want hostile we'll have hostile."

Moose was getting up next to him. Artemus drove his left fist into the man's stomach and brought up his right to the jaw. Moose lost interest. Burps' hand was slow in snatching for his shoulder holster.

"Hold it!" snapped Artemus, and Burps, seeing what was in Artemus' hand, held it. "Drop it," Artemus ordered. He picked up the gun and put it in his coat pocket, then quickly relieved the recumbent Moose of his weapon.

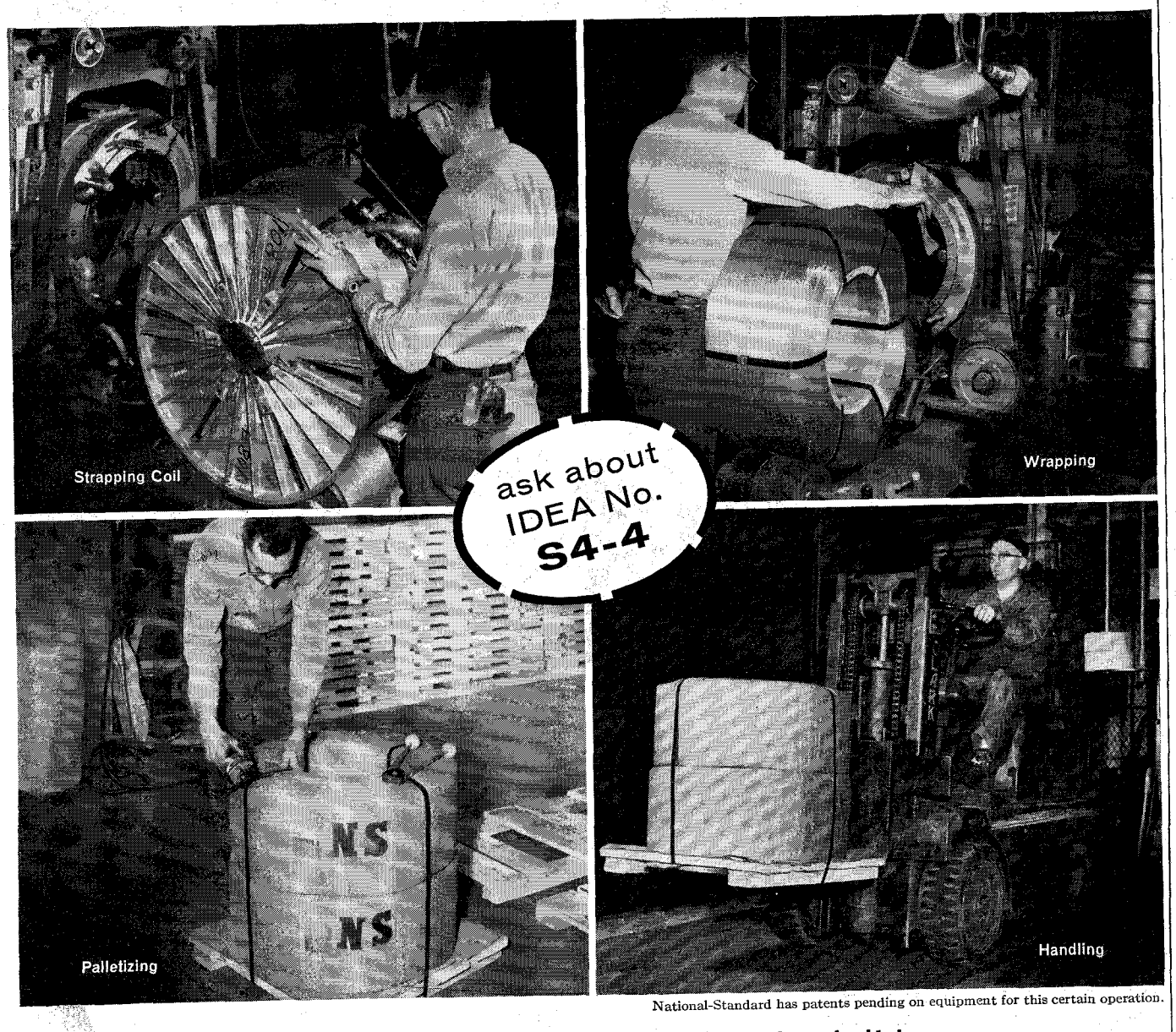
"Next time," Artemus said coldly, "put in the first team."

Porque followed Artemus out of the room while dancers made way for them in silence.

"Golly!" Porque said in breathless awe, "will you have a reputation tomorrow!"

"A very handy thing to have," said Artemus. "And tough to live up to."

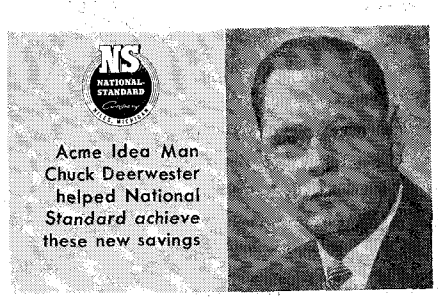
TO BE CONTINUED



National-Standard has patents pending on equipment for this certain operation.

Check your AIM*. . . National-Standard did

Steel strapping idea cuts two big costs



Acme Idea Man Chuck Deerwester helped National Standard achieve these new savings

NATIONAL-STANDARD COMPANY of Niles, Michigan, with an important assist from Acme Steel, has cut *shipping* and *handling* costs for its customers in the packaging of tire bead wire.

This wire formerly was shipped on returnable steel reels, for which the customer was charged—then credited when reel was returned. Wire is now wound on a fibre core placed on a collapsible reel. Acme Steel Strapping is applied, reel is dismantled, and coil of wire is ready for wrapping and palletizing. Reel charges are abolished, freight costs to customers are cut, and palletizing with steel strapping is simplifying handling and storage problems.

***Check YOUR Acme Idea Man.** He will work with you—give you Acme Steel Strapping ideas to help you with your packaging and shipping problems. Call him at the nearest Acme Steel offices, or write Acme Steel Company, Dept. AB-56, 2840 Archer Avenue, Chicago 8, Illinois. In Canada, Acme Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., 743 Warden Avenue, Toronto 13, Ontario.

ACME STEEL STRAPPING ACME STEEL

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Dog Crazy (Continued from Page 37)

he would slap her shoulder playfully. Then it was like courting days.

"How can a man that likes to hunt get along without dogs?" he asked. "I'd be scared without 'em. They help keep the boogers off."

"What you ought to do," she said, shaking her pretty head, "is trade those coon hounds off for some pigs." She was sorry she'd said that, because he made her laugh and that broke the serious mood completely.

"Jomay," he said with solemnity, "you know you cain't run coons with pigs."

It was Bird, however, lying quietly in the corner, that was the sore part of the blister, for she was almost like another woman in the house, keeping her counsel, and she went with him everywhere.

The end of summer came and the soybeans were crisped to almost nothing before they could be harvested. The cotton suffered equally, and Herschel wound up with two light bales in the gin shed and a payment due on the place the first of the year.

In October, when the cypresses had begun to brown out and stick their twisted elbows at each other, Herschel took down his double-barreled hammer gun and told the hounds tersely to stay at home. They were tight-mouthed and anxious at the sight of the gun. "I mean what I say," he warned, and they knew that he did.

Jomay said nothing about the fall oats that could be planted and then rented out for winter pasture, and the southwest corner of the barn roof that was slipping its shingles. She had mentioned these things before and nothing much had come of it.

He stuck his head up at the kitchen window and reset his old felt hat at a rakish angle. "I am goin' to the Deadening," he told her levelly, "and I mayn't be home for supper. Again I may. Don't wait it for me."

Jomay was offhand and preoccupied. "Sometime when you go off prowlin' those woods I mayn't be here when you come home."

He swung off and gangled down the lane leading to the woods lot, half sorry and half angry. Bird trotted sedately ahead of him; with her nose working like a separate entity, she whuffed and snorted and tasted the odors as if they were goodies to be inhaled.

When he came to the turn across the Amos field, he looked back toward the house, paintless and stolid, and set in a scraggly grove of scalded catalpa trees, and he could make out the dim outline of Jomay's head and shoulders at the kitchen window, watching him. He knew she would brood and possibly confide in Mrs. Persons or Mrs. Barnett that a woman's got to live with her man as the Lord made him and not try to make him over herself, and that eighteen's too young to settle down anyway, and hear the neighbor women chortle that things would change for the better when a family started coming along.

Herschel moved with a woodsman's stride, easy and mile-eating. When he came to the levee he stopped to roll a cigarette and to listen for a motor. When he heard none, he knew that Main Ditch was free of traffic, barring the possibility of a wayward crappie fisherman who might be slipping along under paddle power and sneaking his hook into the still drifts. Standing on the crown of the levee a moment later, he saw no boat up or down, except for his own flat-bottom johnboat tied to an iron stake at the little landing and nuzzling the side of the Barnett boys' slim dugout.

Herschel untied his craft and clucked to Bird. She leaped in and settled herself in the bow. He shoved out with his push paddle. The johnboat swung around and pointed at the far side and moved silently across without splashing a drop.

On the ditch's far side Herschel tied the boat to a root. The dog zipped ahead of him into the wooded overflow country that runs solid from the ditch to the Missouri line, a matter of two miles or so. As part of the St. Francis River floodway, it is dry land most of the year, an utter tangle of cypress and willow, with willow predominating, but when the water comes, in the late fall and early winter, it floats the trash two to three feet high. Only a good man who knows what he is doing can run a boat through it and come back to the place he started from.

Thirty minutes later Herschel stopped and smoked. The dog had her tongue out now, after the brisk run.

"A man that likes dogs ought not to get married," Herschel said to her.

She looked first at the man and then at the sky. When a close-knit bunch of teal zinged overhead looking for a spot of water to sit down in, she locked up in a crouch with her nose working furiously.

"Won't be long," he said gently, "till the water comes in."

He dabbed his cigarette out and made off at an angle toward the southwest, stopped for five minutes, listening; then hooked almost due south. Within minutes he had reached a blowdown of heavy limbs and branches bushed in by thick growths of willows. While the dog puttered after a swamp rabbit that ran off and left her, he worked his way into the tangle and uncovered the metallic belly of a pot. Beside it lay two oil drums on their sides, giving off the odor of sweet-sour mash. There was the thump keg, too, because he kicked the leaves off to make sure; and the flake stand and the copper worm. A rusty pitcher pump and two sections of drive pipe with a hammer to drive them lay half-buried in the loamy sand.

If the weather did not turn suddenly cold, he knew that he could get two drums of mash to peaking in four or five days. Then, with the mash bubbling, he could set up the still and, using charcoal to eliminate telltale smoke, cook off a hundred dollars' worth of whisky in no time.

The dog came into the blowdown and sat beside him in the half gloom.

When a cool breeze came up, Herschel slapped the dog affectionately and started covering the pot and its accessories, and when he stepped back, finally, he left no sign he had been there. Within half an hour he doubled twice and was back at the boat. His face had taken a set under the light stubble of beard, and he walked in home faster than he'd come out.

It was still early, although the sun was almost down, and Jomay was choring around the wood stove in the kitchen and cooking up a storm. He went to her, after taking his shoes off, and put his arms around her. She had prettied her face the way he liked her to do it, and he wanted to kiss her good, but he was afraid that such overt love-making after the words in the afternoon would make her suspicious.

Instead of kissing her, as he knew she expected him to do, he sent Bird rattling off after his wool socks. Flank muscles bunching for a take-off and head turned in the direction of the bedroom, she listened for the order, "Socks, Bird," and she scurried off into the bedroom and brought back a red one, carrying it daintily in her strong mouth. "Socks,

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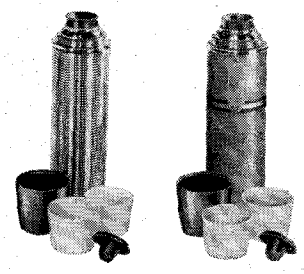
tear out this column as a gift reminder

FATHER'S DAY

is June 17th



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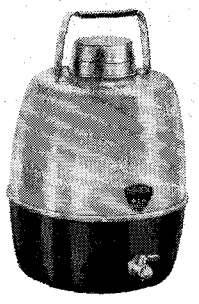

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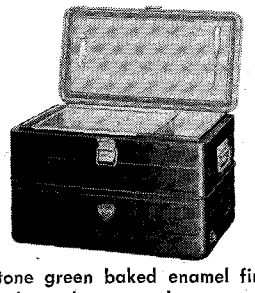

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Bird," he commanded again. She whipped back to bring the other one.

"Well," said Jomay, smiling. "They don't match. What a fine dog!"

"How about that!" Herschel's rebuke, directed toward the dog, brought a chuckle from Jomay. "How about that!... Now back, Bird. Socks, Bird."

The dog went again. They heard her fumbling around under the chest of drawers where Herschel habitually kicked his things. Soon the dog returned with a sock that matched one of the two on his knee, and he laughed like a kid.

"If she could cook, I don't doubt you'd marry her," Jomay said. "You love her so."

"You women," he said scornfully. Then he took a saucer full of crumbled corn bread soaked in gravy and fed Bird himself, because she was a little haughty when Jomay tried to do it.

It was October all right, and the teal knew it. They went by in wads. Soon the mallards would know it, and a scattering of pintails. When Herschel went off early the next morning on a mission of his own, Jomay turned Bird outdoors and let her saunter in the yard. The hens gave her a wide berth, but she scarcely looked their way. Instead she sat for quarter-hour stretches and scanned the sky. When she spied a string of teal bulleting across the sky, she followed them with her eyes.

A car spun up in front of the house and sent a cloud of light sandy dust roiling across the yard. It sent Bird back to join the renegade hounds with which she seldom associated.

"Herschel here?" called the driver. Jomay stood in the door. "Wanta see him a minute!"

Jomay opened the door and sang out, "Gone to town!"

"Maybe you can help," he called, and got out and walked to the edge of the porch. She tensed at the bulkiness over his hip and at his ponderous effort to be casual.

"Just happened to be down this way," said the man in his jerky voice, talking around the snipe of a wet cigar that he rolled over and over in his mouth. "Thought Herschel might help. I'm Sheriff Mix. Had a letter last week and meant to see Herschel. 'Bout a dog. Feller wrote from St. Louis. Got the letter somewheres. Nothin' wrong, just this feller won'erin' 'bout this dog he give away to somebody, didn't know his name. Said he give it to some young feller stopped at a fillin' station. Didn't know his name. Didn't pay attention. Rich feller, it looks like—the one who give the dog away. Six months ago, he said. He don't aim to pick up the dog, havin' had a change of heart, or anything like that. Just wants to know how it's comin' along. Herschel knows all about dogs, if any man in this neck does. Thought he'd heard."

Jomay relaxed. "A man gave Herschel a dog the week we got married. Maybe it's the one."

"This feller in St. Louis writes like a big shot. Runs around over the country to field trials. I'll git the letter." He retraced his steps to the car and returned after fumbling in the glove compartment.

Jomay read the letter while the sheriff smoked his stub of a cigar and flicked it until it smoldered.

Dear Sir: Some six months back I happened to be driving through your section of Arkansas on my way to St. Louis from a retriever trial in the South. At a filling station I stopped to gas up, and noticed a personable young fellow, probably a neighboring farmer, who seemed to take an extreme interest in my Labradors, and I spent the better part of an hour talking with him. He had a way with dogs—there is a theory kicking around that it is a matter of mutual communication between man and animal—and I wound up by giving him a female pup that neither my trainer nor I had succeeded in getting anything out of.

Shyness is a trait that is hard to cure and, as it has proved out, the whole litter was a failure for this reason.

If it is not too much trouble, can you find out who this man is, and inform me, so that I can make some breeding decisions? If the pup I gave away is unworkable on ducks under this man's training, then the only course left to me is to get rid of the strain of shyness in my kennel. If he has turned her into what her pedigree says she should be, I am anxious to know it, because it means my methods are wrong.

Incidentally, this pup's pedigree is the best: she is a daughter of Field Trial Champion Tonkin's General Dee and The Swallow, both fine water dogs, and two of this pup's litter mates sold for $250 apiece.

Thank you for your help,

ROBERT E. CARY

Jomay guessed that the sheriff must know that Herschel could hardly manage a letter. "I can answer the letter, sheriff," she said. "I can tell how Herschel trained the dog, which is not the same way he trained the other hounds, because they are a different kind of hound."

"Them prices," said the sheriff. "Them two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar prices. I don't know whether I take any stock in sich as that. Herschel farmin'?"

"Some," she replied.

"He's a good, solid boy, Herschel is," said the sheriff. "I knowed his uncle that raised all them kids and Herschel, with coon hounds and bird dogs runnin' in and out of the house. He got his schoolin' in the woods and on the water, you might say. And that uncle wasn't above cookin' off —— Well, you might say ——" He broke off. "Oats all in, I guess?"

"Well, we're fixin' to sow."

"Late," said the sheriff. "Kinda late." He tipped his hat and turned to go to his car. "You tell Herschel I'd appreciate him answerin' that letter from that St. Louis feller."

She tried to go about her work. She tried hard not to give any thought to the sheriff's questioning, but it was inescapable what he was hinting at. She knew that he knew Herschel with his hardheadedness would fire up his uncle's still when it came to the point where he needed cash. She knew that the sheriff would try to catch him at it, and lay his plans carefully, because Herschel was like an Indian in the woods. Twice, before he got married, the sheriff's posse had failed to catch him firing the still, and where they made their mistake was in not destroying it then and there. They hoped to come back later and make an arrest, but Herschel had torn it down and moved it.

The last of the two times it was the closest of shaves. The lawmen came out of the Deadening to find Herschel splitting stovewood in the woods lot.

"Fish bitin'?" they yelled from the road.

"Can't say," Herschel answered. "Been a little busy."

"What're you makin' these days?"

"Tryin' to make a crop." That was all.

Jomay combed her hair and wondered if today would be the proper day to tell him; that she wasn't sure—not sure at all—that the family might be on the way. He might go affectionate with the awkward, painful hugging that he used to give her when they courted under the catalpas, and, on the other hand, he might freeze up and his face go set. Men, she had concluded during six months' living with this one, were the contrariest of creatures. The loving sort of tapered off after they got you installed in the kitchen.

She was partly afraid of him and partly unsure of him. She felt she had no hold on him or else he would have worked harder at farming, which he cared little about, and taken a job in the off season, which irked him more because it interfered with his fishing and his hunting.

Jakey and Bones, the redbone and the bluetick, dragged themselves out of their lair and greeted Herschel effusively when he came home carrying a sack of groceries, but Bird waited sedately until he stepped on the porch before panting a welcome.

"What'd the sheriff want?" was the first thing he wanted to know. "Billy Barnett said he came here and went nowhere else." (*Continued on Page 88*)

"Yes?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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On the Boardwalk at Atlantic City...

67 out of 100 stores chose York Hi-Ef Air Conditioning!

On Atlantic City's world-famous boardwalk, with its cool ocean breeze, you might think air conditioning wasn't needed, yet you'll see 67 out of 100 air-conditioned stores using Hi-Ef Yorkaire Conditioning.

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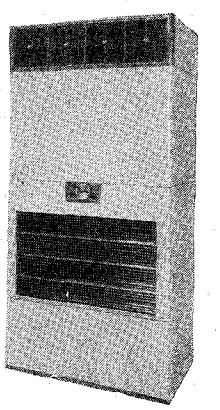

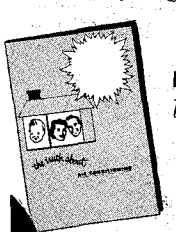

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. . . it's designed for "safety"

For example, the cover of A-B combination starters cannot be opened unless the operating lever is in the "off" position and the starter is dead. Only the incoming line terminals are "alive"—and in Allen-Bradley Bulletin 712 starters, they, too, are covered with an insulating shield.

Furthermore, in the Bulletin 712 starters, the movable disconnect switch contacts, when in the "off" position, show above the arc hood—in plain view. Welded or sticking contacts can be detected instantly—a clear safety signal to the maintenance man.

Finally, the operating lever can be padlocked in the "off" position, so the switch cannot be closed while personnel are working on a machine. Also, the cover itself can be padlocked to eliminate all possibility of tampering.

Let us acquaint you with all the fine features of our new Bulletin 712 combination starters! Please phone our nearest office.

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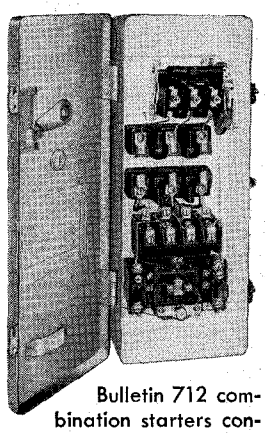
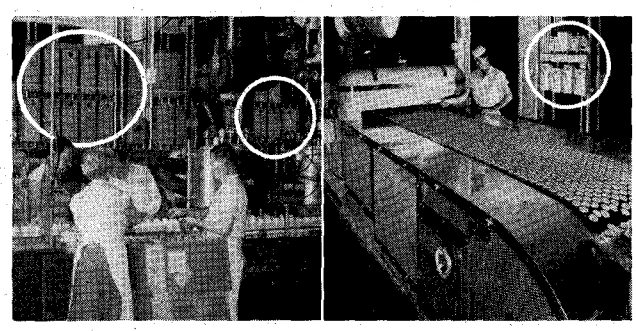


Bulletin 712 combination starters consist of a standard Bulletin 709 mounted in a cabinet with an A-B manual disconnect switch. Fuse clips are optional.



Filling machine and conveyor controlled by A-B Bulletin 712 combination starters.

Bulletin 712 combination starters controlling a continuous flow bakery oven.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL

(*Continued from Page 86*) Jomay turned the fat meat in the skillet. "It was about a letter he got. About Bird."

Herschel said nothing, but she looked sidelong and saw his face was set. "I'll get it," she told him. Then she read the letter slowly to him. When she was through reading, he was whetting his knife on his shoe sole.

"When he finds out she's the smartest dog that ever was, he'll want her back. You write him and you tell him what I say. Say if he knows somebody with two hundred dollars for the finest water dog on ducks, he can tell 'em where there's a man that's got the dog and needs the money."

"Would you sell her?" Jomay was busy with the frying meat.

"Oh," he said, "I could always train me up another one, but I'd sure hate to part with that beautiful bitch. I sure would. I'd just as soon part with you."

The tears began to come, though she squeezed her eyes tight, and she couldn't think of anything to say.

"But I'd sure hate to," he added.

Jomay, studying him askance, couldn't be certain that he was not joking in that dead-solemn way of his. She wanted to blurt that she was going to have his baby, but she was frightened of the effect that might have on him. So she washed the dishes and touched her face surreptitiously with lipstick when he went to the pump, for she was convinced that no man likes to see his wife without make-up. Then she sat down under the lamp, turned it high, and wrote the letter as he directed, filling the ruled tablet pages with a bland schoolgirl script.

"I have no book learning about how to bring up dogs," she wrote at his dictation, "but I know this: when you get your hands on a good one with the stuff bred into him or her, you got no right to do anything else but give him or her the best stuff you got."

"Have," she corrected.

"Write it like I say."

That night Herschel brought Bird into the bedroom and made her a pallet by the lamp table—an old blue jumper coiled on the floor. When the lamp was blown and they wriggled down into the creaking bed, Jomay, silent and thinking, sensed that he dangled his arm over and fumbled with the black dog's silky ears. She knew the dog loved it and would nuzzle his hand.

When the plink-plank of the old clock was all that could be heard in the tedious minutes before sleep came, Jomay spoke up. "I have a secret," she said breathlessly. She wanted him to love her demonstrably, as he did the dog, but she thought perhaps he might know the secret already.

"I have, too," he answered flatly. "I got a hundred-pound sack of sugar hid in the woods lot."

At that she quit trying to tell him. She lay rigid and still for a long, long time, until he had gone off to sleep, and pictured herself trying to crank the old tractor and raise a crop while Herschel spent three years at Tucker Prison Farm, working sixteen hours a day for a double handful of grits with bacon grease. Tucker Farm, she had heard it said, is closer to hell than ninety-nine is to a hundred.

Mr. Robert E. Cary came down from St. Louis in a station wagon. He was accompanied by another man, but Herschel knew which one was Mr. Cary before he spoke, because of his easy air of authority and the genial slant of the crow's-feet around his eyes. The trainer was more of a practical type and you could see he had his own way of doing things.

"We just couldn't stand it, Bill Portenoy and I couldn't," explained Mr. Cary. "We piled in and drove down here to see her. If you've made something of her, you've done better than we've done."

Bird heeled with her snout at Herschel's left knee as they walked out with the two visitors into the field where the oats should have been.

"I sort of trained her to think for herself," Herschel explained. "I don't know anything about water trials, but here in the sunklands where you stand by a tree and work the ducks in close enough to shoot, she's goin' to be a dandy. She'll do what I want her to do if I make it known that I want it, whether it's bring back a duck or fight a bear. I know she will."

They dawdled over to the levee of Main Ditch, where Herschel sailed his hat two thirds of the way across. After it settled on the water he hissed and waved once.

Bird leaped out with a whoosh that took her to the toe of the levee in a couple of bounds, and the next one sent her in a blur of an arc over the water itself. The plunge sent the water sheeting out on all sides, and by the time the splashes had settled she was digging out in the middle with her otter's tail streaming level, like a rudder. She swam powerfully and swiftly, with purpose intent. She picked up the hat, snatching it on the turn, and was back and up the bank in no time, where she delivered it to Herschel's hand before she shook the water from her coat.

"Shades of Shed of Arden and Black Magic of Audlon and Little Pierre of Deer Creek. I never saw Nigger of Barrington, but King Buck, I know, swims like that. You know," Mr. Cary went on, "it's not what she did there—it was the simplest kind of retrieve—it's the extra something, and I don't know the name of it, but only the best ones have it."

"Swallow swims like that," said Portenoy.

"Level in the water and intent as all get out," said Mr. Cary.

"A stick is hard on their mouths," Herschel said. "I'll heave this old pocketbook with seventy-five cents change in it

In the Garden

By Herbert Merrill

I find it hard to realize
That just an age or two ago
A dragon rolled his yellow eyes
Where now my red azaleas grow.

A pterodactyl spread his wings
And floated huge upon the skies
Where now a garden spider swings
Among the cabbage butterflies.

It would be interesting to know
What fate awaits my little plot
In half a billion years or so
When it is here and I am not.

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across into those cocklebur weeds on the fur side of the ditch." Before he threw he made Bird go to the landside of the levee and sit, so that she would not see the fall and mark it. Then he called her back.

Portenoy extracted a blank pistol from his pocket and fired three quick shots that made the dog look questioningly at Herschel for a split second and then take off. On the far side she looked back, and at the flick of a signal from Herschel's hand, she flew to the mark, snatched it and returned as fast as she went out.

"She didn't blunder around any," conceded Portenoy. "And she isn't afraid of a gun."

Mr. Cary didn't say anything.

"I can send her back to the house for a live chicken and she won't harm a feather of it."

"Send her," said Mr. Cary.

Herschel smoothed her head and spoke to her softly; then he hissed and waved her out. She went so swiftly that she was across the fence row and burning the ground toward the Amos field before the sand she kicked up at the start had much more than settled. Soon she was back with a worried-looking Dominique pullet held firmly but gently with a back hold. Herschel took it from her and dropped it to the ground. It shook itself indignantly and wandered away.

Mr. Cary was laughing urbanely.

"She'll go fetch socks too. She'll fetch anything I want fetched, as soon as she knows that's what I want. I been neglectin' some mighty good coon hounds while I've fooled with her, but she's a lot more dog than a man runs into every day."

"Well," said Mr. Cary with a note of finality, "here's the way it is: My wife's going to divorce me if I don't quit blowing time and money on dogs, but if I'm going to improve what I've got, I need that one back. I can breed her to some hardheaded fast-going dog like Nollichuck—no shyness in him—and get a litter of pups that —— Well, Nollichuck has the steam, but he sort of lacks the style, and Bird there has everything."

Herschel took a length of trot-line staging out of his pocket. He looped it in a bowline around Bird's neck and handed the end to Portenoy. Then he began rolling a cigarette.

Mr. Cary reached for his wallet.

"No," Herschel said. "You just stop by the house and see my wife. See her for that. She's in a family way and she has a need for the money. I'd feel kinda bad about takin' money from you for a dog that you give to me."

He stood on the crown of the levee as they moved off, the dog looking back. "If you ever feel the need of a coon hound, I've got a couple of dandies!" he called. Then he went down to his boat and began puttering with it. The Barnett boys' dugout rode high and jittery beside the johnboat, a slim craft with a round bottom, whittled by hand out of a solid cypress log. Only a riverman could handle a dugout, it was so rolly. Change your chew from one side of your mouth to the other and you'd dump her, the saying went.

There were no ducks flying and no crows. The day was coming into a peaceful end, and Herschel sat down on the bow decking of his boat and wondered how long it would be before they were gone and he could return to the house. At a noise on the top of the levee, he looked quickly up and met the dog's rush to him, a tumble of fur, laughing from ear to ear.

"Whose girl?" was all he could think of to say. He pulled her thick tail until she squealed.

Jomay was pained and silent when he came into the house. She had cleaned the place until it sparkled. Yet she tried to smile when he asked her about it.

"I couldn't do it, honey. I couldn't do it. You love her so."

But that left the problem of cash still hanging, hanging.

After a supper of constraint between them, he got up and put his jumper on. He went to the corner where he kept his shotgun, with Bird watching narrowly every move he made, and broke it and loaded it with yellow shells, the buckshot, and put a handful into his pocket.

"I got some corn meal tucked away in the woods lot, too," he said. "I am goin' to the Deadening, for I've got a little work to do."

Jomay said, "Sheriff's layin' for you, Herschel. You know that."

"Look," he said, eying Bird. "If a car comes by and you don't know who it is—if any kind of car comes by—you let Bird out and let her run. She'll get to me faster than a telegram, and I'll know somethin's wrong. I want to work up one or maybe two batches, and then quit for good. Keep that dog inside now unless a car comes by. Then you let her go, and let her go fast." He warned Bird, with the palm of his hand outward, to stay by the stove. He closed the door softly.

The night had turned off much cooler than the day. When the fire burned down, the dog stirred, shook herself and lay down again, keeping the focus of her attention on the door and not on Jomay. Each acted as if the other were not there, until Jomay moodily brought a saucer of milk and held it before the dog. Bird looked away, refusing.

"Evil, evil," Jomay whispered. "Black and evil."

It was late enough to go to bed, but there was no question of bedtime. An hour passed. Jomay turned the bed down and then returned to the fire. The dog raised her head and listened.

It was a car. Jomay panicked. When the bright headlights flooded the porch, she became calm again. She slipped into her shoes and stepped to the side door and flung it back with a crash.

"You go, go, go!" she cried. "Go, go, go!"

Bird had hit the screen and knocked it wide and was off in a flurry of sand, and was a part of the night before Jomay closed the door and went out front to meet the visitors.

The dog ran easily and very fast. Her quick bounds ate into the darkness, and she skimmed across the Amos field and plunged from the side of the levee into the black water fifty yards downstream from the boat landing because she knew exactly where she was going and meant to cut the distance. She hit straight into the woods, never bothering to hunt for ground scent, but quartering the slow night wind.

She took a line as true as a gig-pole to get past the thickest of the willows; then cut back to the south, bobbing all the time above and around the down trees, the rotten limbs and stobby cypress knees and trash that cluttered the Deadening.

When she found him, he was setting up the mash barrels in an aura of light and stink from the smelly little carbide head lantern he wore. She was breathing hard when she came to him.

"Well," he said. For a time he stood and thought about it, and then he waved the dog to one side. The shotgun came quickly up to his shoulder and he slammed two jagged holes into the metal side of the still's pot and, reloading, slammed the mash barrels.

The crash and roar of the shotgun reverberated in waves across the sunk-lands. He reloaded and looked at the dog,

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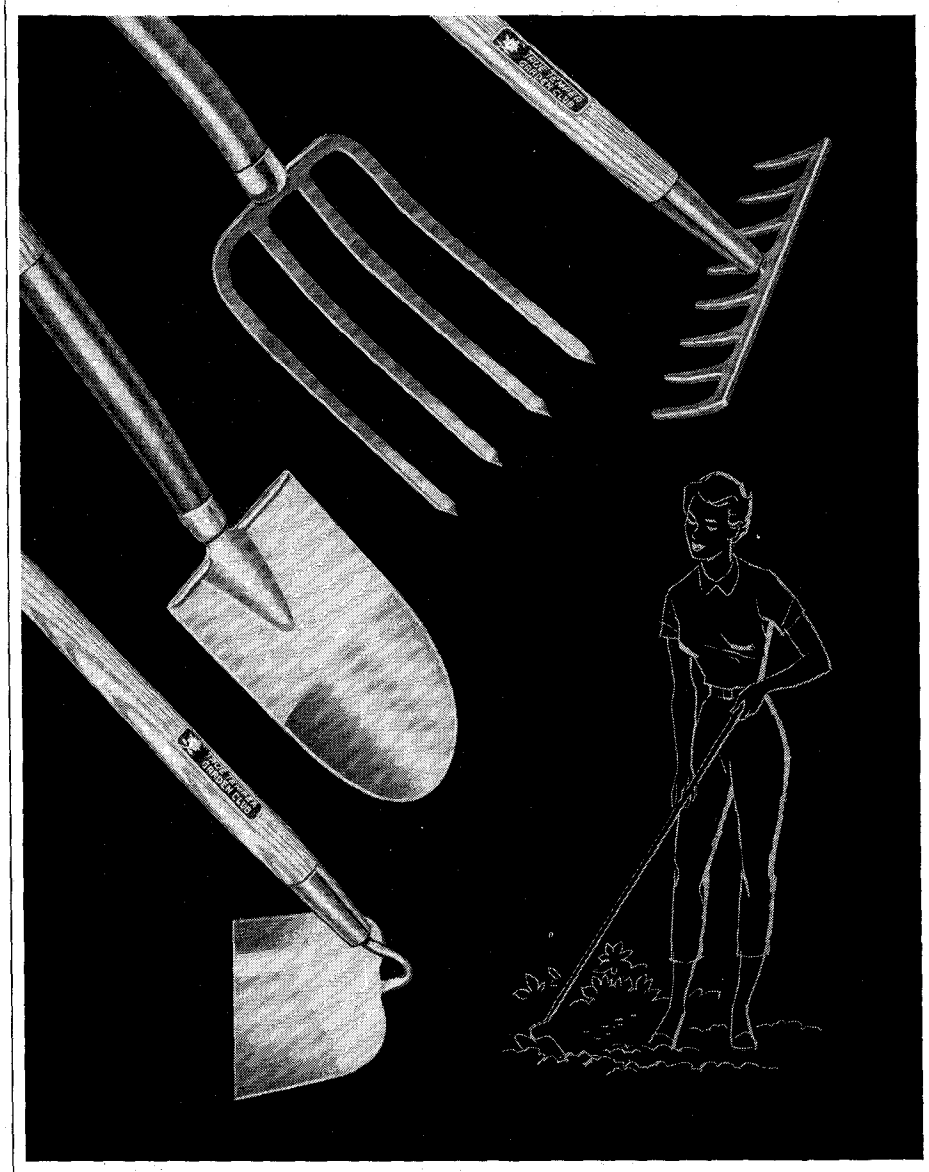
Garden News



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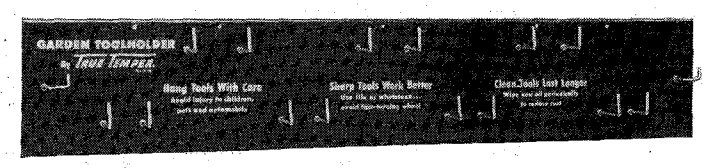

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standing with wrinkled questions between her ears. "Sheriff'll be awful disappointed," he said. "Pitiful." He fired both barrels again to complete the job; then sat down on a log and deliberately rolled a cigarette without spilling a grain. "That copper worm cost twelve dollars," he said without contrition.

Bird took a place beside him, but she high-smelled the air occasionally and was ill at ease.

"Old Man Mix never would find us if we didn't stay here to holler him in," Herschel explained. "We're not makin' whisky and he's got no case. What're you worried about?"

The dog moved uneasily and kept her head cocked. She looked anxiously at Herschel and gummed her flews. Before his cigarette was half gone she got up and trotted out beyond the beam of his light, standing there for a while in indecision. A shred of noise or a drifting thread of scent perturbed her. When Herschel tried to kick the worm loose—the copper worm that condenses the alcoholic vapor—she hated the racket so much that she went farther into the woods and moved across the wind, listening and smelling. Suddenly she ran back to him and sped off toward the ditch. She ran with all she had and the willow whips cut her eyes.

There was no moon. The starlight hardly filtered into the thick tangle she had to run in, but coming out on the top of the low east levee she saw the Barnetts' dugout swinging in a slow spin in the middle of the easy current. No one was in it, and couldn't be, for it was upside down.

There was a soggy movement in the water upstream of the dugout that galvanized Bird into a flying torpedo. Her powerful snatching hind legs mashed the water out behind her and rolled it over her tail. She kept her ears laid back like a seal.

The woman was fighting the coldness of the water, but even more desperate was her struggle to free herself of the loose sweater that wrapped around her neck and dragged at her arms as she flailed. She was strangling and dying on the brassy-tasting water. The soft and gushy underwater slope was too slick for footing and too far down to let her put her head up into the air.

She was beginning to relax into a deathly state of lassitude when Bird reached her and took the hem of her swirling dress in her teeth. The dog's tremendous struggle to drag her up and to the side was another cause for frenzy on the woman's part, for she fought back angrily at this water thing tugging at her.

The dog released her hold on the skirt's hem and took another hold over Jomay's shoulder, biting deeply into the sweater and slashing out with all four feet splayed. Once and again they rose to the surface not ten feet from the near bank. When Jomay gave up fighting, the dog was at last able to move her, an inch at a time, into the lee of the bank and, clawing and gouging the mud, drag her head and shoulders out of the water. More than that she could not do, and the two of them lay spent and gasping until Jomay put out her hand to touch the steaming coat of the dog beside her.

Herschel found them there minutes later, and carried Jomay up onto the levee, where he slapped her and made her walk up and down to be sure she was all right. He threw his own jacket around her and warmed her hands against his face.

"Was there a—a shootin'?" she asked, trying not to chatter.

"Considerable," he allowed. "I shot up the old still."

"Oh. . . . Kiss me," she said.

"I'd rather kiss a catfish," he allowed, but he did.

"I thought maybe you was hurt, when I heard the shootin'."

"I thought maybe the sheriff came when you sent the dog."

"It wasn't that," she said. "It wasn't the sheriff, but the dog had left before I knew who it was. It was Mr. Cary, and he wants to send you some dogs to board and train at forty dollars a month apiece."

"At a price like that we can afford to feed 'em at the dinin'-room table," he agreed. "Another thing, girls from the hills better stay out of dugouts." They walked toward home.

The house was warm, although the door was still open as Jomay had left it when she ran out. She began peeling off her wet things, and the tone of her voice said that she was warm, outside and inside, as if she had discovered something she hadn't known before and it was comforting to her.

"I'm aimin' to breed Miss Bird here to that there Nollichuck and raise me a dozen more like her," Herschel said, rubbing the dog, fondling her ears. "Kids and puppies—what a mess we'll have!"

"You've lost your mind," Jomay said cheerily. When he stepped into the kitchen to dip a cold biscuit into the sorghum jar, she laid a hand on the dog's head. "What a beautiful, beautiful hound," she whispered softly so that Herschel would not hear.

Bird licked herself with dignity, tucked her trim paws under her chest and, curled up like a gigantic and all-knowing cat, went to sleep by the stove. THE END

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The Lady Loathed Violence

(Continued from Page 28)

"A real gentleman, Curt," Fred said. "College boy, rich, real good-looking guy, driving that foreign car. I can see where a girl like Abigail would go for him. Class, you know. Or would you know?"

"Knock it off," Mick said.

"Couldn't blame a girl for passing up a knuckle buster for ——"

"I said," Mick said, calmly enough, "to knock it off."

"How a big, dough-headed character like you ever ——" Fred began.

Everyone agreed that they were two beautiful punches. A straight left that jarred Fred back on his heels, and then Mick hooked with the same hand. It was simply the worst imaginable timing that Sgt. Sid Johnston, one of Oceancrest's finest, happened to be passing at the moment. And it was unfortunate, too, that it happened in front of the post office and that Abigail and Curt Reynolds were coming out of the post office just as Fred stopped the left hook.

"Isn't that your friend, Mick Brennan?" Curt asked Abigail.

Abigail watched Fred Polaski slide off the fender to the ground and then saw Sid walk Mick off toward the police station.

"Brawling on the street." Curt touched Abigail's elbow. "Disgraceful."

A girl had come out of the post office just behind them. "At that," she said, "it was a lovely left hook."

"No gentleman," Curt said, "engages in street brawls."

"You call that a brawl?" the girl said. "A mismatch like that should be investigated by the boxing commission. Who is that junior Rocky Marciano?"

Abigail looked at the girl, who was a small creature with hair which had the appearance of having been cut with a dull lawn mower. She was wearing pedal pushers with paint streaks on them, and a cashmere sweater.

"His name," Abigail said, "is Michael Courtney Brennan, and he's insufferable."

The girl raised her eyebrows. "H'm-m-m. If I liked him that much, I'd go bail him out of jail."

"You can have him," Abigail said, and walked away with Curt.

The girl watched Mick and Sid disappear around a corner; then she walked down half a block, got into a beat-up station wagon and took off.

Driving back to Oceancrest, Mick had to admit that Abigail was right. If he didn't learn to control his temper, she had said, she'd refuse to be seen with him. It was like living on a time bomb, and it was not that Mick went around flexing his muscles and looking for trouble, either. Trouble always seemed to come looking for him. A time or two Abigail had suggested that if he were not quite so quick to accept trouble gleefully when it came, if he could see his way clear to circumvent it, he might, in time, have some chance of becoming a gentleman.

"Like Curtis Reynolds, I suppose?" Mick said.

"Curt," Abigail said, "does not go around with his chin stuck out all the time."

"Good thing," Mick muttered; "he couldn't lick an ice-cream cone."

"He doesn't have to; he's a gentleman."

Mick frowned. "Remember that book of poems you gave me to read, hoping it'd improve my mind?"

"It didn't," Abigail said.

"Maybe not, but I remember a couple of lines of one of 'em. '*Whom do we dub as Gentlemen? The knave, the fool, the brute —— If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit.*'"

"Curtis," Abigail said, "is not a knave, a fool or a brute."

He guessed she was right. Curtis Reynolds was merely all the things that he, Mick Brennan, was not. Dark, handsome, with a beautiful golf swing and banks bulging with his money.

Face it, Brennan, Mick told himself, *you're just a glorified knuckle buster; only two years removed from being a mechanic. Don't blame Abigail. Any girl wants a man to be a gentleman, except that you just don't have the flair for it.* Mick danced, he was forced to admit, with all the coordination of a nervous man with the itch; when he put on suitable raiment for a dance or a movie, he gave the appearance of having just come over the hill with a lantern; and try as he might, his hands always looked like a couple of pieces of his anatomy with nowhere to go. *Well, Brennan, you'd better be a gentleman, at least until the first day of May, or you'll find yourself in the clink, doing sixty days.*

He pulled his car up in front of a small restaurant labeled ART'S PLACE. He got out of his car and pushed open the door.

Art grinned at him. "Thought you'd be wearing stripes, Mick." He poured a cup of coffee and placed it in front of Mick.

"Hamburger," Mick said; and remembering that he was going to be a gentleman, said, "No onions."

Art slapped two halves of a bun on the grill, followed them with a hamburger patty. "What'd you get?"

"Sixty days, suspended."

"That's the trouble with this country," Art said—"criminals running around loose. Suspended sentences, paroles, pardons. I was reading the other day that J. Edgar Hoover said that crime has increased ——"

"Aw, knock it off, Art," Mick said. "I'm a changed man. From now on, Little Lord Fauntleroy was a juvenile delinquent compared to me."

"Sorry to hear you're leaving town," Art said.

"I'm not leaving town."

Art turned the hamburger with a spatula and checked the buns. "A leopard

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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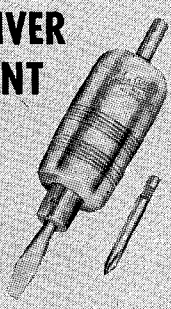

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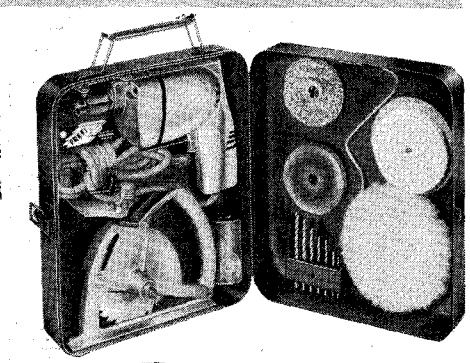

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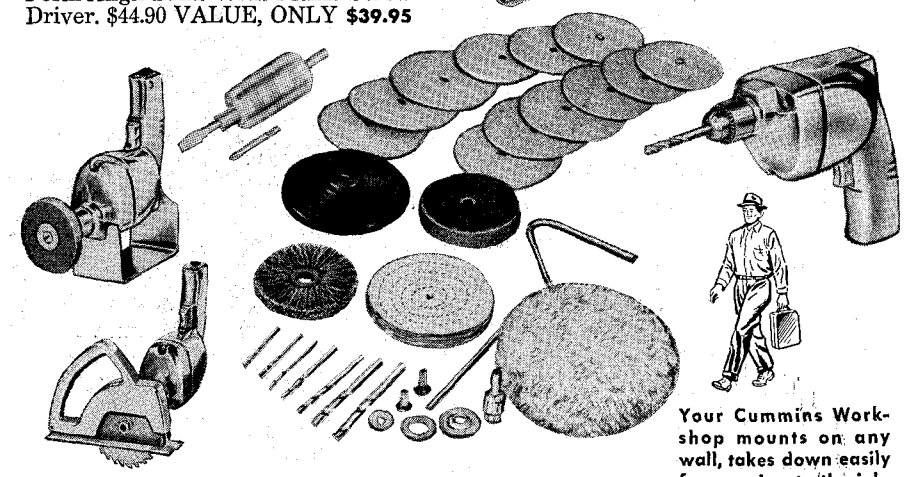

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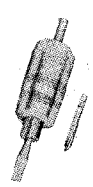

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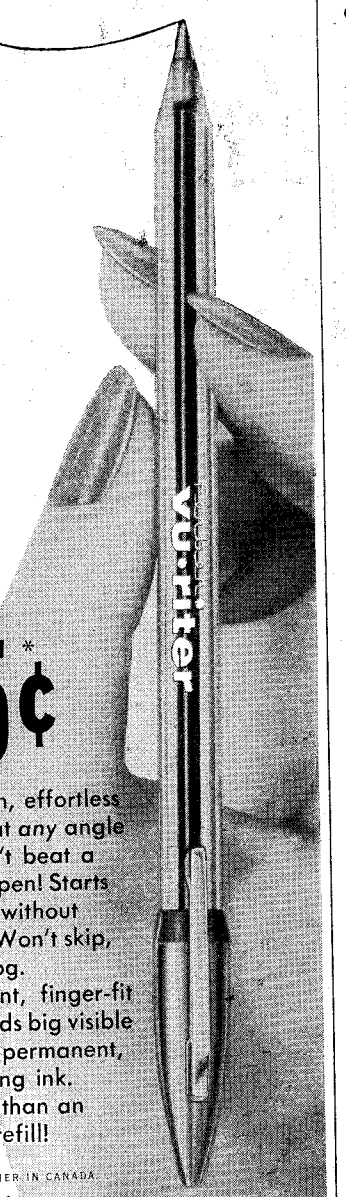

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can sometimes change his spots, but he has a devil of a time convincing the other leopards."

"I," Mick said positively, "am going to be a gentleman."

Art built the hamburger and slid it across the counter. "Who said you aren't a gentleman?"

"Abigail, for one," Mick said. He bit into the hamburger.

Art sighed. "Dames." He poured himself a cup of coffee. "They get a gentleman and they try to change him into a thug. They get a man and they want a mouse. They pick a guy who's the answer to all their prayers, and then they start rewriting their prayers."

The door opened and the girl who had seen Mick use Fred Polaski for a fender decoration came in. She was wearing the same paint-stained pedal pushers and the same cashmere sweater. She had a gamin's face with beautiful, expressive eyes. She smiled at Art. She had teeth as white and shining as a new automatic washer.

"Hi, Art," she said. "Draw me a cup of that battery acid you call coffee and bring me up to date on the latest scoop in the village."

"Cash or charge?" Art said.

"Cash for the coffee; you can put the gossip on the cuff."

Art poured the coffee and put it in front of her. She sipped her coffee and then looked over at Mick. "Well, Michael Courtney Brennan," she said, "you were on the way to the lockup with the gendarmes last time I saw you."

Mick stared at her.

"That's all right; you don't have to pretend you remember," she said. "I'm new around here."

"Then ——" Mick began.

"I was in a ringside seat when you belted that truck driver," she said, "and some blonde filled me in on your name. What did the judge say, by the way?"

"Sixty days," Mick said.

"Suspended," Art added. "As I was telling Mick, we have a criminal element around here now, and you have to be careful who you talk to."

"I'm no criminal!" Mick yelped. "So stop saying that."

"Just a playful, misunderstood boy," Art said.

"I can see that," the girl said. "By the way, just so you won't be seen talking to a strange woman, my name is Nancy Reed."

"Real cultured dame, too," Art said. "That paint you see drips off the water colors she does. Not bad either."

"Thank you," she said.

"That's all right; I know talent when I see it."

"How?" Mick said.

"You're supposed to be a gentleman," Art said severely.

"Excuse me."

"You aren't a gentleman?" Nancy said.

"Certainly I'm a gentleman," Mick said.

"Abigail doesn't think so," Art said.

"Abigail? Who's Abigail?" Nancy said.

"Abigail Hardwick," Art explained. "Mick, here, has been carrying a torch for her you couldn't put out with an acre of ocean, but she seems to prefer a gentleman type by the name of Curtis Reynolds."

"Leave my personal affairs out of this," Mick said, "or I'll belt you."

"Ah-ah." Art shook a finger. "That's not being a little gentleman."

"Drop dead," Mick said.

He tossed fifty cents on the counter and walked out. He drove over to Gearhart, where he lived in a small house overlooking the ocean. It had two bedrooms, a stone fireplace to match Mick's size, plate-glass windows on the west side, and massive furniture. Mick built a fire in the fireplace, turned on the radio, and then showered and changed clothes. He looked at himself in the mirror when he finished. He mentally compared his reflection with the suave appearance of Mr. Curtis Reynolds, and winced inwardly. He turned away from the mirror, more aware than ever of his own shortcomings, and went over to the River House, where he ate a brooding dinner by himself in one corner of the little dining room.

It was Friday, and normally there would be cheer and happiness to be purchased here and there—the Legion Club, the Pastime, the Par-Tee Room at the golf course, the Driftwood Lounge. There would also be, Mick realized, trouble in various stages which he would not, in all conscience, be able to avoid gracefully. He regretfully stopped at the theater, paid his admission and sat and watched the hero through an hour and a half of mayhem. This hero was a real gentleman, of course, even though he did shoot a couple of people, throw another through a window and kick another in the teeth. The lovely, fragile heroine seemed to think that the hero's behavior was only slightly less gallant than that of Sir Galahad, and draped herself around his neck at the end of the picture.

Fine thing, Mick thought, as he walked out of the theater; *that guy goes around belting people and he's a big wheel. Me, I'm a criminal.*

Mick walked down the street. He stopped outside of the bowling alley and listened to the joyous sounds coming from within. The ringing smash of bowling balls against pins, the laughter, the kidding. He put his hand on the door and then turned away. The Mechanics were bowling against The Teamsters this night. You could get an argument merely by looking at your shoes.

He wandered down the street. In front of the Pine Tree, two choker setters from St. John's and Fred Polaski were having a somewhat mild and harmless argument. Mick nodded to them.

"Hiya, lover boy," Fred said, grinning.

So the guy hadn't had enough. Mick flexed his muscles. Fred would be watching for the left hand. Maybe a quick right hand to the ribs and then the left hook—— Mick then remembered three things. There was the morose countenance of Judge Gilderson; there was the uninspiring view from the inside of a cell; and there was his old college try at being a gentleman.

"Hiya, Fred," Mick said, and walked on.

Fred's mouth dropped open, and he stared at the two choker setters. "That was Mick Brennan, wasn't it?"

As they looked down the street, Mick stepped aside to let three truculent sailors, walking abreast and taking up the entire sidewalk, pass him by.

"It looks like Mick," one of the choker setters said.

"But it ain't, I don't think," the other said.

"Naw," Fred said. "Couldn't be."

There were two taverns down the street. Fifty yards away, Mick could hear sounds of revelry coming from within. He might be tempted. A short beer, a game of shuffleboard. Regretfully, he crossed the street and turned back up toward the Turnaround. He came to Art's Place finally, and went inside.

"Coffee," he said.

"What?" Art said.

"You heard me. Coffee."

"See here, Mick," Art said; "don't get carried away by this gentleman routine. A few beers, a few laughs. Who could blame you?"

"Yeah," Mick said gloomily. "Gimme the coffee."

Art poured the coffee. "Nothing a dame loves any more than having some guy going around looking like an advance man for an undertakers' convention. Gives her a feeling of power."

"So what?"

"So what?" Art screamed. "So do something about it. Abigail sees you and she smirks to herself, and she thinks, 'Look at poor Mick; I broke his heart.' Makes her feel good all over. Latch onto some cute doll; live it up. Then you know what Abigail thinks?"

"No."

"Why, she thinks, 'Look at that big baboon, Mick Brennan; out of my sight a day and a half and already he's chasing some skirt.'"

Mick frowned. "What does that get me?"

Art groaned. "For one thing, it might give you a new perspective. For another thing, you might realize that there are about ten million unmarried dames in this country. You've had your radar locked on Abigail so long you might just as well be wearing a set of blinders."

The door opened and Nancy Reed walked in. Mick didn't recognize her at first. She was (*Continued on Page 94*)

"Well, Keefer, I see you're on time for a change."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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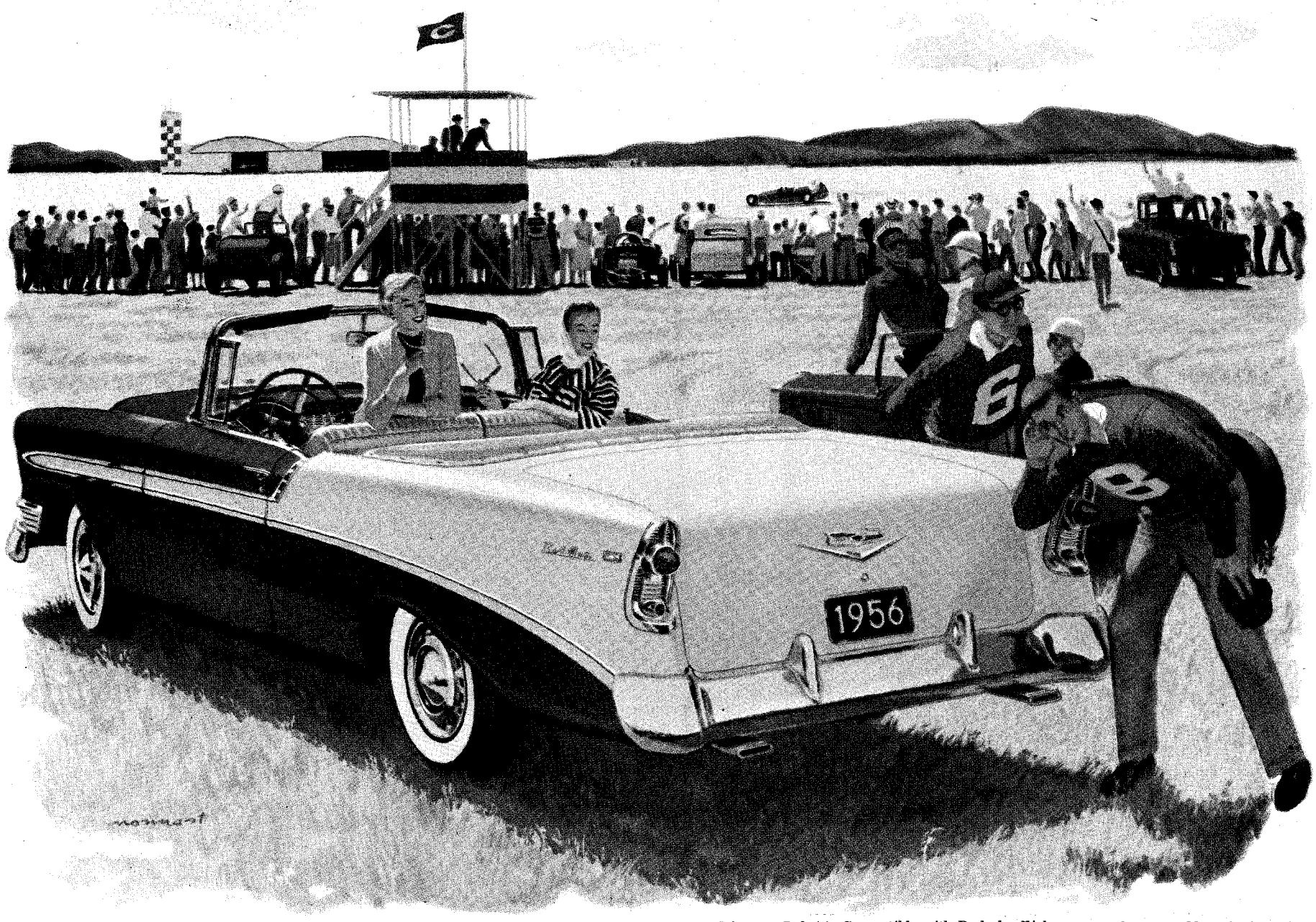

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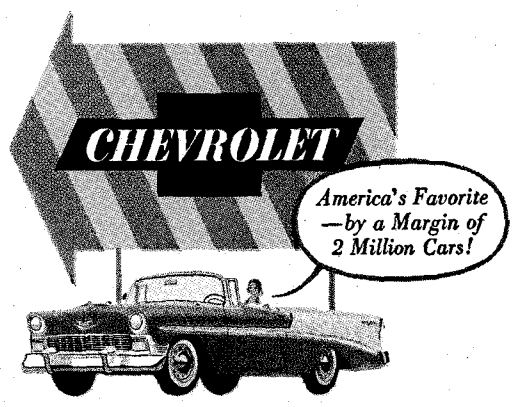

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ARROW first in fashion

(*Continued from Page 92*) wearing a black skirt and a candy-striped blouse. Over her shoulders was a white cashmere cardigan. She seemed no larger than a pint of apple cider and as gay as a child on the last day of school.

"Greetings, Art, and the top of the evenin' to you, Michael Courtney Brennan." She sat down. "And what are we all drinking this fine evening?"

"In the back room," Art said, "I got a pint of ——"

"We are drinking coffee," Mick said.

"All right," she said. "I'll go along with it. Unless you'd like to take me to some livelier spot, Michael. I understand that the Legion Club, the Par-Tee Room, the Driftwood Lounge ——"

"No, thanks," Mick said.

She sighed. "Well, it was a try, anyway. Every man in this town is either married, engaged, carrying a torch, too young, too old or sitting around keeping himself awake drinking coffee. If I ever see that sportswriter, I'll bend a nine iron over his head."

Mick peered at her and then looked at Art.

"Don't look at me," Art said. "She'll put the whole thing together after a while."

"We were in Virginia," Nancy said. "Ah, Virginia! The weather was ideal, the men were courtly. Even if you couldn't believe a thing they said, at least they said something. Then dad heard about a golf course in South Carolina. Now there's a spot, gentlemen—South Carolina." Nancy sighed. "There was this young man with one of these soft voices, and dark, brooding eyes, and half the money in the state. Dad was playing golf every day and I was holding hands every night. Then what happened?"

"We dunno," Mick said. "What happened?"

"I'll have to go back to the beginning."

"I've had enough," Mick said. He stood up.

"No gentleman," Art sternly reminded him, "ever walks out on a lady."

Mick sat down.

"Well, my dad is a dyed-in-the-wool, play-'em-as-they-lie, sink-all-putts golfer. Three years ago he went to St. Andrews to play the course once, and so help me he nearly moved us all to Scotland. Mother and I filibustered him back home, talking a record seventeen hours in shifts, and we wore him down."

"I can see why," Art said.

"So in South Carolina he saw a piece by this blabber-mouth sportswriter calling the Astoria Country Club course 'the St. Andrews of the West.' Wind, rain, sand dunes, Scotch broom. You can use a nine iron on a hole one day, and a three iron the next, says this character. So what happens?"

"Oregon, here we come," Mick said.

"You're catching on. Mother and I broke our filibustering record by an hour and thirty-five minutes, but you'd think he had a hearing aid turned off. And what's worse, dad's crazy about the place. He's planning on buying a home at Surf Pines."

Mick waved a hand. "Oregon isn't a bad place. I'll admit the weather's a bit damp on occasion, but it makes things grow, and you aren't always falling over a lot of people."

"You aren't kidding. All I've fallen over is my easel. They ought to give this country back to Lewis and Clark."

The door opened and Abigail and Curtis Reynolds walked in.

Mick stood up. "Well, Nancy," he said, remembering Art's advice, "shall we be going?"

"Why, certainly," Nancy said. "I mean—certainly."

They walked out. Abigail stared at them as they left. Out in the street, Nancy said, "Don't bother to fill me in. I get the picture. Rather than sit around looking like a lonesome zombie, you're willing to use me as bait."

"It was Art's idea," Mick said. "'Latch onto some cute doll,' he said."

"That'll do for a starter. You think I'm a cute doll?"

Even a man carrying a torch couldn't be completely blind. "You know, you're sort of cute, at that."

"Shades of South Carolina!" Nancy said. "You know what that boy said?"

"No."

"When he saw me across the room, he came over. 'Miss Reed, if I waste half a minute finding someone to introduce me to you, I'd consider that I'd thrown away half a lifetime.' Then he asked me to marry him."

"He said that?"

"And that wasn't all. 'Don't turn me down without visualizing a broken man roaming the streets, haggard and seedy, all because of unrequited love.'"

"Holy smokes!" Mick said.

"Then I smiled at him, and he said, '*Tomorrow let my sun his beams display, or in clouds hide them; I have lived my day.*'"

"Wow!"

"But you couldn't believe a word he said. You don't say a great deal, but I bet I could take out insurance on what you do say. So let's return to the 'cute-doll' department."

People who worry about what friends think of them might be surprised to know how seldom friends do.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

Mick frowned. "Yeah. All I can think of is 'cute doll' or something like that. That Curt Reynolds strings words like a radio announcer." He stopped and turned to Nancy. "Look, what's wrong with me? Abigail keeps talking about how I'm not a gentleman." He mimicked Abigail. "'Gentlemen don't get into brawls, gentlemen control their tempers, gentlemen know how to wear clothes.' You'd think all there was to it is putting on some fancy clothes and lighting cigarettes for some dame."

"That's all there is to it."

"Huh?"

"That's all there is to giving the appearance of a gentleman. A man can be a gentleman and look like a thug, and vice versa. Believe me, I know all about it. I had to learn judo to protect myself from all the gentlemen I've met."

"You don't suppose ——" Mick looked at her hopefully.

"That I could give you a quick check ride on being a gentleman so you could convince that blonde?"

"What ever made you think of that?"

"Oh, I'm bright. When you hit me over the head with an idea, it sinks in."

"It's just that I don't know what to do; what to wear."

"That's the first thing. Meet you tomorrow at Frank's Men's Wear. I'll have you looking like a page out of Esquire, and heaven help you. Eleven o'clock." She turned around and walked away.

At eleven the next morning, Mick was there, feeling foolish but resolute. Nancy came in and huddled with Frank. After a while Mick stood in front of a mirror while the tailor fitted some charcoal-gray flannels. An imported tweed jacket followed. Nancy picked out some shirts and

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had a conference with Frank over ties. Mick blanched when he saw her selection.

"Pipe down," she said. "I'm piloting this expedition."

She picked out half a dozen pairs of socks, and then had Mick fitted with some shoes the cost of which made him turn white. "Thirty-five bucks for a pair of shoes? Why, those I had on only cost five-ninety-five."

"And they looked it. . . . Now show me something in an Italian silk, Frank."

"Silk!" Mick moaned. "Now see here, Nancy. I'll be a striped Eskimo if I'll ——"

"Here," Nancy said. "Get into this."

Frank pulled a beautiful Italian silk suit off the rack. Mick slipped into the coat and looked at himself in the mirror. "Hey! Not bad."

"Hundred and seventy-five," Frank said.

Mick hastily started slipping out of the coat.

"Oh, no, you don't," Nancy said. "Keep that on and go in and put on the trousers. I'm going to make a clothes horse out of you if it kills me."

"If it kills you!" Mick yelped. "You mean if it breaks me!"

Half an hour later, they walked out. "Frank promised he'd have them ready by six tonight," Nancy said. "For all that service, all you have to do is take me to dinner after you get into that raiment. I'm kind of curious."

Mick looked a little sick. "Three hundred and ninety-four bucks!" he moaned. "I must be crazy!"

At six o'clock Mick picked up his clothes, tore home and started climbing into his new habiliments. When he was fully dressed he looked at himself in the mirror. *Is this you, Brennan? Why, you look like some blasted tourist.* More or less enchanted with his reflection, he walked around for some time, and then drove over to Art's.

He walked in the door. Art looked at him and said, "Yes, sir, what'll it ——" He did a double-take and took hold of the counter for support. "Mick?" he said weakly.

"Never mind the two-bit wisecracks," Mick said. "Gimme some coffee."

"Yes, sir," Art said. He poured the coffee and shook his head. "Whose brainstorm was this?"

"That girl—Nancy."

"It'll never work, Mick. It isn't that you don't look like Jeff Chandler or somebody. It's just that when you put yourself in the hands of some dame, you've got trouble you never even thought of."

"All she did was pick out some clothes so I'll look like a gentleman, so Abigail ——"

"Brother!" Art moaned. "Look, buster, learn the facts of life: no dame wants some other dame rebuilding her boy friend. She thinks that's her own special job, and doesn't want some other architect writing the specifications."

"You're nuts," Mick said. "When Abigail sees me, she'll drop that Curtis Reynolds like a hot rivet."

"The only thing she'll drop is a hand grenade in Nancy's handbag."

"O.K., wise guy," Mick said. "You'll see." He finished his coffee and drove around to Nancy's place.

When she opened the door, she took a good look, pursed her lips and nodded. "A fair job, Nancy, if I do say so myself. Maybe clothes don't exactly make the man, but they're a good framework."

Mick stared at her. She had done something to her hair and was wearing a dress that clung here and swirled there, and she looked as sweet and tasty as strawberry shortcake. "You look real nice yourself."

Nancy looked at the ceiling. "Three hours of magic at the beauty parlor, a bank roll torn to bits for this dress, and he tells me I look real nice."

Mick held out his arms and said miserably, "See? Even in these duds, I can't think of any fancy things to say. I'll never be a gentleman."

She touched his cheek. "Mick, you don't even have to try."

He took hold of her hand and bent down. They were eye to eye, like two kids playing "owl," and as inevitably as thunder follows lightning, she put her arms around his neck and they were lost to the night, the time, the place.

Presently Mick released her and said, "Holy catfish! Won't I ever learn?"

"Mick," Nancy said, "you don't have to learn."

"Why, this is a terrible thing. Here I'm trying to be a gentleman and I grab you ——" He shook his head. "I apologize, Nancy."

"You don't have to. I thought it was very impressive."

"Don't try to make me feel better. I promise you it won't happen again."

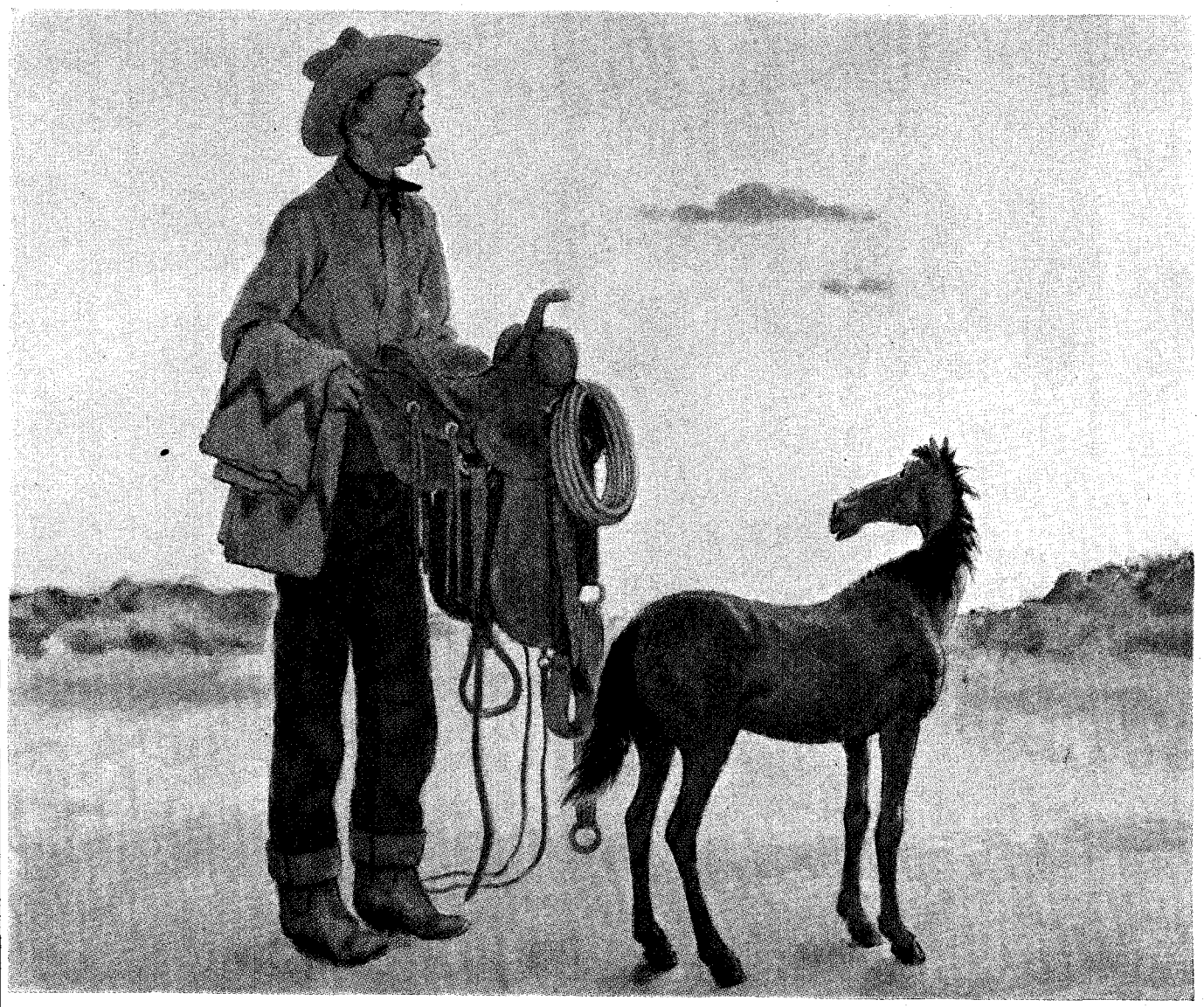
"Back around forty-two, B.C., Syrus said, 'Never promise more than you can perform.'"

"Huh?" Mick said.

"Nothing. Let's go to dinner."

Mick, mindful of his appearance and loath to display himself to any appreciable gathering of townspeople, suggested a small restaurant which was frequented by a few tourists and the infirm.

"Nothing doing," Nancy said. "Here we are, in (*Continued on Page 97*)



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(*Continued from Page 95*) nearly five hundred dollars' worth of trappings, and you want to hide in a candlelighted closet. Let's see how they like us at the Par-Tee Room at the golf course."

Mick sighed. It was Saturday night and the whole town would be on hand, but there was no help for it. They climbed the stairs to the Par-Tee Room. The sounds of revelry hit them as they opened the door, and the first person they saw was Fred Polaski, standing at the bar.

Fred squinted, shook his head to clear his vision and then shouted, "For the love of Harry S. Truman, look who's here!"

A mechanic for St. John gave a wolf whistle, a cat skinner from Clatsop Logging Company grinned. "May I have the next dance, Mick?"

Mick trembled, like a volcano about to erupt, and said, "Let's get out of here."

Nancy peered at him. "Don't overdo this gentleman routine, Mick. If these characters get too nasty, clout one of them."

"Yeah," Mick said gloomily. "Clout one of them and do sixty days in the clink."

Abigail and Curtis Reynolds were a twosome by a window. Abigail stared at Mick, at Nancy, then lifted her chin and became engrossed in Curtis, who was looking at Nancy with more than indeterminate fervor.

They found a table, sat down and ordered dinner. Mick felt as conspicuous as if he were wearing pajamas.

Presently Curtis Reynolds came to their table. "Good evening, Mick," he said. "I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting Miss Reed."

Mick, normally, would have told Curtis that what's more, he wasn't going to have the pleasure, but he got to his feet and made the introduction. Curtis captured Nancy and took her out on the dance floor. Mick, scowling, watched them as they danced. He had to admit that the man was good, even if he did hold her as if he were trying to squeeze her to death. He looked over at Abigail, sitting alone. *Well, Brennan, let's see how this gentleman pitch works.* He walked over to her table.

"Hi, Abigail," he said. "Like to dance?"

"No, thanks," she snapped.

"For crying out loud," Mick said. "Now what? I'm minding my manners, I'm decked out like a tourist and ——"

"So I see. Frank told me that she made a nice selection. Some transformation. Now I see she's starting on Curtis."

Mick looked at Abigail and suddenly wondered why he had taken her yakety-yak all these years. Swiftly, he tried to remember when he had done one single thing of which she approved. He turned and looked at Nancy, who was looking a bit harassed. Suddenly she pulled away from Curtis, turned around and started for her table. Curtis followed her and took hold of her arm. Mick reached them and spun Curtis around.

Curtis smiled at Mick. "Sixty days, Mick," he said. "Judge Gilderson is an old friend of the family. He told about you at dinner last night." He turned to Nancy. "Now, Nancy, shall we finish our dance?" He pulled her toward him.

Mick stood quite still for a few moments, weighing everything, and the thing that tilted the scales was the sudden, stunning realization that he wanted no man but himself to put his arms around Nancy. "Judge Gilderson," he said, "here I come!"

It was short, but lovely, everyone said. Mick spun Curtis around and then draped him over a table. There was a lovely clatter of glasses and silverware. Fred Polaski whooped and entered the fray, and someone took a swing at the St. John's mechanic, missed and knocked the cat skinner off his stool. Things were getting into high gear when the cops arrived. Sgt. Sid Johnston took one look, went to the heart of the trouble and collared Mick just as he knocked Fred Polaski over the electric organ. Fred collapsed on the keys and the organ sounded off until someone thoughtfully laid him on the floor.

Abigail emptied a glass of water on Curtis' throbbing head and said, "He started it, Sid. For no reason at all, he hit Curtis."

"He had a reason," Nancy said. "He's a gentleman."

Sid looked at Mick, who had a cut over one eye, an unholy gleam in both eyes, and a one-hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar Italian-silk suit which could be used for polishing cloths and little else now.

"He is?" Sid said. "Since when?"

"Since he was born," Nancy said.

Sid stared at Nancy, who had put her arm through Mick's. "Well, looks like you got yourself a new girl friend, Mick. . . . Suppose you can make him behave himself, miss?"

"If he doesn't," Nancy said, "I'll belt him one."

The room began to return to normal. Fred Polaski crawled out from behind the electric organ. He grinned at Mick. "You know something? I think you hit harder wearing that fancy suit. . . . Sid, I started this fracas."

"No, he didn't; I did," the St. John's mechanic said.

"He's trying to cover up," the cat skinner said. "I started it."

A truck driver protested, "You guys know I started it."

Sid looked at them all and scratched his head. "Well, now, aren't we a bunch of little gentlemen?"

They all stood and tried to look like little gentlemen. The result was so grotesque that Sgt. Sid Johnston got out of there and nearly had hysterics driving back to the police station.

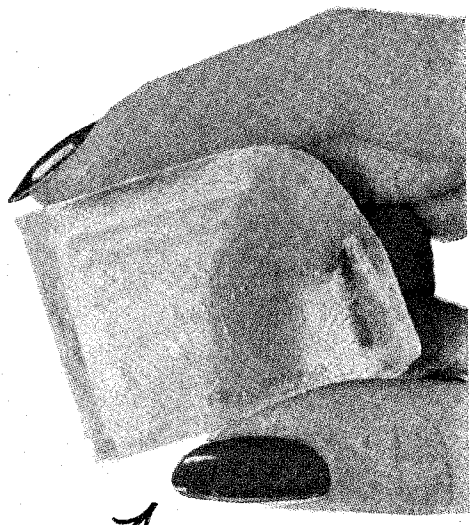
Fred Polaski was best man at the wedding, and may someday forgive Mick for making him wear striped trousers and a wing collar. THE END

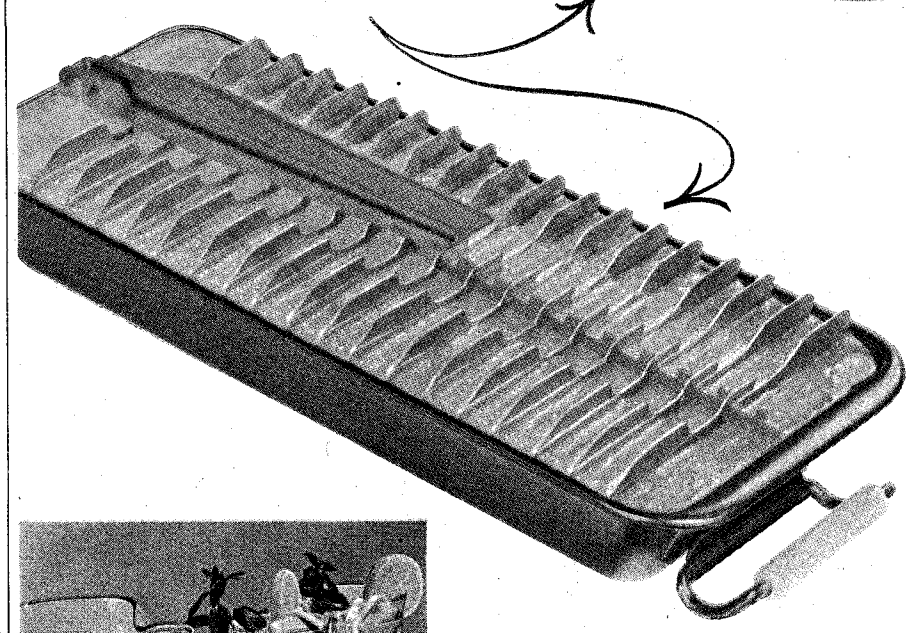
The Neutralist

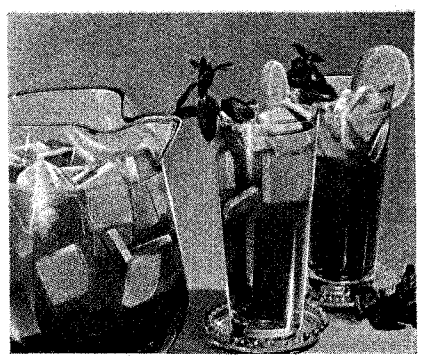
By Richard Armour

The neutralist stands on the
sidelines,
Which for his sake we hope
are wide lines,
And cheers both sides with
equal measure.
(Impartiality's his treasure.)
He cannot tell the wrong
from right,
Black always looks the same
as white,
And free and slave and gay
and grim
Are very much the same to
him.
So there he stands, all
happy-sad,
And waves his banner,
which is plaid.

NOW! new-sized ice slices!







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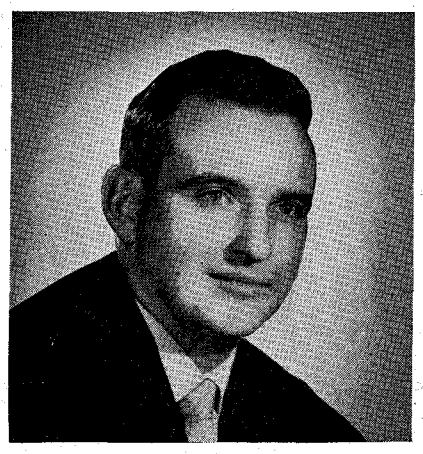

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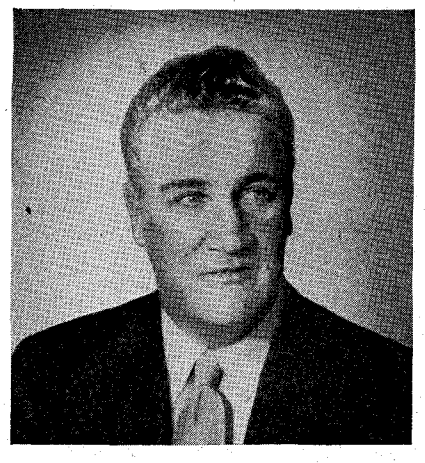

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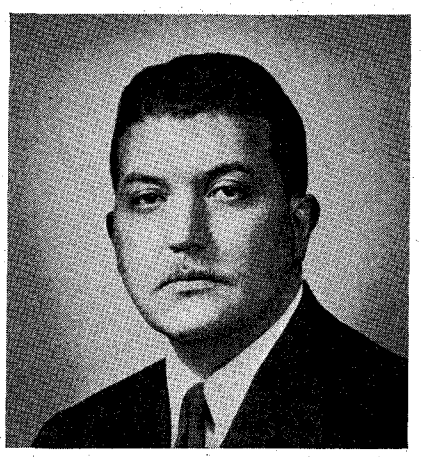

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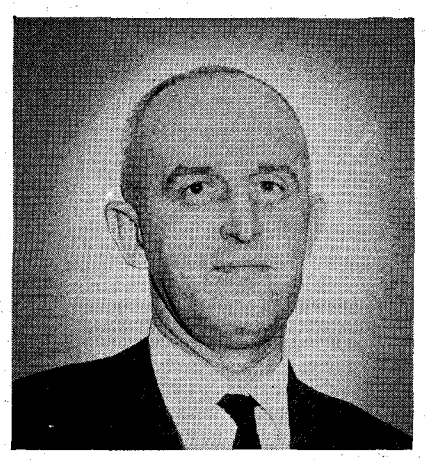

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Minimum down payment and monthly carrying charge for a home costing:	Federal Housing Administration Insured Loan 5%* 30 years		Veterans Administration Guaranteed Loan 4½% 30 years	
	Down Payment	Monthly Charge (Principal and Interest)	Down Payment	Monthly Charge (Principal and Interest)
$10,000	$900	$49.84	$200	$49.66
$15,000	$2,250	$69.83	$300	$74.49
$20,000	$3,600	$89.82	$400	$99.32

Chart does not include local taxes, insurance and legal charges.

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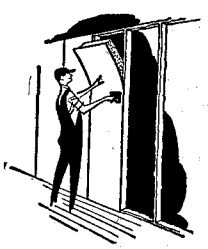

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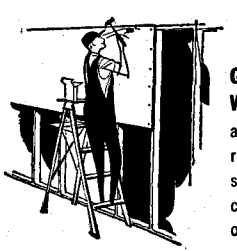

Gold Bond Gypsu Wallboard, made light and stronger by years research, builds smoot sturdy, seamless walls th can be painted or textur or wallpapered.

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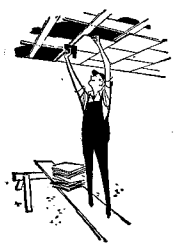

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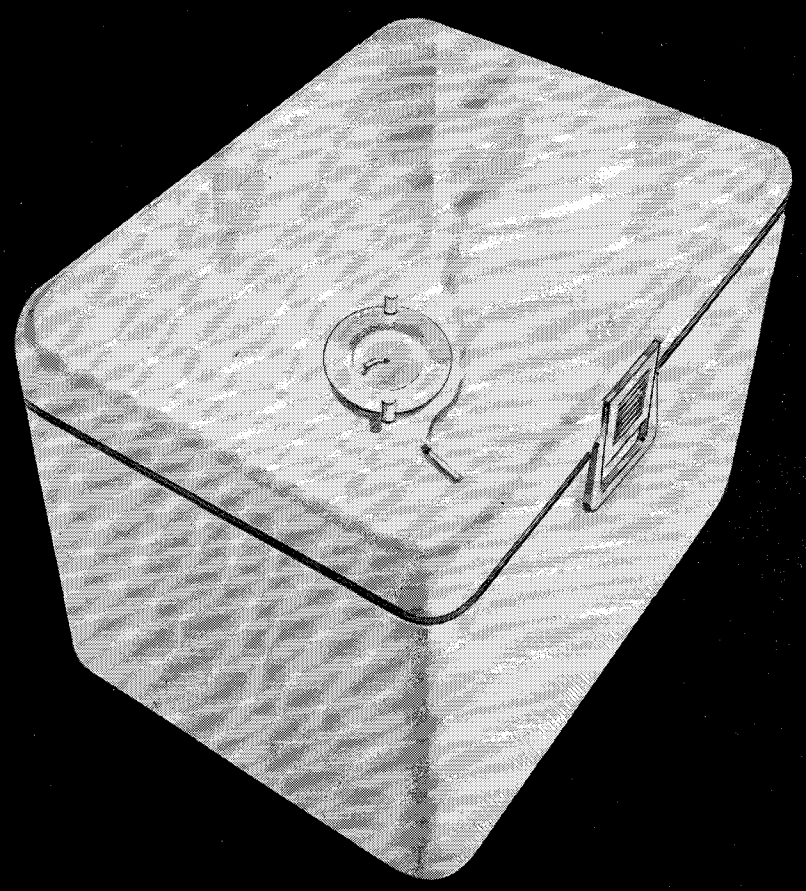

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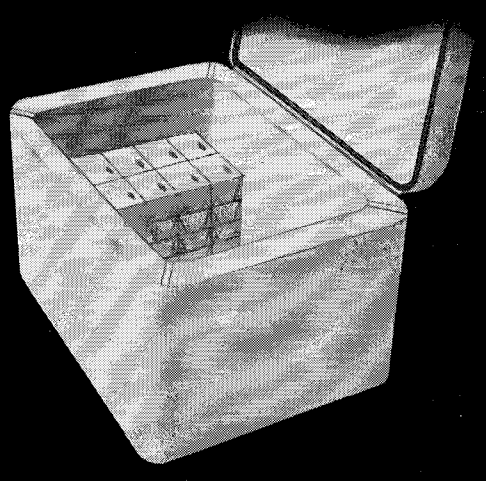

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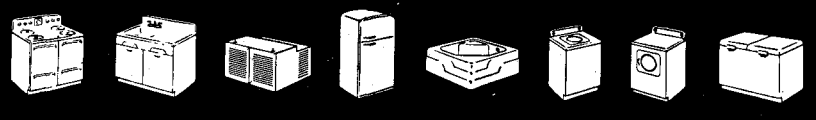

Botts and the Biggest Deal of All

(Continued from Page 43)

developments on this million-dollar tractor deal. Just why does Mr. Buttrick need so much equipment?"

"He has recently acquired some big mineral deposits in British Columbia at a place which he has named Buttrick Canyon."

"What kind of minerals?"

"Various rare metals used in defense industry. I forget what they are called, but that is not important. What matters is that Mr. Buttrick is in a hurry to build an airstrip, so he can fly in supplies and equipment. Later there will be an enormous open-pit mine, and a big mill to concentrate the ore."

"The concentrate will be brought out by plane?"

"Yes."

"Just where is this Buttrick Canyon?" I said. "Can he build a road in to it?"

"He claims the country is too rough." The dealer turned to a wall map and put his finger on a dot in Northern British Columbia between the Alaska Highway and the Pacific Coast. "That's the place," he said. "Completely surrounded by mountains and canyons and jagged rocks."

"No roads anywhere near?"

"Just a few mountain trails—almost impassable. The only inhabitants are a few Indians and trappers. There's a rumor that the government is planning a radar station somewhere in the region. But there are no towns, no settlements. The mineral deposits were found by a lone prospector. Mr. Buttrick bought him out and then sent in a party of mining engineers. They have just made their report, and it is so favorable that Mr. Buttrick has decided to go ahead in a really big way."

"In country as rough as that," I said, "it's going to be pretty hard to build an adequate airfield—maybe even harder than building a road."

"That's what I told Mr. Buttrick, but he is too stubborn and opinionated to listen to me. He says there is a flat area several miles square right next to the canyon. All he has to do—or so he claims—is to clear off the trees, and he'll have a first-class landing field."

"All right," I said, "if that's what he wants, we'll sell him a fleet of our Earthworm tractors, bulldozers and whatever else he needs. He can ship them by railroad to Dawson Creek, run them up the Alaska Highway about as far as the Toad River, and then drive them overland the last hundred miles or so to Buttrick Canyon."

"By strange coincidence, Mr. Botts, that's exactly what I told him myself."

"Good for you," I said.

"I even presented him with a detailed order for Earthworm equipment I thought he would need—just over a million dollars' worth."

"What did he say?"

"He told me I was crazy. He said no tractors could possibly get through those mountains."

"Of course, they can," I said. "I've never been to Buttrick Canyon, but I know in general what that region is like. I was up there in 1942 when we were building the Alaska Highway. And I know we can get through."

"That's what I tried to tell him, Mr. Botts, but he said he wouldn't dream of wasting any of his money on any such off chance—especially since the Jumbo Wheel Tractor Company has offered to do the whole job entirely at their own expense."

"Listen," I said, "those miserably built Jumbo wheel tractors could never get in there in the first place. They're no good in rough country. They could never get through the mountains."

"They don't have to get through the mountains, Mr. Botts. The Jumbo people are planning to fly their equipment in."

"If there is no airfield, how are they going to land? On a lake? On a river? Or will they use helicopters?"

"There are no lakes or rivers nearby, and I understand they can't hire enough helicopters. So they're going to take their tractors and other machines apart, drop them by parachute in small packages, and then reassemble them on the ground."

"That's going to cost a lot of money," I said. "Just why are the Jumbo people doing it at their own expense?"

"They're so crazy to get this Buttrick order that they have made all kinds of concessions. They even offered a twenty-five per cent discount. But that wasn't enough to satisfy Buttrick. He demanded a free demonstration. If Jumbo will build an airstrip at Buttrick Canyon and get it finished ahead of anybody else, he says he will give them the million-dollar order and pay for the airstrip besides."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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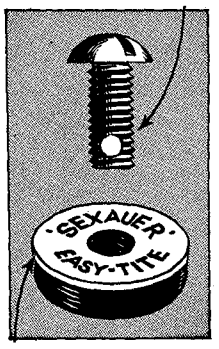

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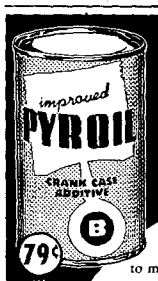

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"Did he make the same offer to you?"

"Yes. He even gave me a set of specifications for the airstrip he wants—300 feet wide and a mile long. The trees and the fluff and duff have to be cleared off and the hardpan has to be leveled. If pavement is necessary, he'll put that in himself later."

"Very generous of him," I said. "What did you tell him?"

"I told him I simply could not afford, as a dealer, to go to any such expense on the mere chance that I might get his order."

"So the deal is off?"

"Yes. I understand several other tractor companies have turned him down too. The Jumbo dealer is the only one who is going ahead. Apparently the president of the Jumbo company is financing him—which is more than the Earthworm president will do for me."

"You have taken this up with Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes. After my interview with Mr. Buttrick I sent a wire to Mr. Henderson asking if he would finance this proposition. He turned me down flat."

"He would," I said.

"However," said the dealer, "you are the sales manager of the company. You have influence with Mr. Henderson. Maybe you could persuade him to help out."

"Not a chance," I said. "In the first place, I am no longer sales manager. In the second place, I have no influence with Mr. Henderson. And, in the third place, nobody in the world could ever persuade Mr. Henderson to take any such sporting chance as this."

The dealer looked at me in amazement. "You mean to tell me that you are no longer sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company?"

"That's right. I resigned last week."

"Then what are you doing here? Why are we discussing company affairs?"

"I am now in business for myself," I said. "I am an expert adviser on tractor problems, a counselor on sales promotion and a business consultant. I shall be delighted to take over your entire campaign for this million-dollar order."

"You can have it, Mr. Botts. I have given up. I know when I am licked."

"I shall have to ask a small commission," I said. "Now that I am no longer on the Earthworm payroll, I have to earn my own way. If I am unsuccessful, you will owe me nothing; I will even pay my own expenses. If I land this million-dollar order, you will owe me a commission of one per cent. That will be ten thousand dollars."

"If you actually land this order, Mr. Botts, I will be happy to pay you a whole lot more than that."

"No," I said magnanimously, "I am not an avaricious man. All I want is the thrill of putting across an exciting deal plus enough money to cover expenses and provide sufficient funds for the next venture."

The dealer looked at me with admiration. "For anyone so generous and unselfish, Mr. Botts, you are incredibly self-confident—almost conceited. Here I have completely given up hope on this deal, but you talk as if you are certain you can put it across. What are you planning to do? Just how are you going to go about this thing?"

"Frankly, I don't know," I said. "All I can do is use the same methods I have employed in the past. I will turn this matter over and over in my mind. I will let it soak into my subconscious. I will examine all aspects of the situation. And in time I'm sure to come up with a solution."

"It sounds pretty hopeless."

"Not at all," I said. "In the course of our conversation, I have fitted together certain disjointed facts you have given me. I have related these to certain other facts I have learned in my long experience in the tractor business. And already a vague pattern has begun to emerge—the first faint glimmer of what may turn out to be the dawn of a brilliant idea. And now I would like a copy of that million-dollar order and a copy of Mr. Buttrick's airstrip specifications."

"Here you are." He handed them over.

"Thank you," I said.

My next move was a visit to the office of the Buttrick Mining Company. Here I learned that Mr. Buttrick is in Labrador, so I would have to wait until his return on Monday, May seventh.

After learning this disappointing news, I called at the establishment of the Winnipeg dealer of the Jumbo Wheel Tractor Company. Instead of going in the front door, I circled around to the rear and discovered a group of mechanics taking apart a big Jumbo wheel tractor. In a casual way I engaged one of the mechanics in conversation, and was told that this was one of a large fleet of tractors and scrapers which was to be flown piecemeal and dropped by parachute at Buttrick Canyon.

The mechanic said it was a rush job. But part of the equipment had not yet arrived from the factory. And there had been a delay in arranging for cargo planes. So the big air lift could not possibly get started until about May tenth. This was indeed good news. While Mr. Buttrick was in Labrador, I would have two weeks to prepare my sales campaign. And after his return I would have three whole days to work on him before the Jumbo people got started.

I returned to the hotel to meditate on the situation. For a few minutes I considered calling you, Henderson, by long-distance telephone and asking you to instruct our Service Department to disassemble, fly to Buttrick Canyon and drop by parachute sufficient equipment to build an airstrip ahead of the Jumbo company. If you really got busy on this I knew you could do it. But I refrained from calling you, first, because I know you dislike emergency long-distance telephone calls, and second, because I realize you are too timid and too conservative to spend the large amount of money this operation would require.

Besides, I had by this time dreamed up another more promising idea. I had remembered that an old friend of mine, Col. Angus MacNab, of the Canadian Army Engineers, lives here in Winnipeg. In the old days Angus and I were associated on the Alaska Highway, the Canol Pipe Line and other military and construction projects. More recently he has worked on airport and other construction jobs for the Aircraft Warning Service. But, wherever he is, he always seems to be in charge of a lot of heavy equipment. And he and I have often helped each other out. On various occasions I have lent him a few extra Earthworm tractors. At other times he has returned the favor. And once—believe it or not—he used one of his large helicopters to pull one of my tractors out of a mudhole. It occurred to me that good old Angus might be a real help in the present emergency.

I called on him. I explained the entire situation. And together we evolved a plan of action which is almost certain to land that million-dollar order for the Earthworm company.

This plan is so simple and yet so beautiful that I would like nothing better, Henderson, than to explain the whole thing in this letter. However the methods we are going to use involve one of the most closely guarded secrets in the entire Canadian Army. This means that I must

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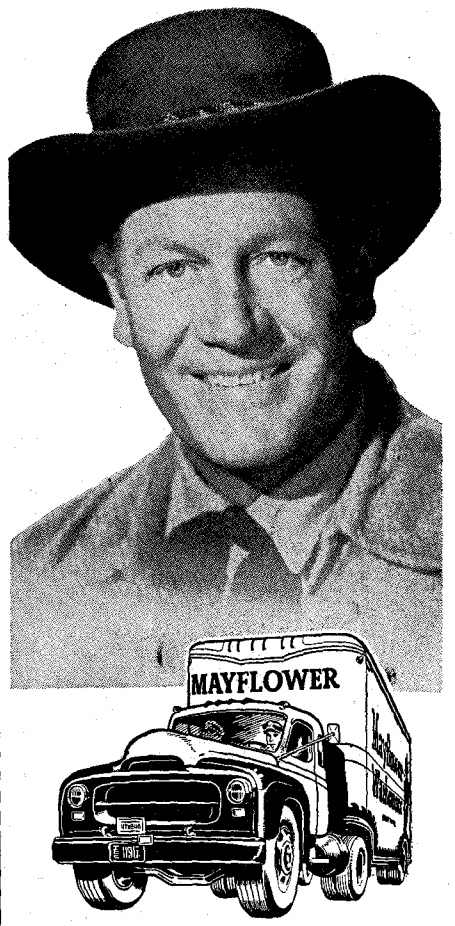

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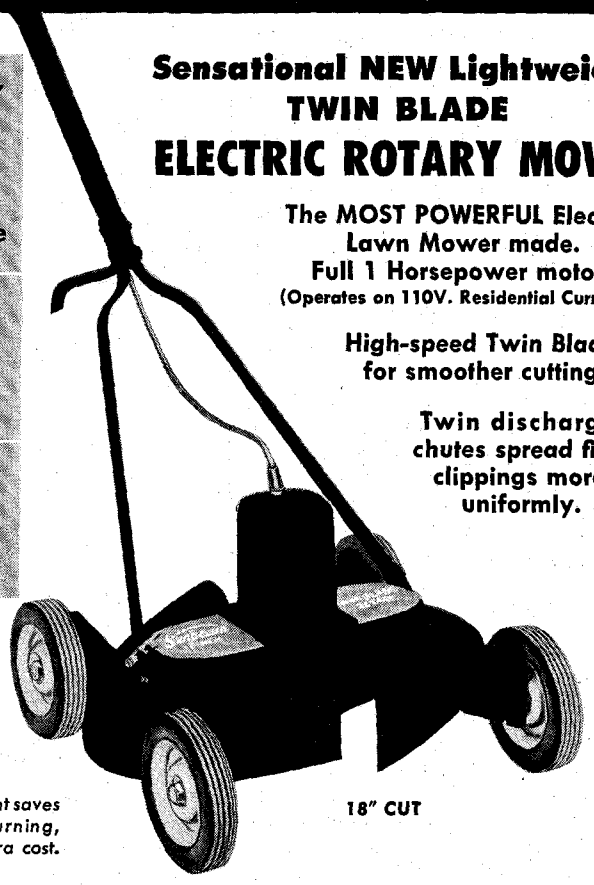

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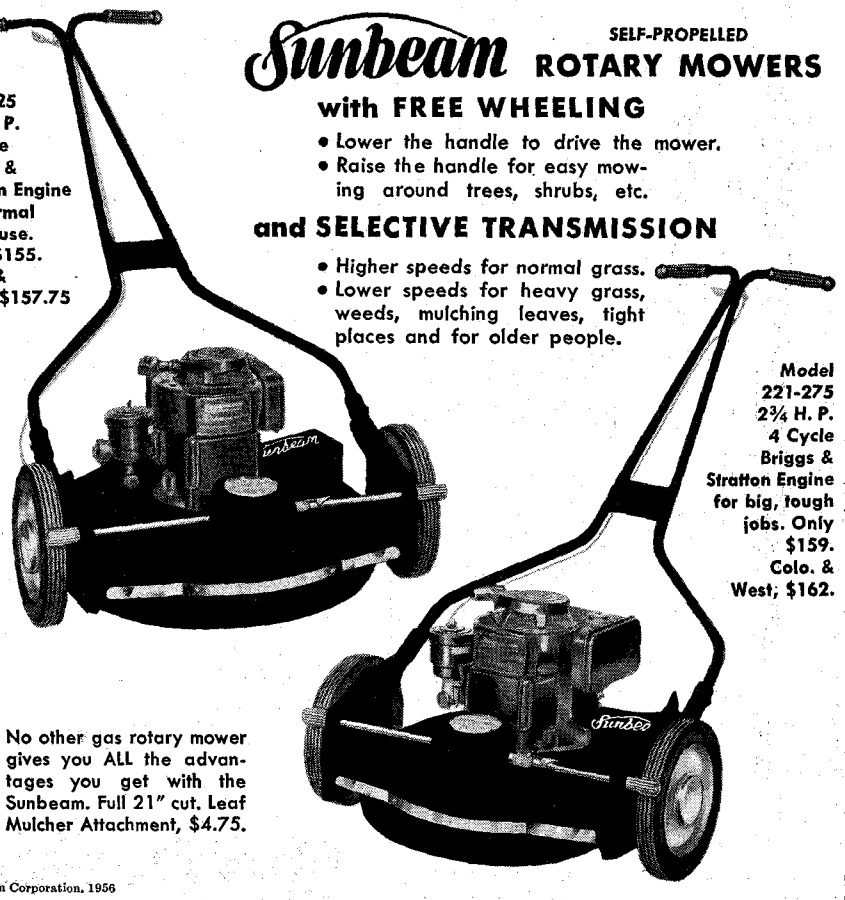

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maintain complete silence. And you, Henderson, must control your curiosity for the next two or three weeks—at the end of which time I hope to send you a sensational report of complete success.

In the meantime, I wish to remind you of your good fortune in having a sales manager who has the foresight to resign temporarily from his position. It is possible that my operations here may involve the expenditure of several thousand dollars. And, as long as I am unable to tell you exactly what I am doing, I doubt very much if these expenses would be O.K.ed by the company comptroller or by you, Henderson. Consequently, if I were still sales manager I would be in serious financial difficulties. Having resigned, however, I can get by very easily. I will make up the deficit by accepting from our dealer the $10,000 commission which I have previously mentioned, and which I naturally could not accept if I were still sales manager.

With this happy thought I will close.

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
Wednesday, April 25, 1956

Dear Botts: Your letter is here. And, for once, I agree with much that you have to say. Neither the company comptroller nor I would even consider passing an expense account from you or anybody else when it involved the outlay of thousands of dollars for activities claimed to be so secret that they could not even be described.

You are also right in assuming I would never authorize the expenditure of large sums of money to fly a lot of equipment into the wilds of Canada on the mere chance that we might thereby make a sale.

Your glib talk about military secrecy does not sound to me like a legitimate attempt to keep valuable information from an enemy power. It seems more like something you dreamed up to hide embarrassing facts. I can well believe that your friend, Col. Angus MacNab, may have succeeded in pulling a tractor out of a mudhole with a helicopter. But it would take more than Colonel MacNab and a whole fleet of helicopters—if that is what you have in mind—to fly in enough equipment to build an airstrip a mile long in any reasonable length of time. Also, it would cost more money than the six thousand you say you have on hand plus the ten thousand you expect to receive from our dealer. However, it's your misfortune and none of my own.

In closing I feel it is my duty to tell you that we cannot hold the position of sales manager open for an indeterminate length of time, as you seem to expect. We are therefore accepting your resignation.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON, President,
Earthworm Tractor Company

Winnipeg Hotel,
Winnipeg, Canada,
Monday, May 7, 1956

Dear Henderson: Your letter arrived in Winnipeg over a week ago, but I have been too busy to answer it until this evening. Now, however, I have plenty of time. My activities in the matter of Mr. Buttrick's million-dollar order have progressed to the point where I am on the very brink of complete success.

In the two weeks since my previous letter, I have been working hard with good old Angus MacNab. He has co-operated 100 per cent. And yesterday we completed all of the preliminary work for one of the most stupendous sales operations of my entire career.

This morning Mr. Buttrick got back from Labrador. This afternoon I called on him. And I am happy to report that I was able to hand him a sales talk so sensational and so effective that I will now quote it in full, so that you, Henderson, and the boys at the office may have an authentic example of how a real salesman handles a big deal. Realizing that Mr. Buttrick is a self-important stuffed shirt who is too impatient to listen to a logical and reasonable presentation, I decided to make my remarks so apparently outrageous that he would be tricked into listening and answering back. In order to make my entrance as dramatic and interesting as possible, I ignored the usual formalities. Pushing past the receptionist, I burst into Mr. Buttrick's private office completely unannounced. And I started talking at once.

I said, "You want an airstrip at Buttrick Canyon. You are in a hurry. All right, if you will give me the job, I will have the whole thing completed, according to your own specifications, in exactly three days. Think of it—only three days!"

This approach, I am happy to report, was successful. Mr. Buttrick's interest—and also his anger—was immediately aroused. He sat up straight. He glared at me. He pounded his fist on the desk.

●

A politician who claims he has nothing to say is in the same class with a woman who has nothing to wear.

ELLIS C. GALT

●

Then he started yelling, "You're crazy! You don't know what you're talking about! Who are you anyway? Who let you in?"

"Calm yourself," I said suavely. "I am not crazy. I know what I am talking about. My name is Alexander Botts. Nobody let me in, I just came. Formerly, I was sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company. At present I represent the local Earthworm dealer. He tells me you offered to buy approximately a million dollars' worth of Earthworm equipment, according to this sales order, provided we could construct an airstrip according to these specifications, ahead of anybody else." I laid the order and the specifications on his desk. "Is that correct?" I asked.

"I made the offer. But you people turned it down two weeks ago. In the meantime the Jumbo dealer is going ahead. He plans to start flying his equipment to Buttrick Canyon next Thursday. That means he can finish the airstrip this fall."

"You can forget about having to wait till fall," I said. "All you have to do is give us the word, and we can have the whole job finished by next Thursday—three days from now—before the Jumbo people even get started."

By this time Mr. Buttrick had calmed down somewhat. But he was still interested enough to argue. "As I told you before," he said, "you are crazy."

"Not at all," I said. "With old-fashioned methods it would take weeks or months to complete this job. But we are using some very special construction techniques which have been developed by the Earthworm Tractor Company in co-operation with the Canadian Army."

"And just what are these techniques?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Buttrick, I cannot tell you."

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"Why not?"

"It's a military secret."

"But the whole thing is impossible. You can't build that airstrip in three days."

"Mr. Buttrick," I said, "has it never occurred to you that we live in an age of miracles?"

"Maybe so, but ——"

"And do you not realize that many of these miracles—like the atom bomb—have been developed in secret?"

"You mean you have a fleet of secret machines of some kind that you can transport to a remote section of British Columbia and build an airstrip—all in three days?"

"The details are top secret, Mr. Buttrick. I cannot divulge any of our actual methods. However, I can suggest certain ideas which may possibly make it easier for you to believe my seemingly incredible claims. Have you ever stopped to think that an airfield is one of the first things needed by an invading army when it lands on a foreign shore?"

Mr. Buttrick looked puzzled. "I suppose so," he said.

"And how have such airfields been built in the past?"

"Mostly by bulldozers, I suppose."

"Correct. Tractors, bulldozers, scrapers—all kinds of heavy machinery have been needed. And it has been necessary to land this equipment—often with great difficulty and considerable delay—through pounding surf, on rocky shores and often many miles from the terrain suitable for a landing field."

"Probably that's true."

"Of course it's true," I said. "And, if you think it over, you will readily understand that any progressive military establishment like the Canadian Army would try to develop better and faster methods."

"Such as what?"

"Use your imagination," I said. "Earth-moving machinery does not have to be heavy. It does not have to crawl slowly along the ground. Have you never heard of rockets? Or jet propulsion?"

"Yes, Mr. Botts."

"If you want to clear away a forest, Mr. Buttrick, you don't necessarily have to chop down the trees with old-fashioned axes. You don't even have to use chain saws or push the trees out of the way with bulldozers. After all, there are such things as shaped charges and other types of modern explosives. And it is even conceivable that we might use an atomic flame thrower."

"And you mean to tell me, Mr. Botts, that you actually have on hand machines and devices such as you have been describing?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Buttrick. The methods we use are entirely different—and completely secret. I have mentioned these other things merely to broaden your outlook and to indicate to you that the field of military engineering is not limited by the conventional techniques of former years."

"Listen, Mr. Botts," he said. "I am a busy man. I have no time to listen to all this fantastic chatter. It just happens that I am going to fly in my private plane to Buttrick Canyon next Thursday. Naturally I am not planning to land. I merely want to look the place over from the air and watch the parachute operation that the Jumbo Wheel Tractor Company is planning for that day."

"By next Thursday I will have your airstrip all finished," I said. "I would suggest therefore that you notify the Jumbo people so that they may be spared the expense of this useless expedition."

"Ha!" said Mr. Buttrick. "I will do exactly that. It will be amusing to hear what they say." He put in a call, and then spoke into the telephone, "There is a character here who claims he will build an airstrip at Buttrick Canyon within the next three days. . . . He wants to save you the expense of flying your equipment up there only to find you are too late. . . . No, I don't believe it any more than you do. . . . All right, if you want to go ahead, it's O.K. with me." He hung up.

"Apparently," I said, "the Jumbo people are going to fly up there anyway."

"Yes. They think this whole thing is a cheap trick on your part to scare them into abandoning the job, so you can go up later and have the field to yourself. So, from now on, it is action, not words, that will count. My offer is still open, Mr. Botts. If you have that airstrip finished by the time I get to Buttrick Canyon next Thursday, I will pay all reasonable costs of construction. And the million-dollar order will be yours—even though you refuse to match the discount offered by Jumbo. So now, Mr. Botts, I would suggest that you turn off your foolish-sounding stream of talk and get out of here so I can attend to more important matters."

At this point I decided that I had put across my ideas so successfully that further conversation would be useless. Accordingly, I took my leave and returned to the hotel, where I have been writing this report. By the end of the week I hope to inform you that the big order is definitely in the bag for the Earthworm Tractor Company. And at that time I will be most happy to return to my regular job as sales manager of the company. I only hope you have followed my advice and refrained from hiring a new sales manager, so that you will be spared the embarrassment of getting rid of him on such short notice.

With all best wishes.

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

TELEGRAM

EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
MAY 9, 1956

ALEXANDER BOTTS
WINNIPEG HOTEL
WINNIPEG, CANADA

WE HAVE NOT YET HIRED NEW SALES MANAGER. IF YOU ACTUALLY PUT ACROSS THIS MILLION DOLLAR DEAL, YOUR OLD JOB WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU. HOWEVER, YOUR CLAIMS DO NOT MAKE SENSE. THE EARTHWORM COMPANY HAS NEVER CO-OPERATED WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY IN DEVELOPING ANY SUCH SECRET MACHINERY AS YOU INDICATE. IT IS THE UNANIMOUS OPINION OF OUR ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT THAT THERE IS NO EQUIPMENT IN EXISTENCE WHICH COULD BE MOVED INTO AN UNINHABITED WILDERNESS AND BUILD A MILE-LONG AIRSTRIP—ALL IN THREE DAYS. IT IS ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU I AM HIGHLY SKEPTICAL.

GILBERT HENDERSON

Winnipeg Hotel,
Winnipeg, Canada,
Saturday, May 12, 1956

Dear Henderson: No wonder you are skeptical. You have read my reports so carelessly that you have missed a number of important points. And you have jumped to a lot of unwarranted conclusions. If you will read over my remarks, you will see that I never said the Earthworm Tractor Company had co-operated with the Canadian Army in developing secret machinery. I merely said that the company (represented by myself, even though I have been on temporary leave) was co-operating with the Canadian Army on construction methods. And this is perfectly true. Col. Angus MacNab and I have been co-operating on secret methods, not machinery.

Furthermore, I never said I would construct a (*Continued on Page 106*)

Sunbeam Rain King

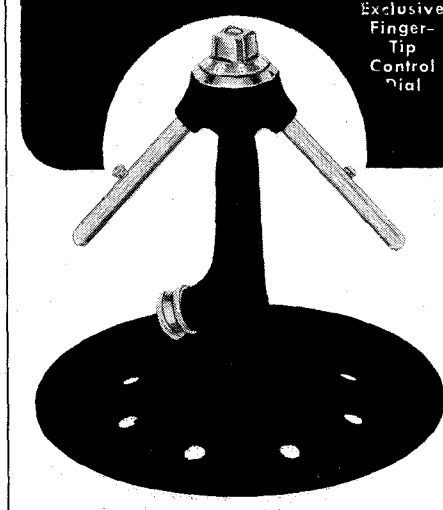
The BEST Sprinklers Made

Set Dial to Sprinkle 5 to 50 Feet Automatically

Exclusive Finger-Tip Control Dial

For NARROW parkways . . .

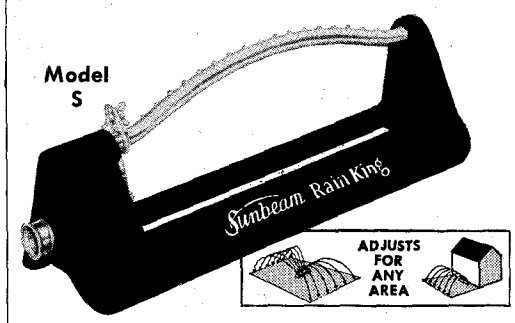
. . . or WIDE lawns



AUTOMATIC MODEL K Gives you conveniences you've always wanted in a sprinkler—desired distance and spray with a turn of the control dial. Whether set for small or large areas, the spray is always broken up by the speed of the revolving arms to give a natural rain-like shower. Delivers plenty of water for deep soil saturation to give rich, healthy lawns. Built-in, long-lasting Sunbeam quality. Model K, $9.75 (Colorado & West $9.95).

OSCILLATING SPRINKLER

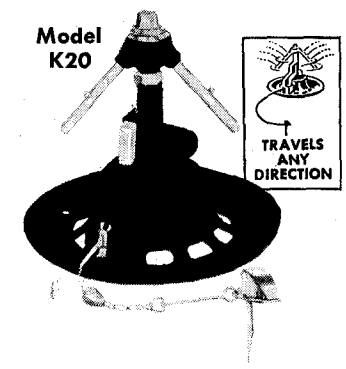
Model S



An outstanding oscillating sprinkler that covers rectangular area with natural rain-like shower. Simple easy-to-set adjustment lets you sprinkle into corners, water up to walks, walls, etc. Built-in Sunbeam quality. Stainless steel tubing will not rust out or corrode. Powerful, precision-built water driven motor unit separated from water channel, Model S, $13.95.

AUTOMATIC TRAVELING

Model K20

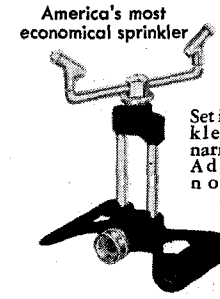


Same finger-tip control dial as the Model K *and travels, too.* Winds up stainless steel tape to pull itself across lawn. Sprinkles any course up to 125 feet—shuts off automatically. Model K20, $34.95 (Colorado and West $35.50).

PLASTIC SPRINKLER MODEL D N1-A HOSE NOZZLE

Sprinkles with a gentle rain-like spray. Perfect for "hard-to-water" areas, new lawns. Available in 25 or 40 foot lengths from $3.75.

America's most economical sprinkler

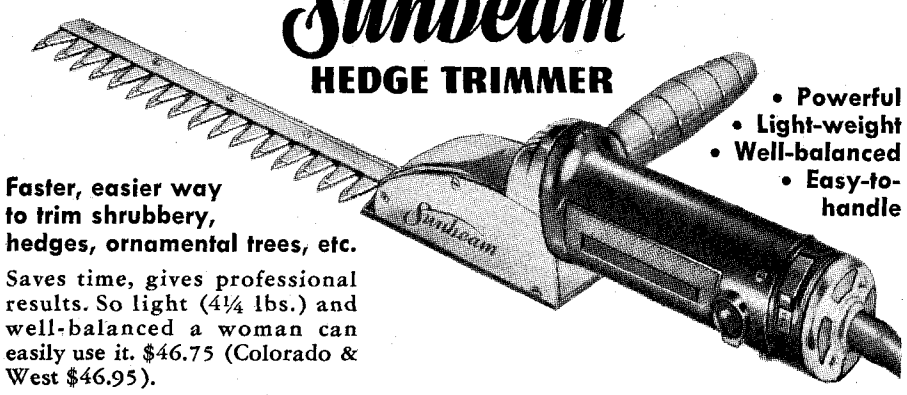


Set it to sprinkle circles, narrow strips. Adjustable nozzles, $5.95.

Solid brass, chrome-plated. Quickly adjusts for any spray. $1.50.

Leak-proof. Tarnish-proof.

Sunbeam HEDGE TRIMMER



- Powerful
- Light-weight
- Well-balanced
- Easy-to-handle

Faster, easier way to trim shrubbery, hedges, ornamental trees, etc.

Saves time, gives professional results. So light (4¼ lbs.) and well-balanced a woman can easily use it. $46.75 (Colorado & West $46.95).

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An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Prospecting is one area of the mineral industry which holds great fascination for many young men. The search for nature's hidden resources often brings a geologist or geophysical engineer unusual opportunity for travel, adventure and rugged outdoor living.

by JOHN W. VANDERWILT

President, Colorado School of Mines
(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

I'VE HEARD it said that the day of the pioneer is gone. That we Americans have turned soft. That, somewhere down the line, we've lost our old-time taste for exploration and adventure.

"There just aren't any more Davy Crocketts or Dan'l Boones left," people tell me. It isn't so, though.

At this very moment, Americans are making their way into some of the wildest, most remote corners of the world, and doing it with the same disregard for danger and discomfort that our pioneer-ancestors showed.

I know of Americans who are daring the backwaters of the Amazon; others who are scaling the Andes, cutting through the jungles of Africa, crossing the barren deserts of Asia, battling the snake-infested swamps of our own southland. And, without fear of contradiction, I can say they're relishing every minute of it.

"Never had it so bad, and never enjoyed anything so much," one of them wrote home.

These young men—as well as their colleagues in more settled mines, mills and laboratories—are trail blazing along a never-ending frontier: the mineral industry. Regardless of difficulties, they are searching out the precious minerals in the earth, extracting them and then converting them into their most useful, valuable forms.

It is a vital job they are all doing.

Our national economy is rooted, in large part, in mineral production. Take coal. Without it, much of America's industry would grind to an immediate halt. Without oil, no plane would fly, no automobile would run. Without copper, every electric generating station would shut down. Without uranium, our national defenses would be crippled. And the same sort of thing can be said of dozens of other minerals.

Recently a friend of mine remarked to me, "Our entire civilization would crumble if it weren't for minerals and the scientists and engineers who make them available to us." He was not exaggerating the situation one whit.

There are several different categories of scientists and engineers in the industry. In brief, this is what they do.

The geologist deals with the structure of the earth. In particular, he specializes in the properties, occurrence and uses of minerals and rocks.

The geological engineer covers much the same area, but he pays more attention to the practical applications of the science and less to basic research.

Next is the geophysical engineer. He seeks hidden indications of mineral wealth by means of seismic, magnetic and other new, almost magical methods.

The mining engineer is responsible for bringing the raw materials up out of the earth.

Now comes the metallurgical engineer and he has a vast scope, too. He not only works on the extraction of metals from their ores, but on the adaptation of these metals to man's purposes. He is constantly evolving new and better alloys or new uses for old alloys.

The petroleum engineer concentrates on obtaining oil and gas out of the earth.

The petroleum refining engineer takes up where the petroleum engineer leaves off. His job is to develop and improve the many thousands of products, such as gasoline, lubricants and asphalt, that can be made out of petroleum; or that utilize petroleum, such as nylon.

Last is the ceramic engineer. He focuses on nonmetallic minerals and the products that can be fabricated

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from them, such as brick, glass, enamels, electric insulators and high temperature products.

The industry in which all these professions are engaged is enormous. In the U. S. alone, the value of mineral production was, at last count, over $13,000,000,000 a year. Today, more than one-tenth of all gainfully employed Americans make their living out of minerals.

For scientists and engineers, the horizons of this industry are especially wide. They can be based here or abroad. They can go out in the field and prospect for new mineral deposits or they can work in already proven mines. They can accept posts in manufacturing plants, research laboratories and government offices. Or, if they prefer, in college classrooms.

Openings for trained men are many. I say this from personal observation.

"Did you have a tough time finding a job?" I asked one of our graduates recently.

"Gosh, no," he replied. "The toughest problem I had was choosing which job I liked best."

The fact is that there is a decided scarcity of young scientists and engineers in minerals. Throughout the entire United States, the total number of graduates in this field, last year, was under 1,500. Most students at top-flight schools are offered between three and four jobs each, upon graduation.

Naturally, you want to know what the financial outlook is for mineral men. Here is the picture.

Graduate engineers can expect a starting salary in industry of $365 to $425 a month. Inside of five years, those with average ability should be drawing $7,500 a year. Ten years after graduation their earnings should be $10,000. Only the sky is the limit for very good men. Many engineers go into top management and earn exceptionally high pay. I know several who are making $50,000 to $100,000 a year.

Teachers usually begin with about $3,600 a year and top men go up to $10,000 a year. Moreover, a school year is usually nine months and some faculty men regularly double their year's income by acting as industrial consultants during their vacations.

Always, for anybody in the mineral industry who tries, there is the possibility of striking it truly rich. A few years ago, a penniless young geologist I know went prospecting for uranium. He spotted a deposit. A big one. Today it is reported that he personally is worth several million dollars.

This past year two of our own students at the Colorado School of Mines went prospecting for uranium in their spare time after class. They made a sizable strike within twenty-five miles of the campus.

There are also rewards in minerals beyond money. It is an exciting, adventure-filled life. The work presents a ceaseless challenge. Best of all, you feel that you are helping to create new wealth, new industries, new jobs for your fellow men.

I know that sensation at firsthand. Back in 1928, I was associated with a group of U. S. Geological Survey men sent to prospect for potash deposits. The United States was then dependent upon foreign producers for most of its potash for fertilizer and other industrial uses.

We began drilling east of Carlsbad, New Mexico. Down we went 500 feet. All we found was rock of no value. Down we went to 1,000 feet. Still only worthless rock. Deeper we drilled to 1,500, 1,800, 2,000 feet below the surface of the earth.

Up came more samples of ore. This time the samples were spotted with sylvite and bitter-tasting potash chloride. We'd hit a fine deposit.

In large part, the American potash industry—producing about two million tons a year—has grown out of that one strike. It is a source of genuine satisfaction to me.

In manufacturing plants, government offices and research laboratories, highly trained scientists and engineers constantly seek new ways to utilize minerals or to improve them. Here, a metallurgist studies alloy steel samples with the aid of a metallurgical microscope.

Rewarding as the mineral industry is, you mustn't think that it is all "peaches and cream." The hours are long and the conditions can be rugged. Young mineral men may find themselves working in a dilapidated lean-to deep in the Canadian bush, or on an exposed drilling platform away out in the Gulf of Mexico, or in a cramped Quonset hut off on the burning sands of the Arabian Peninsula. Even in this country, they may have to make their home in a pup tent on some jagged wasteland 100 miles from civilization. For months on end they will have no medical facilities, no recreational outlets, no comforts of any sort. Long separations from wives and families can be the rule, not the exception.

Certainly, I would not recommend the mineral industry for a girl unless she were prepared to overcome herculean obstacles. Some women have done well in geology, and a few at the research side of mineralogy, but they are still the exceptions.

Is there any way, people sometimes ask me, to tell whether a boy is well-suited for a career as a scientist or engineer in the mineral industry?

I think there is. Answer these questions honestly and you should have a fair idea of a boy's prospects.

1. Is the boy curious about scientific matters? Does he wonder about the make-up of the earth, for instance, or the broad principles underlying atomic energy? He should. 2. Is he good at mathematics, chemistry and physics? He'll need to know them through and through. 3. Is he adept with his hands? 4. Has he an analytical, broad-visioned mind? This is a field that requires clear and creative thinking. 5. Can he make up his mind quickly? He'll have to. Men's lives may depend on it.

Just recently, a young mining engineer was walking through a passageway down in a coal mine when his nose picked up a trace of gas. He didn't stop to talk. Instantly, he ordered the mine cleared. If he hadn't, eighty-odd men would have probably been fatally gassed.

6. Is the boy in good health and does he have a robust constitution? Both are vital. 7. Does he have a sense of adventure and does he enjoy outdoor life? If he doesn't, he's going to be a fish out of water. And 8. Does he get along well with people? In this industry, a man has to be a team player.

Now we reach the question of how a boy obtains his training for the mineral industry. It's not easy. I must tell you that.

High grades—a boy should be at least in the upper half, preferably the upper third of his high school class—are essential for entrance to a good college. Furthermore, an extensive grounding in mathematics, chemistry and physics is imperative.

What college should a boy go to?

The boy thinking of geology solely as a pure (rather than as an applied) science can go to practically any college with a well-rounded scientific course. Not so the boys interested primarily in the engineering aspects of the mineral industry. They would do best to enter a college which offers specific engineering courses in mining, metallurgy, petroleum and the related professions.

The courses vary in length. Some of them run four years, others five. All of them are difficult. At least, they require serious and persistent work. Which is as it should be. Only a fully-prepared man can get ahead in the mineral industry today.

Is it expensive to secure an education?

It's not cheap. Tuition, books, board and other campus expenses should cost the average boy between $1,000 and $1,500 a year. However, this doesn't mean that a boy without that much money is barred. If he wishes, he can try for a scholarship. Most colleges give many. So do a number of industrial companies. And he can work his way through school. I did. I wish I had a dollar now for every furnace I stoked while I was at college.

Of one thing I'm sure. It's worth a struggle to get into this field. For the boy with ability and interest, who is willing to work, the future is unlimited.

Nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on the Mineral Industry is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing *and* Home Economics. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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(*Continued from Page 103*) mile-long airstrip in three days. I merely said I would have it finished in three days—which is entirely different.

Your lack of understanding, Henderson, is of course partly due to the fact that I was compelled, for reasons of military secrecy, to withhold a few of the more important facts. Now, however, my friend Angus has informed me that the situation has changed sufficiently so that I may reveal what has heretofore been top secret. I will therefore explain exactly what I have been doing, and I will do so as nearly as possible in words of one syllable, so that even you, Henderson, may be able to understand what has been going on. I want you to notice that if you had read my previous reports a little more carefully, you could have guessed at a great many of the conclusions which I was unable to explain fully.

In my first letter I reported that our dealer had casually mentioned a rumor about a radar station near Buttrick Canyon. I also told you that Col. Angus MacNab, who had formerly been in charge of Earthworm tractors and other heavy equipment on such projects as the Alaska Highway, has recently been doing some sort of work in the Aircraft Warning Service. Putting all these facts together, I decided—before I even talked to Angus—that he was probably in charge of building radar stations—including the one near Buttrick Canyon. If so, he might have some heavy equipment in the neighborhood.

I lost no time, therefore, in calling on Angus. And I was delighted to find that the situation was even better than I had hoped. Not only was Angus in charge of setting up radar stations, he had actually been working for over a month on the station near Buttrick Canyon. It seems the job is semi-secret. It is apparently impossible to conceal a radar station completely, but the government prefers to keep these installations as inconspicuous as possible. Rumors get around, but the general public knows very little about what is going on.

Angus told me that he had spent the preceding month with a fleet of twenty-four Earthworm tractors and auxiliary equipment in building a tractor trail—as narrow and as inconspicuous as possible—from the Alaska Highway to the site of the radar station. All of this equipment was still on hand only ten miles from Buttrick Canyon.

This was one of those lucky breaks which you, Henderson, like to refer to as "purely accidental" or "mere luck." However, I would like to point out that this kind of luck occurs only to people like me who go after it. Our Winnipeg dealer had heard the rumor about the radar station. He had worked with Colonel MacNab in the past on various construction projects and knew of his recent connection with the Aircraft Warning Service. But he never did anything about it. I gave you all the facts, Henderson, two weeks ago. And you never did anything. You never even thought of doing anything. But I am a man of action. And I am proud to report that I have finished up this project as brilliantly and efficiently as I started it.

It was not easy. First I had to convince Angus—by a great flood of inspirational oratory—that Mr. Buttrick's mining operations are of such vital importance to defense industry in both the United States and Canada that it was his patriotic duty to use his big fleet of tractors to build the airstrip at Buttrick Canyon.

Then I had to persuade him to do the job right away, without waiting for permission from his superior—a rather unreasonable general who was taking a trip somewhere in the South Pacific.

"You can do the job first," I said, "and ask permission afterward. You don't have to tell him about this yourself. And you can keep the news from leaking out and reaching him indirectly by declaring the whole operation top secret—which will be entirely in accordance with established military tradition."

"How so?"

"Military secrecy," I said, "is sometimes used to conceal vital facts from the enemy. But it is employed even more often to hide embarrassing facts from superior officers, from investigating committees and even from the general public."

Angus hesitated. But finally he agreed to go ahead—keeping the whole operation secret. So you were completely right, Henderson, when you suggested in your recent letter that my talk about military secrecy was something I dreamed up to protect Angus and myself.

Building the airstrip was fairly easy. Angus sent out advance orders by radio, and we both arrived on the scene the following day, after a rush trip by plane and jeep. With all that machinery available, the construction work was pure routine. We scraped off the scrubby growth of spruce, jack pine and aspen, including the fluff and duff around the roots. Then we smoothed up the hardpan so that we had a reasonably good landing field of the kind called for in Mr. Buttrick's specifications.

The whole job was finished in about ten days. When I got back to Winnipeg, however, I had the problem of persuading Mr. Buttrick, who had just returned from Labrador, to reinstate the offer which our dealer had turned down. Mr. Buttrick was already much impressed by the Jumbo offer to sell him what they claim is a million dollars' worth of machinery for only $750,000. My only chance to argue him into spending a full million for Earthworm was to promise him a hurry-up job on his airstrip. But I could not tell him the airstrip was already finished. Even you, Henderson, will admit that I could not successfully bargain with a tough customer by offering him something he already had. Furthermore, I could not tell him how the job was done; that was a military secret.

That is why I had to give him the highly imaginative sales talk which I quoted in my previous letter. Fortunately, I was able to get him to renew his offer. And this afternoon, when he returned from a hasty inspection trip to Buttrick Canyon, I think he actually believed I had done the whole job in three days. Anyway, he signed the million-dollar order. He paid the airstrip construction costs—which I am turning over to Angus. And he notified the unfortunate Jumbo people that they were out in the cold. If he finds out later that we did the job ahead of time, it will do no harm.

Just before I started to write this report, my friend Angus telephoned that his commanding officer had returned in such an unexpectedly affable mood that he had taken a big chance and told him the entire story of our little project in British Columbia. The general promptly gave his ex-post-facto approval, so the job is no longer top secret and I am free to tell you all about it.

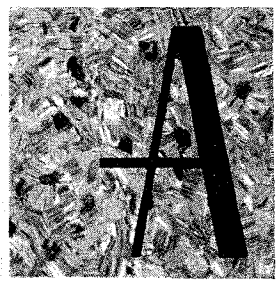
Our dealer has enthusiastically paid me the ten thousand dollars' commission, so I am accepting your offer and returning to my old job as sales manager—this time with a very satisfactory little nest egg to use in case I should decide at some future time that I can best further the interests of the company by re-resigning.

Cordially yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

THE END

Entrance in the grand manner: to your own beautiful home, a superb shop or the office of tomorrow!



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Koroseal Tile • Rubber Tile • Asphalt Tile • Rubber Cove Base

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Please send me, without obligation, folder showing all the colors of "Agatine".

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The Wonderful World of Fisherman's Wharf

(Continued from Page 41)

There are many tales the crabbies don't tell tourists—of weird sea creatures in the traps, gourmet feasts on lonely beaches, and acts of piracy when fogs close over the reefs. For every brave adventure there's a practical need, and that's the real story behind Fisherman's Wharf.

It was built seventy-one years ago, by the state, and not as a tourist attraction. It was to be a utilitarian receiving dock for bay and ocean harvests. Its fishermen were Greek, Chinese, Scandinavians, Portuguese—when vineyards failed in the Azores—and now they're mostly Italians, the *paisanos*. The harvests were prolific—crabs and salmon, halibut, cod, albacore, flounder, sturgeon, shrimp, sole, smelt, herring, anchovies, even shark livers before there were synthetic vitamins. Lately, wharf restaurants have added lobster and swordfish flown in from Mexico and, to meet growing tourist demands, more and more crabs, frozen, from the north. It's a constantly changing market and for the fishermen a feast or famine.

In November, when the crab season starts, some 300 boats are planting traps off San Francisco. A man with 110 traps out then, may take 3000 crabs in a day. With February, the season ends for most. In March only fifty boats may be out, for "*Marzo e paso*"—crazy. Then comes April, when the crabs are molting and mating.

It was dawn of a blustering day when I went to sea with Rosario Giacalone, a stout, sun-bronzed man in his sixties. He had a trap line out in the deep waters northwest of the Gate. With us came Tony Scafani, wiry, white-haired and articulate. He wanted to see if whales were about; when they cavort, the bait fish fly and salmon school around. Then the *paisanos* draw near to flirt their lures in a reckless game of play and work. Tony's own boat, back at the wharf, was already rerigged for salmon. The three of us crowded onto Rosario's sturdy little San Antonio.

We chugged out from the sleeping wharf as Alcatraz light flung a last weary beam over the dark bay, and headed down to the Gate, San Antonio churning a gay, guggling wake under her squat, square stern. She nodded her high, sharp bow to the ones still at berth, a sturdy craft, thirty-six feet long and low to the water, with a yellow-coated fisherman painted on her cabin and a Madonna by the compass. In two steps Rosario can reach his radio, anchor, diesel engine, trap-pulling winch or either of two helms. Going out, he steered from the tiny after deck, where he could keep an eye on traffic. He squinted at the wall of woolly fog over the Gate and nodded happily. Inside the bay it would be clear and cold. "Outside lots-a fog," he said. "A little-a wind, and after a while the sun shines."

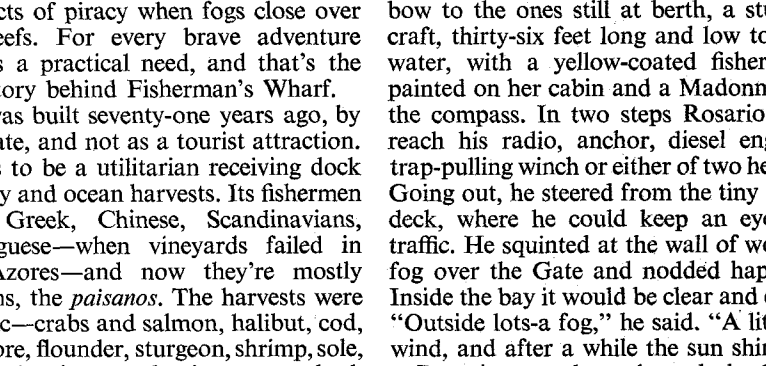
Rosario groped out through the Gate, feeling churlish waters under his keel, carefully skirted the Potato Patch, whose rough rip-tide acres can swallow small boats, and rounded the corner to the open ocean. San Antonio rolled happily then, like a stout lady in a square dance. We turned north, just off the headlands, with Rosario sniffing the fog like an old sea hound on a trail.

"Smell whales?" Tony asked hopefully.

Rosario grunted. "Smell 'em last-a time. All on-a top playin' rings around Rosie. You know?" He puffed his cheeks to imitate frolicking leviathans. "Dive under my San Anton', mouths open!" He snorted at my question. "How do I know what kind? I don't-a fish for whales!"

We cruised for an hour parallel to the cliffs, careening over the seas, hearing the boom of surf, tasting spray occasionally as a larger wave hissed by. Rosario had his ear cocked to the party boats hailing their friends by radio as they groped to sea with sports fishermen. If the fog held, they'd be calling crabbies to guide them home. Tony said it was the kind of morning you might catch "pirates." He tilted his white cap belligerently as he spoke of it.

"You've got a hundred traps down," he said, "scattered in two rows across a

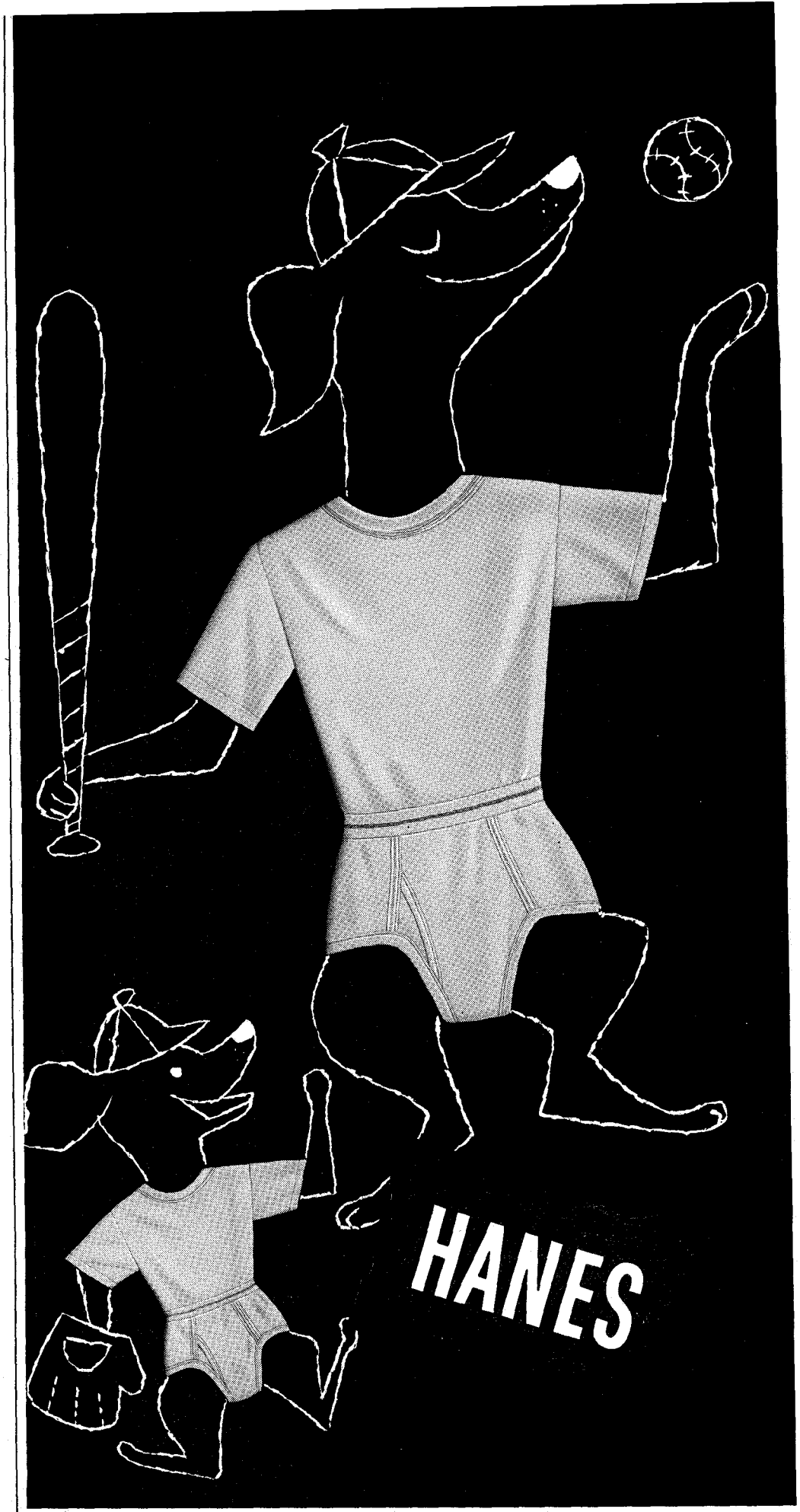


What's Going On Here?

One fine day during the present century, the United States Government sends as its official emissary to the Vatican a public figure later to become a candidate for the presidency of the United States. The instructions state that the mission is not "in any sense or degree diplomatic in its nature." Yet it involves a delicate settlement of an international transaction over land which U.S. agents appraised at half the valuation set by appraisers for the Vatican. Who was the emissary, and did the mission succeed?

Olney Rhode

(*Answer on Page 108*)



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couple miles of ocean. Yesterday you took forty dozen. You baited as usual, put the traps down and went home. Today they should be full. The first one's empty. You see at a glance it's been tooled with—every fisherman locks his trap doors in a certain way. Twenty traps have been looted. You're getting mad. This pirate's making wages off you.

"The day after is foggy again, like today. No one can see. You get to the trap line early. You could yell for the Coast Guard, but you're real mad. You call on the radio you're going home—engine trouble." Tony grinned. "The pirate hears you. He can't see. He moves in. Suddenly the fog lifts ——"

The *paisanos* fish close together. Suddenly there's a searing outburst of Sicilian. The others come swiftly. It isn't an error, for every man's balsa-wood floats are distinctively painted, to be seen even in fog. This man will pay for every crab taken. And when he reaches shore, the friendly faces of the wharf will be turned from him. He has stolen another's livelihood.

Our mists were beginning to lift their skirts. A towboat waddled by with a scow close abeam. The coastal mountains emerged in a low dark line that dipped behind the marching ground swells. The ocean opened blue and clear to the horizon. A flight of sea birds streaked past like a black-dotted arrow. Tony scuttled up on the bow to look for whales. Far astern, a Navy warship which had slipped by us closed on the Gate. Party-boat chatter came loud: "Too many jellyfish at the lightship. . . . No luck on sardines. . . . Gonna try Duxbury Reef. . . ." Rosario snapped off the radio. "Talk all-a time. Drive you crazy." He was rolling the sleeves up his brawny arms.

Bright red floats, spaced maybe 200 feet apart, came swimming in a line. We eased up to the first one, careful to keep San Antonio's screw out of the rope; Rosario idled the engine and reached for a boathook. He got the line in his free hand, guided it into a sheave spinning at his feet, and gave the engine a nudge. San Antonio snubbed back like a cow pony as the trap came slowly, angling up from the deeps like a bright, swimming basket trailing a streamer of kelp. Red crabs swarmed over the wire walls, clutching and falling back.

Tony muttered, "All small."

He helped swing the bulky trap aboard. It was shaped like a hatbox, fifteen inches high and three feet wide, with walls of reinforced-wire screening. A red-stained bottle, like a mayonnaise jar with many perforations, held the bait, a dead squid. Rosario undid the rubber latches and thrust his hand in among the milling legs. The crabs with rounded flaps in their belly armor were females, and he dropped them over the side. Only males larger than seven inches across the red, purplish-tinged backs may be taken. At this time of year, when they're mating, the love-struck females cling to them like leeches, disregarding the fact a fisherman may be fined $500 for each one aboard. "Like all-a females," Rosario grunted. "Cause-a trouble when you don't watch 'em." He painstakingly pulled the couples apart, dropping the males into a box at his feet, where they arched petulantly on dark, hairy legs, grinding their saw-toothed pinchers. He stuffed a fresh squid into the jar, oblivious of its cold, accusing eye, and swung the trap out over the side. "Maybe tomorrow?" He shrugged.

We worked out along the line, keeping a few at each stop, until there were three dozen. Maybe eighteen dollars' worth. Rosario leaned on the little deckhouse, squinting into the sun, balancing, looking for whales.

"Don't raise th' *bambinos* to expect too much," he said. "My papa was poor, and so'm I. My sons?" He shrugged again. He has three boys, one in the service and two at home—and all likely to be fishermen one day too. "Can't all play-a baseball," he said.

We swung to the south where a *paisano* in a white, ducktailed boat disgustedly flipped crabs over the side. Then he was busy disentangling a small octopus. He held it up, grinning, for us to see.

Tony whooped, "Italo's family feasts tonight! You never know what's in the traps."

Some of these waters are thick with octopuses. The versatile traps take them, along with crabs, sand dab, sole, cod, young salmon, and even grimmer trove. After storms there are bottles, bones and shoes—"everything but people." Sometimes there are eerie, goggle-faced sea creatures no crabbie can name. He doesn't bring them ashore for identification, but dumps them back hastily. A few spots are infested with tiny creatures which suck the bait bottles clean. Tony said a man has to know where to plant his traps. He may prospect over many miles at the beginning of the season, trying here and there. "We keep shifting until we connect. The drag boats tell us where they're getting crabs in the nets with bottom fish. We try to go back where we left crabs last year."

Unfortunately, in recent years, few crabs have been left. In 1952 some 13,000,000 pounds of crabs were landed at Northern California ports; the landings since have fallen off each year, and the tourist-hungry state is gravely concerned. There is talk of depletion, perhaps an end to the colorful industry. Last spring the legislature summarily cut the crabbing season by two months, ending it May thirty-first, and sent a research vessel to study *Cancer magister*. Little was known scientifically of the market crab, although it is one of the largest and most important edible crustaceans on the Pacific Coast. It breeds from the Aleutians to Santa Barbara and forages in hordes along the narrow, rocky continental shelf, jabbing sawtoothed pinchers into any bait that meets its eye. The female carries her eggs under the belly flap—a delicacy to hungry crabbies when wardens aren't watching—and the male grows to a width of nine inches, shedding its shell annually to grow a bigger one. The *cancer* in its name simply designates "hard shell."

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 107)

William Howard Taft, civil governor of the Philippines after their capture in the Spanish-American War, went to the Vatican in 1902 to negotiate payment by the United States for 400,000 acres of Philippine farm lands formerly held by Spanish friars. U.S. appraisers valued the land at approximately $5,000,000. Appraisers for the Vatican put the figure at $10,700,000. After more than a year, during which time Taft had several audiences with the Pope, Taft and Vatican negotiators agreed upon a figure of $7,543,000, and 50,000 landless natives were set up on the acreage as landowners. Taft became U.S. President in 1909.

These facts, minus fancy trimmings, already were known by the crabbies. A research boat was foolishness, they growled, and cutting the season was senseless. By the state's own figures, 83 per cent of San Francisco crabs are landed by the end of February, before "*tempo e male*." If there was overfishing, as suggested, the big boats from the north were doing it, staying out days at a time and dredging up the whole year's hatch to freeze for market. The crabbies protested that their little wharf boats, out and back each day, couldn't carry depletion loads, although they didn't deny crabs were getting scarce. Hunting them last season, the local boats worked thirty miles offshore in 270 feet of water—the deepest they'd ever gone.

It was dangerous and costly. A man starting the season with 100 new traps might gross $4000, but after buying new traps and Manila line, paying for licenses, fuel and annual dry-docking, and feeding his family, he had nothing left. At best, he might net $2000 from crabs, and must fish salmon to keep food on the table. He can't afford insurance, and he couldn't replace his boat at today's prices for less than $10,000. If he travels farther he needs elaborate navigational devices, which the older *paisanos* distrust. "Radio compass?" they growl. "It can be wrong."

Age takes its toll of men beyond their prime, and death too often is a silent partner on the little boats. Heaving awkward traps into plunging boats causes heart attacks and drownings. Invariably there is the one little boat that strays too far.

They recall the January day when Tony Scafani crossed the bar on calm seas in a twenty-six-footer and started south. Two hours later he was in a full gale and couldn't get back. The Coast Guard couldn't locate his cockleshell in the welter of angry water, and for four days and nights, pumping and praying continuously, he rode the mountainous waves. At last, exhausted, he beat his way around Point Lobos and up to the Gate, where the fleet was assembling to search for him. He was lucky. In forty-five years of fishing, he's seen tragedy come to almost every crabbie family. Five of his own kin have perished at sea.

But always there's the need to go back. Once Tony made a forty-mile round trip to his trap line in a fog that tied up even radar-rigged battleships. He needed the money. The wharf was completely blotted out when he left, so he counted twenty minutes to get down to the Gate, cruised straight to sea for an hour and cut his engine to listen. Ahead in the murk he heard the foghorn on the lightship. He knew where he was then—fourteen miles offshore in the shipping lanes. Cutting behind the lightship, he ran twenty minutes to the northwest and intercepted his trap line. He collected his crabs, backtracked to the lightship and groped his way, by ear, through the symphony of foghorns at the Gate. Ten minutes after he docked and sold his catch to the wholesaler for a day's wages, the sun came out and the world was bright.

Forced now to work farther offshore, the fishermen spend longer hours at the docks of an evening, discussing, pondering, cursing problems on top of problems. Weatherwise as gulls, they usually sense storms in the

(*Continued on Page 112*)

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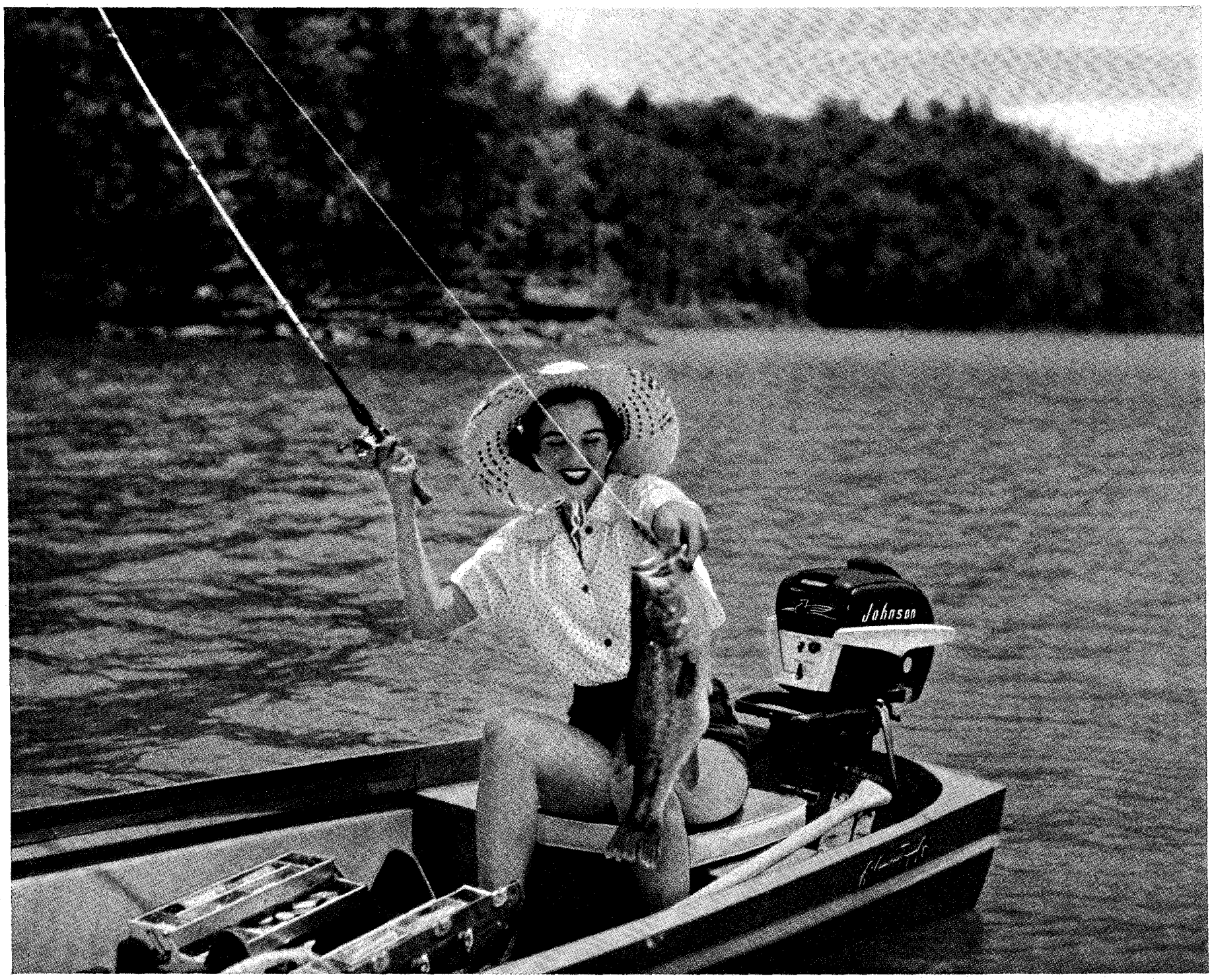

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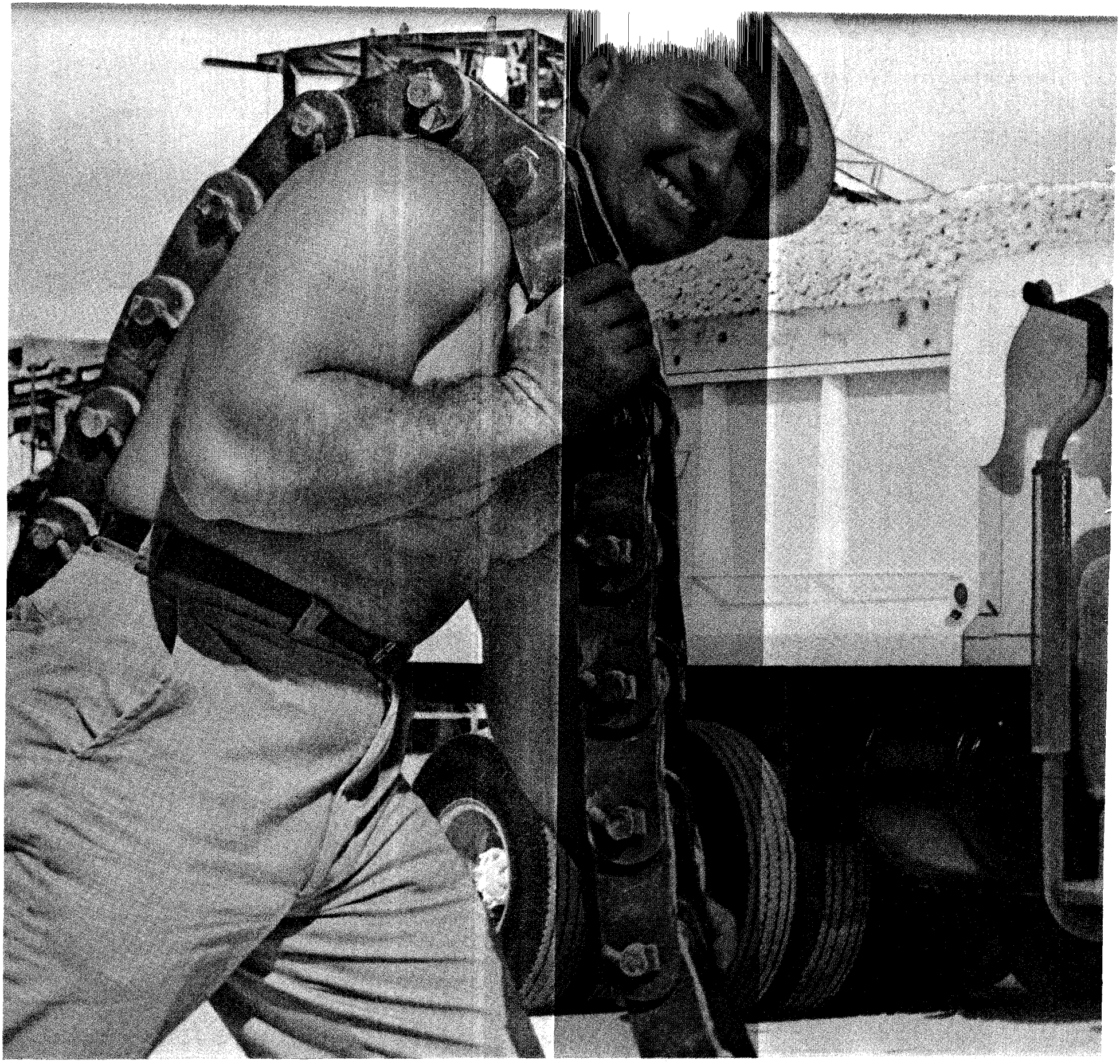

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(*Continued from Page 108*) making and run for shelter, if it isn't too far. They duck into coves along the coast, tie together and ride it out. Sometimes the storms pursue and drive all boats aground. But they're tough and the doughty crabbies work in teams to refloat them and get all men ready to fish. When they can work close to shore, they've really few fears and the tie-togethers are fortissimo occasions of lilting accordions and good red wine. They pool their money, buy groceries from the nearest village and prepare huge feasts on the beach, each man contributing his specialty. Their favorite *pièce de résistance*—oddly—is barbecued beef.

These, by the way, are the little joys that tug at a crabbie when he thinks of quitting the hard life. Tony operated a fish-'n'-chips counter on the wharf one winter, made good money, and was utterly miserable whenever the foghorns called. Like Rosario, who worked in the shipyards for a time during the war, he came back gladly to the hard, wet life of crabbing.

Tony has fished since the days of open-cockpit, sixteen-foot, lateen-sail boats. His father died when he was seven and he quit school to work with Mike Geraldi, later president of the Crab Boat Owners Association and a great man on the wharf. In those days they worked the tides—out on the ebb if the wind was fair, and back on the flood. If caught out at night, the fisherman tucked his head under his arm and slept like a nomadic gull. Tony had his own boat at seventeen, fishing crab and salmon locally, and albacore down the coast to South America. He went to Alaska to fish for the canneries, too, sometimes adding $1500 to his crab income.

"Up there," he says proudly, "they're glad to get *paisanos*. We don't get drunk and raise hell all the time, like some others, because we've *bambinos* to feed at home."

His three girls are married now. Tony wishes they could have gone to college. But there wasn't money for that after buying the boat and the white stucco house overlooking the Gate and the wharf.

Some crabbies admittedly have done better. His mentor, old Mike Geraldi, started a little café after years on the crabbing banks. Fisherman's Grotto Number 9 prospered during the meat-scarce war years, and when Mike died he left a flourishing restaurant to his four sons. None of them will have to pull traps, but they haven't forgotten their father's hard struggle. A crabbie's family in distress can find food and work at the Grotto. A weary crabbie trailing home too late to catch the wholesalers can sell his catch at the Grotto, usually for a few cents more than the market price.

Young Nino Geraldi, the manager, has a sentimental admiration for the colorful fishermen, and particularly old Maniscalco, whom they call "Crab King."

"Every day," Nino told me, "someone calls up, very excited, and says, 'There's a little white boat in the surf by the Cliff House!' 'It's only Maniscalco,' I tell them. 'Is he crazy?' they ask. 'No,' I say. 'Just Maniscalco.'"

For fifty-odd years the old man has worked the thundering shoals inside the ocean breakers, an area most fishermen shun. Maniscalco has prospered there. Once his good friend, Giannini, invested his earnings in the Bank of America for him, and they say he had almost half a million dollars. It didn't change Maniscalco. He kept working, always by himself, always in the breakers with his old-style ring nets, and when crabs were done each year he put out lines for cod. When the market crash swallowed his fortune, he spent a quiet hour at Saint Peter and Paul's, and then went back to his boat. Records of the old Crab Boat Owners show that during depression years his catch equaled any five men's.

The Brain, as they speak of him, knows every rip tide off the Gate, and just when a wave will break. But he's had boats washed out from under him, and there's never been time, with all the *bambinos*, to learn how to swim. In his seventies, he sails in all weather, always in high rubber boots and oilskin apron. Fishing the surf as he does, he has saved the lives of a dozen bathers swept out by the undertow. "A great man," Tony observed, "but not one to sail with."

We had completed a plodding circle as we talked, with no whales, and Rosario was heading back toward the Gate. He glanced over the sea and checked the radio to be sure the party boats were safe. Passing Mile Rock with the current fair, he peered curiously at the sight-seers on the Gate Bridge. To them, probably, we were only a white splash on the sea. A long gray freighter sluiced past, throwing spray, and a tanker bored out with a bone in her teeth. Rosario patiently steered to the side while Tony looked back one more time. He saw them then—one, two, five great dark leviathans humping out of the sea astern. The bait fish were flying.

"She's gonna be all right!" he whooped. "Fisherman's luck!"

Rosario studied the whales while a finger of foam coursed down his brown cheek. "I'm-a poor man," he told me cheerfully, squinting at the three dozen crabs in the box. "But I don't owe a dime—not fifteen cents—and I sleep-a sound and work the way I like. That's good-a 'nough for a man. You know?"

That's the way it is in the little world behind Fisherman's Wharf. THE END

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All-American Automobile (Continued from Page 35)

but its modern front is strictly passenger car. The only unmixed facts about it are its great success and its name. Manufacturers have firmly and officially designated it a squire, suburban, nomad, cross country, conestoga and many other things. But they invariably speak of it as a station wagon.

As it is made today the station wagon is roughly two thirds a standard car of its particular line, identical with its companion sedans as far back as the middle-door pillar. From there on back the roof continues relatively straight instead of dropping down to provide a low cover for a luggage-and-spare-tire compartment. It is common, also, for the wagon to be more heavily sprung in the rear. An extra spring leaf or two may be added, or heavier coils, or, as in one case, helper springs. The tires frequently have more plies or are of different size.

The station wagon is a logical automobile. On the same frame as a coupé, for example, it carries more than just a cupola on its foundation, but roofs over the entire serviceable riding area. The surprising fact is that this total space was not used in all cars from the very beginning. For, in the eyes of a space engineer, pulling a roof down to make a low cover for a trunk space is like throwing away a potential room in a house.

Failure to enclose that space above the trunk occurred, of course, for aesthetic reasons. A coupé has always had racier lines than sedan or wagon or truck. But the stylists have modified the former boxiness of station wagons and they have, moreover, provided passenger-car comfort in interiors. Hence the same vehicle which totes ladders and boxes and groceries during the week is now acceptable at the country-club dance on Saturdays and at church on Sundays. This quality, and the demand that has arisen for it, has produced a lively churning in what manufacturers call the "product mix," or the percentages of each body type to be offered. A fast-moving example of change in the product mix is the rising position of the hardtop. But the hardtop—a sedan with the center post missing—is purely a style shift. The station wagon, on the other hand, is a different automobile with different functions. And it is chewing rapidly into the percentages of other body types. The business coupé has been mortally hurt, the club coupé deeply affected. Both two-door and four-door sedans have been nipped and only the convertible retains a comparatively steady position, though station wagons passed convertibles for the first time in 1951, and are now four times as popular.

In the old days of the station wagon the aura of social status and two-car ownership was symbolized by wood. The bark of the wagon was paneled wood, usually ash, glittering with varnish. It was hard for the industry to relinquish that symbol since no one was quite sure how much prestige still clung to wood as hallmark. Even today a few models will carry metal panels simulating wood, but in general the separation has been licked and made, leaving only the question of whether the wagon as a wagon will carries enough of the ritzy hang-over influence buyers. It does, a little. Automobile people still hear buyers admit they have chosen wagons "so people will think I own two cars."

But the strong nationwide demand for wagons certainly does not rest with the red nose and the two-car pretense. One big-company analyst earnestly believes that strong merchandising is the chief cause of the wagon boom. Stylists generally claim that their transformations have widened the market. Dealers believe their customers forced it. They cite the relative ease of selling wagons compared with other models and the fact that the wagon of 1952 or later is immensely stronger in the used markets than it used to be.

It is more likely that the changing ways of American life itself are inexorably pushing the station wagon into prominence. As families in huge numbers exchange city apartments for suburban homes they face new sets of transportation needs. There are more miles to be covered in simple daily routines. A second car often becomes imperative, and it is significant that recently one of every four station wagons has been purchased without trade-in, suggesting families promoting themselves to two cars for the first time. Suburban shopping is not a matter of stepping around the corner to a handy city store. It becomes an expedition to a big market center, often only once a week, for big purchases that make big bundles. A wagon handles this job well. Car pools for commuters and for children on the way to school or bus stop call for capacious cars. Wagons are capacious.

Television may be killing the movies, but why do they have to show the dead ones to prove it?

MAURICE SEITTER

Behind suburban living itself is the expanded leisure time now possessed by all Americans. The uses to which we put that leisure, almost without exception, cry for a transportation vehicle that can double as pleasure car and work horse. Our new leisure has bred a generation of do-it-yourself home workmen who must haul large rectangles and long sticks of lumber. The leisure gardener must transport bales of peat moss and bundles of shrubs. The hunter or camper wants to carry a tent and sporting and cooking gear, the fisherman or boatman an outboard motor and sometimes a collapsible boat. A large segment of noncamping tourists has compromised with the outdoors to the extent of a portable grill. They use the wagon to carry the cooker and the tail gate as a dinner table. Horse-show patrons have long made a cocktail bar out of a wagon tail gate, an increasing number of skiers now stow skis in wagons, and amateur artists use them as mobile ateliers. The modern increase in secondary dwellings, weekend places at shore or lake or mountain, requires transport of passengers, supplies and seasonal furniture. This helps sell wagons to city residents—thus far only about half of the wagon buyers are suburbanites.

Undoubtedly forces like these have been powerful in elevating the station wagon to its new status—three quarters of a million last year. Certainly there is something new in the wagon scene, because the vehicle as a type is about as old as the automobile and has never before ranked as other than a minor car. However, suburban living, leisure and children do not provide the whole answer. The introduction of all-metal bodies was basically important. In fact, if station-wagon bodies were still made of wood, it is certain the boom would be smaller, perhaps nonexistent. But once the wagon became just as weather-resistant as any other car, all other pressures for a versatile body type were given a chance to express themselves. This change from wood to steel, at least for the big three manufacturers, may be milestoned at 1949, and some of the credit for it should go to an African big-game hunter.

There have been production-model station wagons since 1923—wooden-bodied, of course—and both before and after that a good many separate bodies were sold for mounting on independently purchased chassis. Steel bodies were tried out on truck chassis by more than one company, and right after the war Willys wrapped its Jeep in a steel wagonlike body. But it is probable that the real trigger of the movement was the Plymouth Suburban of 1949, marketed in steel because the then president of Chrysler Corporation, K. T. Keller, remembered some pictures a friend had brought back from an African safari. The snapshots showed a vehicle which safari guides had devised to carry passengers in pleasure-car comfort along with an imposing quantity of camp and hunting gear.

Thus, in 1946, when Keller was shown drawings for a special chassis designed to improve the appearance of the 1949 Plymouth business coupé, he was reminded of the African cars. He promptly stepped to a blackboard and sketched thereon a car much like the safari wagons, which could be built, along with the business coupés, on the proposed special chassis. He requested that the body be of steel. Later he said, "It was the first and last car that I ever designed."

The steel-bodied Suburban was duly included in the 1949 Plymouth lines, although Plymouth was cautious enough to limit its production and to produce it in only one color, pale blue. It was a surprising success, and under other circumstances it would have given Chrysler Corporation a lead in station wagons which might have been retained. But there was one difficulty, which is explainable only in terms of what makes success in automobile manufacturing. A large ingredient in that success is multiplication. Produce one basic frame and on it build several different lines of automobiles. Or produce three basic chassis and get five different brands of cars, each of which can be dressed up into a series of price ranges and facial differences.

The 1949 Plymouth Suburban, unhappily, was on a special chassis. Aside from the business coupé, all other Plymouths were on a different frame and chassis. It was imperative in mass manufacture that every Plymouth use the same basic chassis, and accordingly the Suburban had to be changed. But by the time the change was made, Ford had jumped in with all-steel wagons mounted on the same chassis as all other Ford passenger cars. This is the pattern every manufacturer had to follow, if for no other reason than to bring wagon prices down from sizable premiums to within a reasonable comparison with other models. Ford was well repaid for its speed and decision. In 1952 and 1953 the company had a third of all wagon business and in 1954 had about half of it. Today Ford gets seven separate wagon lines from one basic wagon model whose foundation, in turn, is simply a passenger-car foundation.

Once the station wagon possessed its new qualifications for wide popularity—steel bodies, reduced price differential and better styling—it was ready to make its climb. And American living habits, which were calling for a dual-purpose car, were ready to help it along. In 1953 production of wagons for the industry was in the ratio of one in twenty. In 1954 it was one

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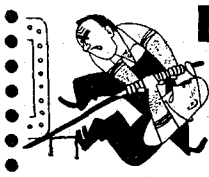

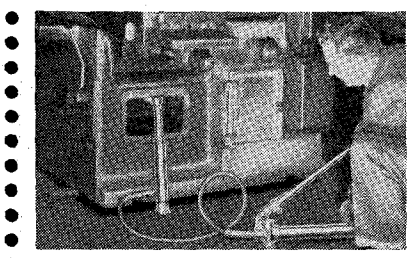

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in sixteen, in 1955 one in ten. This year should see at least one wagon in every eight cars produced.

Although the Ford Motor Company's volume in wagons continued to increase through 1955, quite naturally its percentage of the industry's total was cut down as Chevrolet and Plymouth swung heavily into the wagon field. In the first two months of 1956 all cars in the low-priced field were recording more than 10 per cent of their production in station wagons, and for the most part projecting ensuing months at equal or higher rates. The American Motors Rambler, which was born a station wagon, is being produced as 50 per cent of total company production. Ford is right at 20 per cent, Plymouth at 14 and Chevrolet at 18.

The station-wagon boom through the 1955-model year has been very heavily a development of the low-priced field—more than three quarters of all sales. But in the higher brackets this low-priced success has been not only noticed but envied. And in Detroit envy quickly turns to emulation. Thus Dodge and Pontiac are already across the 10 per cent mark, Buick is approximately at that figure, Mercury is building a plant exclusively for wagon production, and in its 1957 lines this fall Oldsmobile will introduce the first wagon in its modern history. Moreover, the wagon has penetrated the advance-style shows in which experimental and idea cars appear. General Motors Truck has already shown a low-slung truck wagon, L' Universelle, and later this year will put it into production as a sportsman's station wagon with parlor seating for nine people.

Chrysler has built one idea wagon which has an electrically operated tail gate that turns into a form of staircase leading up to a rear observation seat which faces backward. This model, the Plainsman, also has a railed luggage deck on the front of the roof, reversing the customary design, and hides a spare tire under a rear fender. The traditional split tail-gate opening which has always been in the form of upper and lower jaws has now been tampered with. American Motors, by ingeniously combining a lock and window crank, permits the upper window of the rear closure to descend into the lower section, which is then lowered as a regular tail gate. Chrysler also has one series with this twist and an ambulance wagon in which the rear closure is one big, rather startling, side-hinged door.

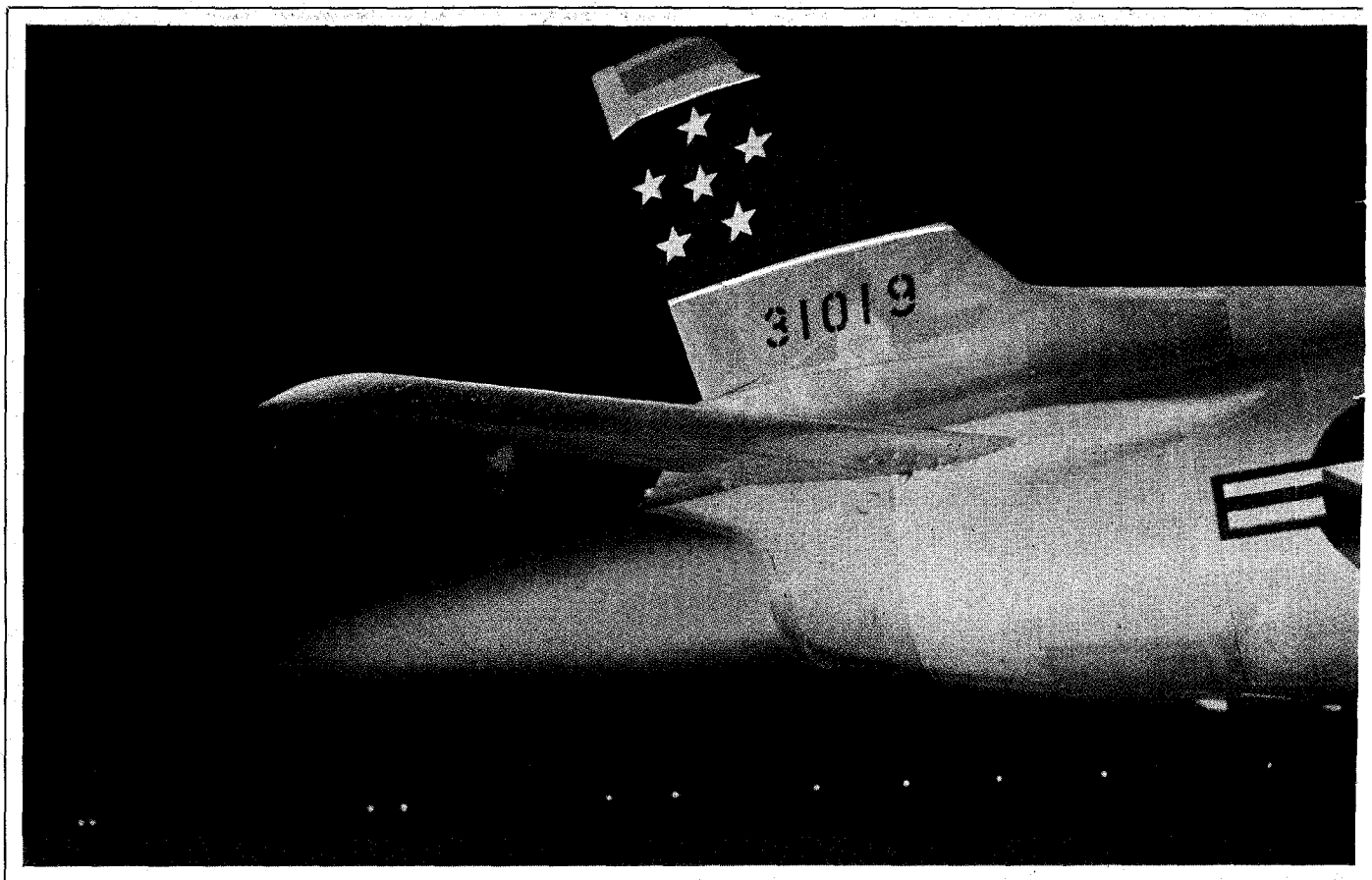
Wagon progress in styling is, however, not all cream. It is true that the erstwhile squarish behinds have been softened, and modern extended fenders have done a great deal to cure back-end boxiness. But in achieving these goals the stylists have filched a few inches from the tail-gate openings. In none of the low-priced big three is there now width enough to accommodate a four-foot plywood panel or plasterboard, loading flat. This is a frustration to carpenters, plasterers and home-workshop addicts. One other complaint is not new, nor does it appear to be curable. Salesmen or others who customarily carry valuable merchandise are sometimes fearful of the goldfish-bowl visibility of the station wagon. With glass all around, inspection of the interior is easy, and therefore a potential thief may more readily decide to attempt pilferage.

Ford's answer to the visibility complaint is a set of opaque-plastic window panels which can be snapped into place to conceal tempting cargo or removed when the car is used for pleasure driving. But neither reduction of the rear-door area to less than four feet in width and three feet in height nor total visibility has interfered with lush growth. The wagon, for example, is making real inroads with salesmen, including fleet business, which is the quantity purchase of sales-staff cars by big companies.

Rapid propagation of the wagon since 1953 has led manufacturers to ask a lot of questions. In 1954 Ford sampled the whole wagon market and uncovered the information that one of twenty vehicles replaced by wagons was a truck. It was also noted that less than one fourth of new purchases were for business use only, whereas nearly half of all wagons were bought for combined family and business use. The survey also indicated that the back area of a station wagon is almost exclusively divided between children and materials like cement, lumber, lawn mowers and furniture.

Where there is a third seat in the rear the odds are 3 to 1 that the kids are filed there, and by their own option. This reduces front-seat driving strain on a huge national scale. Moreover, the nonseat deck area is, if the trip is a family expedition, anything from a mobile bassinet to a facsimile of the Yankee Stadium. Floor pads are almost a must for the family with children; toy chairs and tables frequently decorate the deck, and at any given moment there are several hundred thousand dolls and toys draping the nation's wagon nurseries. One producer has recognized this condition to the extent of carpeting the entire length of the wagon deck.

More information was developed by Chrysler in a 1955 wagon survey. The average size of the station-wagon family was found to be four people, and in more than half of these families the husband was the principal user of the car. It was



The turbo . . . the trio . . . and th

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also clearly established that the wagon is frequently a second car. The number of 1955 wagon buyers who owned a second car was three times the national average of two-car families. In family use, errands and shopping lead all other uses, and in business the wagon most frequently is a deliverer of merchandise and materials, with the average load less than 300 pounds in most cases—furniture and TV sets are the big leaders among bulky objects transported. Perhaps the most significant result of all surveys to date is that nine out of ten owners say the next time they buy a car they will again choose a station wagon.

Over the years there has been a modest geographical migration of station-wagon interest. The wagon is believed to have enjoyed its first popularity in New England and New York State, but if there is any regional difference today, it is in favor of the Intermountain and Far West states. This is not altogether due to the availability of hunting and camping in the West. It also reflects the popularity of wagons in oil and cattle-ranch country. And an agency in Englewood, Colorado, with 30 per cent of its sales in wagons, is impressed with the number of customers who buy wagons in which they set out on uranium-prospecting expeditions. Modern desert rats are probably a lesser factor in the Los Angeles area, but the San Fernando Valley nevertheless boasts a Wagon City—a large used-car market confined solely to station wagons.

The use of wagons in field sports is not a dominant buying factor, but it is not one to be ignored, either. Ford and American Motors have more actively sought the outdoor customer than other makers, and as a result have stimulated inventions and special products that gear the wagon to outdoor life. American's Nash division for years has promoted its reclining-seat cars as outdoor bedrooms, and Ford now has a traveling display of camp accessories which either combine with or supplement its wagons.

The manufactured articles in the Ford display include boats made to wagon size, including one that snugly fits the roof of a Mercury wagon, a variety of cooking, washing and carrying cases that nest flat on a wagon deck and still permit sleeping above them, folding furniture, a collapsible duck blind and inflatable mattresses to fit wagon dimensions. Tents come in several forms, some attaching to the wagon itself, some separate. A couple of Ford employees became so fascinated with the outdoor tie-up of the station wagons that they invented a very clever pop-up tent which works like an umbrella and fits into a sort of duffel bag. The largest of these is exactly fitted to the Chrysler estimate of the average wagon family—two adults and two children.

It is probably inevitable that as the wagon becomes more numerous its family uses will grow proportionately larger simply because there are more families than anything. This may change the reputation the wagon now has as the automobile most likely to be borrowed. To some degree it will, as it already has,

> The surest way to get out a record vote is to provide drive-in voting booths.
>
> J. M. STRAUSS

effect slight changes in highway and parking conditions. Couples headed for football games or ski slopes frequently pool together in one wagon and in each case spare two or three other cars the perils of highway and parking jams. This is hardly a rational substitute for more and better roads, but it helps.

Meanwhile nonfamily wagon uses are being rapidly uncovered. Small school districts are saving money by substituting wagons hauling a dozen children for larger truck-frame buses. Considering baby time spent in wagons—an incidental saving in baby-sitter expense—and the possibility of school years also spent in a wagon, we may soon have a maturing generation which will look back on the station wagon as the place in which they grew up. For a delinquent few this sprouting area may be extended farther than they wish, since a number of police organizations are now experimenting with what can only be called police-station wagons. And it would probably contribute to the delinquency of one trio of today's children if they knew how their mother recently described the back of their wagon. In paraphrase she said, "We call it the heaven hole. We can put our little angels back there and they can raise heaven all they want without interfering with the driver."

Although this is a flippant view of a station wagon's function, it is probably more common than that of an Eastern sculptor who refuses to sculp designs larger than the inside dimensions of his station wagon. But both are a part of the new and expanding recognition of the wagon as a commonplace of the American scene. The development is a logical one and no one appears to be sorry about it, although it is a little tragic to realize that the horse had to leave us so long before the big day of the wagon arrived.

THE END

ent treatment

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How I Catch a Ball Game (Continued from Page 33)

Podres started out of the dugout, everybody on the bench began to tell him how to pitch for the last three outs.

"Dammit, let him alone!" I yelled in exasperation. "Don't everybody tell him how to pitch! He did all right for the first eight innings!"

The game was beginning to get me. We had the Dodgers' first World Series victory in our hands. All that stood in our way was Moose Skowron, Bob Cerv and Elston Howard. We had handled Skowron and Cerv pretty well in the Series, after I decided in the third game that our scouts had been wrong in advising us not to pitch change-ups to them. As for Howard, we started getting him out regularly when I decided to feed him fast balls outside. This, too, was contrary to what our scouts told us. In the first game, Don Newcombe had followed their "book" and pitched him tight—that is, inside—and Howard had hit a home run off him.

Well, we had little enough trouble with Skowron and Cerv in that final inning. Podres fed them change-ups, and both were easy outs. With Howard at the plate and the count two balls and two strikes, I signed Johnny for a fast ball outside. For the first time in the game he shook me off. I flashed the sign for a fast curve outside, and again Podres shook me off.

I hesitated before switching over to a change of pace. It had been Johnny's best pitch, but for that very reason the element of surprise would be missing. I figured Howard would be looking for it. Suddenly I realized that Podres had come to have the utmost confidence in the pitch. As his catcher, I couldn't have any less. A catcher can ruin a pitcher by destroying his confidence. A catcher's got to be part of a pitcher.

Johnny threw the change. Howard grounded out to Pee Wee Reese, and that ended the toughest inning in the Series—at least for me. I can't remember when I pressed like that. I just didn't want to do anything wrong, because I considered myself the quarterback for Brooklyn's greatest triumph.

That's just what a catcher is. He must know not only what his pitcher can throw but what he's got in any given game or at any given point in a game. To me, there's no such thing as a set book for a hitter, because a pitcher's curve doesn't break the same every day or his fast ball isn't as alive or his control isn't as sharp.

A catcher must know the pitcher's emotional stability, his physical characteristics and his mental capacity. He must know just what the other team can do and what it may want to do. He must know the other manager's philosophy of baseball and his tactics as well as he does his own. He must create, memorize and transmit a set of signs for each of his pitchers, as well as signs for each of his infielders on the chance of a pick-off play on the bases. He must be a combination of coach, conniver and father confessor—or else he's only part of a catcher.

Me? I like to think I'm a full-time catcher. My job doesn't begin when the umpire calls, "Play ball." For a 1:30 game I'll get to Ebbets Field at 10:00 in the morning, 10:30 at the latest. Before I even get out of my street clothes I'll talk to manager Walter Alston or coach Joe Becker—whichever I see first—about who's pitching for us that game. I sit there for a while thinking about how we pitched to these batters the last time we played them.

Every day I also get the sheets prepared by Allan Roth, the Dodgers' statistician, and study them. A man's batting average against the whole league isn't so important to us as what he hits against us. For instance, Gene Baker, the Chicago Cubs' second baseman, hit only .268 for a full schedule of 154 games, but in the twenty-two against us he hit .329, which made him his team's toughest hitter for our pitchers to get out.

I go next to the daily charts Alston has kept on each game we play. These are done in the dugout by a pitcher not working that game. As the game goes along, he records every pitch thrown to the hitters—whether it was a ball or a strike; a fast ball, change or curve. I'm able to refresh my memory on things like whether a certain hitter swings when he's ahead of the pitcher in the count. I don't just mean against our pitchers in general. I mean a certain hitter against a certain pitcher.

But I'm less concerned with the hitter's weakness than I am with my pitcher's strength. Let's say I'm catching Clem Labine on a day we're playing the Giants, and Al Dark's at bat. Dark's a good low-ball hitter, but Clem throws a sinker ball, which has to be pitched low to be effective. So I'd still pitch low to Dark, because if I don't I'm robbing Labine of his biggest asset.

I have a pretty good idea before each game as to which hitters should give our pitcher trouble, but I like for the pitcher to tell it to me himself. It gets me closer to him. So I go to the man and we talk it out.

When Roger Craig joined our club last July sixteenth, I had no idea what he could do. He wasn't even with us in spring training, and that's where I usually learn something about the young fellows who may be called up during the year. I ask to catch these kids in exhibition games, so that I'll know something about the flight of their ball, and whether it sinks or rises. I'll be familiar with their motion, how they hold runners on and which pitch they have the most confidence in.

I didn't wait for Craig to come to me. I introduced myself to him the day he reported and asked if I could warm him up. I didn't get to catch him until his second start, July twenty-second, against Milwaukee. Four homers were hit off him. Two of them didn't bother me—home runs will happen—but the other two did. Roger had been pitching his curve ball overhand, but he came sidearm with it against Del Crandall. Twice Crandall homered.

Afterward I got the boy on the side and asked him why he pitched that way. "You didn't the last game," I said.

"I asked around," he said, "and some of the pitchers told me the way to handle Crandall is to sidearm him."

"O.K. for those who can," I said, "but I think your best curve is coming up and overhand. When you're throwing sidearm you're throwing a flat curve. A right-handed pitcher fooling with a flat curve against right-handed hitters better have good control of it or he'll get hurt, because so many hang inside."

I reminded Roger that an overhand curve dips more and gives less of a plane for the bat to meet the ball squarely. I guess Rog got the idea. When he helped us beat the Yankees, 5–3, in the fifth game of the Series last October second, he didn't come sidearm to any right-handed batter.

Whether the pitcher is a rookie or a veteran, they all have problems of one kind or another, and it's up to the catcher to try to relieve those problems. Preacher Roe, when he was with us, could handle the Giants pretty well, except for Monte Irvin, who gave him fits. Every time Irvin came up, Preach'd hate to pitch to him. I'd go through all my signs and Preach'd

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keep shaking me off. Finally I'd call time, walk out to the mound and ask, "What do you want to throw to this fellow?"

Roe'd grin and say, "Let's walk him."

Sometimes that may be best. Sometimes the problem works out in a way you don't expect. Don Newcombe is an example. The 1950 season, when the Phillies won the pennant, Mike Goliat wore out Newk.

"Roomie," Newk said as we were going into Philadelphia for a September sixth double-header, "what do I do with him?"

When we got to the hotel, we bought the local papers, and in one of them was a story quoting Goliat that Newk was his cousin. "I wish all pitchers in the league were as easy as Newcombe."

I chucked that paper over to Newk and said, "Read what Goliat thinks about you. You're keeping that boy in the league. Do you like him rubbing your nose in it?"

"I'll throw that ball past him so fast he won't be able to get his bat around on it," Newk exploded, real mad.

Don was so good in the first game that day that Burt Shotton, our manager then, started him again in the second game, and

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A modern child is one who won't help wash the family car without a driving lesson.

HENRY MCMAHON

ıe went seven more innings. We won both games, and Goliat couldn't buy a hit off Newk. That was the beginning of the end for him. He had one more season in the majors and then he was done.

That was a case where all the technical knowledge in the world didn't help, but a break and a bit of psychology did. In a way, pitchers are like children. Some you got to pat and some you got to prod. All of them, though, want your attention and want to exchange ideas. A pitcher wants to know you're with him.

This is especially important when the manager comes out to the mound during an inning or talks to me in the dugout about the pitcher.

"Roy," Alston may say, "Spooner didn't look so good last inning. Is he tiring? Is he losing his stuff? Is he just wild today?"

The pitcher's right there listening to those questions, and I got to answer. I want to keep the pitcher's confidence in me, but I still don't want to blow the game. I got to be a diplomat. I tell Alston yes or no, but in a way which won't hurt the pitcher. I know if the pitcher's still got it, even if he doesn't know himself.

It's taken me a long time to appreciate all these things. The mechanics of catching came quickly. The finer points I've mostly picked up in the last seven or eight years. Before that I learned a bit here and a bit there with the Elite Giants in the Negro National League; in the minors as a Dodger farm hand, and in the winter leagues in Mexico, Puerto Rico, Cuba and Venezuela.

I'll always remember my first manager, Bizz Mackey, and a veteran spitball pitcher on the Elite Giants named Bill Boyd.

Boyd used to chew slippery elm, and I was so green I asked him what it was he had in his mouth. He chewed it with tobacco, and he could make the ball do tricks. I couldn't help him any when I caught him. I was fourteen years old, believe it or not.

One day Boyd complained to Bizz, who was a catcher himself, "You're going to get that kid hurt back there. He don't know nothing about catching spitballs or setting up a hitter."

Bizz said, "Well, he ain't going to learn if he don't catch." Then he said to me, "Roy, you got to learn. The next game you got to say to yourself, 'What's this fellow looking for? What's he think the pitcher's going to throw?'"

After that I started getting curious about pitchers. I started asking myself what one could do that another couldn't do. I'm still asking myself questions, and I'm still finding things out.

Take the simple matter of signs. Did I say simple? Well, it's not. Some folks think we sign one for a fast ball, two for a curve, the way it used to be done on the sand lots. If that were the case, the other teams would know every pitch that was coming after the first few batters got up there. To confuse them you must be a little complicated, but then you run into the problem of how complicated you can get without confusing your pitcher too.

When Don Bessent's pitching for us I got to make it easy for him. He can't see too good. Karl Spooner sees good enough, but I can't use too many flashes in the sign. He says he misses the movement of my fingers. With Billy Loes, who had arm trouble this spring, I don't suppose it makes too much difference. When he gets mad he'll cross me up. With him, I got to be ready for anything.

The pitchers aren't machines whose buttons can be pushed to make them do what you want. Some shake their heads, indicating they have the sign. They step back on the mound and go into their windup, and when they get to the top of it they've already forgotten what was called for a split second before. Some pitchers just can't count. Some just can't remember.

I try to tell those who have that kind of trouble, "If you have any doubt, why get on the mound and pitch? Give me some indication that you haven't caught the sign."

When I think of such lost moments, my experiences with Loes come back to me. Here is a pitcher who should have been winning twenty games a season right along. He has the best curve, the best fast ball and he knows baseball, but he's stubborn and has ideas all his own. Many times I can't even guess what he's thinking about.

One game last year against the Cardinals I see that Ken Boyer on first base is getting anxious. I figure he wants to go for second. We have signs for pick-off plays at the bases, and I flash to Loes to get the runner back.

Boyer was third in the league in stolen bases last year, with twenty-two, and a guy like that you got to watch. A catcher gets to know these things. Even somebody like the Braves' Eddie Mathews, who won't run ordinarily, will try for a steal if the pitcher relaxes. Billy Bruton will go all the time if he gets a running start. With a man like Richie Ashburn, of the Phillies, I'll hold up my sign to the pitcher and watch him awhile. I can darned near say when Ashburn will run.

Anyway, I figured Loes had the sign to check the runner on first, but instead he stepped on the mound and immediately threw to the hitter. To this day I don't know how I caught that ball. I wasn't expecting it.

I called time and walked out to the mound. "You looking at me?" I asked Billy.

"Right at you," Loes says.

"Didn't you see the sign to hold the runner on?"

"I didn't see a thing," Loes says, "but tell you what—try me out again. Give me that sign once more and see how I make out."

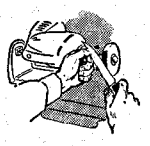
Give a SKIL Tool to help build his future!

What gift could give as much in fun, value and education! Here is a boy who is about to learn the joy of building. Of course he's delighted with that new SKIL Drill Kit (we've never seen a boy who wasn't). More than that, this boy's father is going to teach him responsibility. And Dad will have a lot of fun doing it, too.

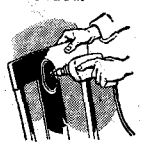
With the SKIL Drill Kit, this boy will learn a constructive hobby that will make him a better man. The tool he holds is no toy. It's a SKIL Drill with all the performance and safety features to get professional results. So simple and safe that any youngster can handle it . . . so versatile that every man is fascinated with the many jobs he can do.

Here's all you need to put you and your boy in business as real craftsmen. The SKIL Drill Kit is a complete workshop. It will handle literally hundreds of jobs—drilling, sanding, polishing, grinding, wire brushing—jobs that will be fun for you both!

Drilling jobs are simpler . . . in wood or metal.

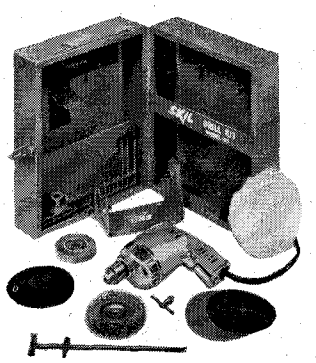


Grind metal, sharpen knives or garden tools with accessories included.



Sand and finish furniture, cabinets or woodwork.

Polish furniture, shine the auto easier and faster.



SKIL BUILDERS TOOLS

Made only by SKIL Corporation formerly SKILSAW, Inc.

DRILLS • SANDERS • SAWS • GRINDERS

Just look at all you get! 33 pieces

Model 549 SKIL Drill with geared chuck • Sanding Disc • Paint Mixer • Grinding Wheel • Wood Augers • 13 Drill Bits • Carrying Case • And many other valuable accessories. Model 515 Drill Kit—*all this for only* **$39.95.**

See and try the SKIL Drill Kit at your hardware, department, or appliance store.

WHEN YOU BUY A DRILL, BE SURE IT'S A SKIL

SKIL Corporation, Dept. SEP-56
5033 Elston Avenue, Chicago 30, Illinois.
(In Canada: Toronto 9)

I enclose 25¢. Please send me a valuable 32-page "Make-It-Yourself" booklet.

Name _____

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carry
BANK of AMERICA
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BUY THEM AT BANKS
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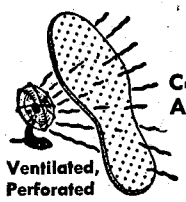
Like Walking on Pillows!

Never Before Such Glorious Walking Ease!



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Convert any shoe into an Air-Cushioned, Ventilated shoe for only 60¢!

Made of soft LATEX FOAM. No adhesive.

They do all these things for you:

1—Relieve and prevent painful callouses, burning, tenderness at bottom of foot.

2—Give mild, cushioning support, ease pressure on nerves.

3—Perforated Latex Foam, ventilated to help keep feet dry and prevent Athlete's Foot.

4—Pillow sore heels; give them a soft bed to rest upon.

5—Help lessen strain on feet from long standing or walking. Grand for golfers.

Sizes for men and women. Get a pair today. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores.

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CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 707 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

In the big league you don't get a second chance. The veterans have learned that. The rookies still have to learn it. But just to get both sides of this business on the record, let me mention the case of Don Bessent in the sixth inning of the opening Series game last fall.

The Yankees had two runs in, with Billy Martin on third after his triple. Eddie Robinson, a left-handed batter, was sent up to pinch hit when Bessent relieved Newcombe. On Bessent's first pitch, Martin ran way down the line.

As I returned the ball to Don I called loudly to him, "Watch that man. He's got a notion."

I wanted Martin to hear me. That could have changed his mind. I didn't want any more pressure on a kid pitcher in his first Series game than there had to be. A pitcher too often takes it for granted that a runner won't try to steal home or else he's concentrating so hard on the hitter he forgets the runner. It was my job to remind him.

When Martin came all the way on the next pitch, Don got him. There was nothing to block my view, with a left-handed hitter at the plate. When I saw the movie recently and saw how close the play was, I was surprised. I thought I had him out a good way.

The catcher has to be the pitcher's eyes, as well as his brain. I'm sitting there with the whole field in front of me. I see what everybody's doing. I've got to judge how a play can be made, and then I've got to call the play for the man I think can make it.

When a batter tops a pitch that rolls between the plate and the pitcher's mound or between the plate and first or third base, sometimes I'll make the play. Sometimes I know I can't get to the ball in time. It's up to me to direct the pitcher if it's his play. He can't see behind his back.

Now, suppose there's a runner on first or runners on first and second. As the play develops, if the pitcher fields the ball, I must decide in a split second where he should throw it. To do that I've got to know the hitter's speed, and how much of a jump the base runners have got. I've got to know the pitcher's speed off the mound—how quickly he can field a ball.

With Newcombe, all I have to do is give a quick enough call. Spooner is a little slower. He likes to come up and throw. Carl Erskine is very quick. Loes you just got to let know in time. You can't hesitate. They're waiting to hear you.

Newk was going for his nineteenth victory last year against the Phillies when such a situation came up. Number nineteen seemed the toughest of all his twenty for Don to reach. This was the fourth time he went after it, and going into the ninth inning it looked like he had it. He was ahead, 2–1. With one out, Bobby Morgan doubled. Granny Hamner singled to right, putting runners on first and third.

With Del Ennis coming up, I went out to talk to Newk. "We're on a spot now," I said. "Just take your time. Pitch carefully. See if you can get this fellow to hit on the ground."

I went back behind the plate, and it happened just as I had hoped it would. Ennis bounced right back at Newk. I yelled, "Second base!" But Don wheeled too quickly, and he threw the ball into center field.

All he had to plan in his own mind was, "If this guy hits to me on one hop I got plenty of time. I can take it easy. If he dribbles to me I got to hurry the play." If it had been Spooner pitching, he would have had a double play easy, because he doesn't rush on any play.

As it was, we lost the game. Morgan scored on the wild throw and Hamner went to third. We had Willie Jones, the next hitter, with two strikes when he singled to left for the winning run.

When we lose a game like that I get mad, but I don't second-guess myself. A catcher can't. If he second-guesses any of his calls he'll go crazy. There's enough in baseball as it is to drive you crazy. You know you got to go out to talk to the pitcher, but you'd be surprised how many pitchers don't want any conversation out of you when they're on the mound.

Loes is one. He just wants to fire the ball. If there's any talking he wants me to do, it's to the umpires. That boy's just daffy about umpires. He's convinced that any game he goes wrong, he's got bad calls. Once he said that plate umpires make fifty bad calls a game. I told him he's real crazy. There are around 125 to 135 ball-and-strike decisions on one pitcher for nine innings, and if the umpire makes four wrong calls a game he's having a bad day.

I guess umpires are allowed a bad day once in a while. I have great respect for them, but I do my talking when I think there's a legitimate complaint. However, I do it through my mask while I'm facing the pitcher. On a day Loes is pitching, though, I keep reminding myself not to say too many words to the ump. My big job is to keep Loes calm. When he gets himself worked up, he's gone.

The strangest thing about Billy's mad on umpires is that the pitcher knows least of all if it's a ball or a strike. When he's following through on his pitch, his head bobs. Nobody except Robin Roberts has such an easy motion he can keep his head steady enough to see the pitch all the way. Even Roberts' head will bob when he puts a little something extra on a pitch.

As for Don Newcombe, I remember a game last August in Chicago when Baker beat him, 1–0, with a home run in the eighth. Later that night we were lying around our hotel room when Don asked, "Roomie, where was the ball that guy hit?"

"Down and inside," I said.

"I didn't think it was there at all," Newk said, surprised.

The point is, pitchers are such strange people, so wrapped up in the delicate job they're doing, that they're the last to know why something goes wrong. That's why I don't believe in needling a pitcher. You can't keep ordering him, "Bear down, bear down!" I might go out and say, "I don't really think you're doing your best. Is your arm hurting?" He'll say, "No, I thought I was throwing hard."

If you're catching somebody like Erskine, there's never any need to remind him to throw harder, but even he has to be put back on the right track now and then. I recall once when Carl's fast ball wasn't doing anything. He was turning it loose from the sides of his fingers, not letting it come straight off his fingers. That's when I call time and go out there and tell a pitcher what he's doing wrong.

Besides worrying about his own team, a catcher must know about the others. There are spray hitters like Ashburn of the Phillies and Mueller of the Giants; power hitters like Kluszewski of the Redlegs, Mays of the Giants, Mathews of the Braves, and Banks of the Cubs. There are batters like Dark of the Giants, Moon of the Cards, and Hamner of the Phillies, who like to hit behind runners. There are managers like Stan Hack, who has his Cubs play a running game, and Birdie Tebbetts of the Redlegs, who plays a shrewd, strategic game. Charley Grimm's Braves score their runs in clusters and depend upon the big inning to beat you. Mayo Smith's Phillies don't have too much of a running game, and Ennis is their main long-ball threat.

I haven't mentioned the Giants, Cardinals and Pirates because I'm not too familiar yet with Billy Rigney, Fred Hutchinson and Bobby Bragan as managers. Each manager, each batter, each ball park presents a different kind of problem.

Certainly I'm not going to pitch to Mays in Ebbets Field, where he can reach any fence, the same as I'll pitch to him in the Polo Grounds, where it's safe to have him hit into center field. At Ebbets Field, Kluszewski's line drives come off the right-field wall for long singles. At Crosley Field, in Cincinnati, they go over the low fence.

When we play the Phillies, you don't let Ennis beat you with a long ball. Maybe the guy following will hit it over the fence, but not so often as Ennis would. You just don't give him a good ball to hit.

The same applies to the Cubs. They make their big innings when Banks comes up with runners on, so if you stop him you're in the ball game. The Braves play a free game, but you know they're not going to sacrifice Mathews' power to score a run from second base.

All these things are on a catcher's mind as he squats down and signs for the next pitch. Maybe it's Mueller up there, and he shifts his feet in the box. I can almost be sure he's decided to hit to the opposite field. I change my sign. If we keep the ball in on him, he'll have a hard time placing a hit where he wants it to go.

I know, though, that we're not going to strike him out. Fellows like Mueller and Ashburn usually get a piece of the ball. You try to get them to hit the pitch you want, and hit the ball where you want them to hit it. You're not often going to fool them completely.

Neither are you going to talk them out of swinging that bat. I know a lot of catchers try to distract the hitters with conversation. Yogi Berra of the Yankees does a lot of talking back there. So do Smoky Burgess and Ed Bailey of the Redlegs. Joe Garagiola used to talk a hitter's ear off.

I don't believe in that. I've got too much concentrating of my own to do, although there's an old and untrue story still around that I needle Mays when he bats. Maybe it would be best to straighten out that one now before it becomes legend.

When Willie came up to the Giants, it was the first time I'd seen him since we played an exhibition against him in Birmingham. Before he stepped into the batter's box I asked, "Willie, are you married yet?"

Willie didn't say a word. At first I thought he didn't hear me. I repeated my question. Then I said to him, "Willie, are you mad at me?"

He stepped out of the box and motioned to manager Leo Durocher in the coaching box. Durocher hurried over and asked what was wrong.

"He's bothering me," Mays said.

"Pick up a handful of dirt and throw it in his face," Leo said.

"Leo," I said, "Willie's got better sense than that."

That's all there was to it, until one day Larry Goetz was umpiring back of the plate, and he asked me, "Don't you talk to Willie any more?"

"Larry," I said, "that boy's hitting too much for me to talk to him. Besides, ain't I got enough to do just taking care of my job? I can't spare any time, words or ideas from it."

That's just what I mean about catching. It's a full-time job. I hope to keep on learning it with the Dodgers for another four or five years, and when I take off my "tools of ignorance" for the last time I still won't know all there is to know about it.

THE END

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Barnum of the G. O. P.

(Continued from Page 27)

production also featured Fred Waring, Jinx McCrary, the overalled engineer of the 1952 Eisenhower special and a large collection of pretty lady singers. Salute returned a net profit of over $5,000,000. But the profit, Hall believes, could not be measured in dollars.

"They got all the impact as though the President were there in person," Hall says. "The emotion was there, the tears were there. And when they left, they were saying to themselves, 'This is a real live party we have here.'"

In his role of Republican promoter-in-chief, Hall has, of course, plenty of professional help. The actors George Murphy and Robert Montgomery acted as advisers on the Salute production. On his own staff, Hall has campaign director Robert Humphreys, a brilliant idea man who had much to do with converting Hall to the new style of political salesmanship, and Richard Guylay, the committee's able public-relations chief, who has thirty-five people in his various divisions.

The Republican National Committee also employs the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn advertising firm. Account executive Carroll Newton, who works closely with Hall, estimates that he will have between forty and fifty experienced advertising people working on the account at the height of the campaign.

●

The clothes that keep a man looking his best are worn by girls on beaches.

WALTER WOERNER

●

Yet Hall himself is to a surprising extent his own idea man and impresario.

He grinds out ideas with an impresario's gusto. He has all sorts of ideas, for example, for turning the Republican convention in San Francisco in August into "the sort of production which will sell the voters on the Republican Party." The 1952 conventions attracted huge television audiences—all for free—and, as Hall points out, there are more than twice as many television sets in the country today. Yet at both conventions, he believes, all sorts of opportunities for political salesmanship were completely muffed.

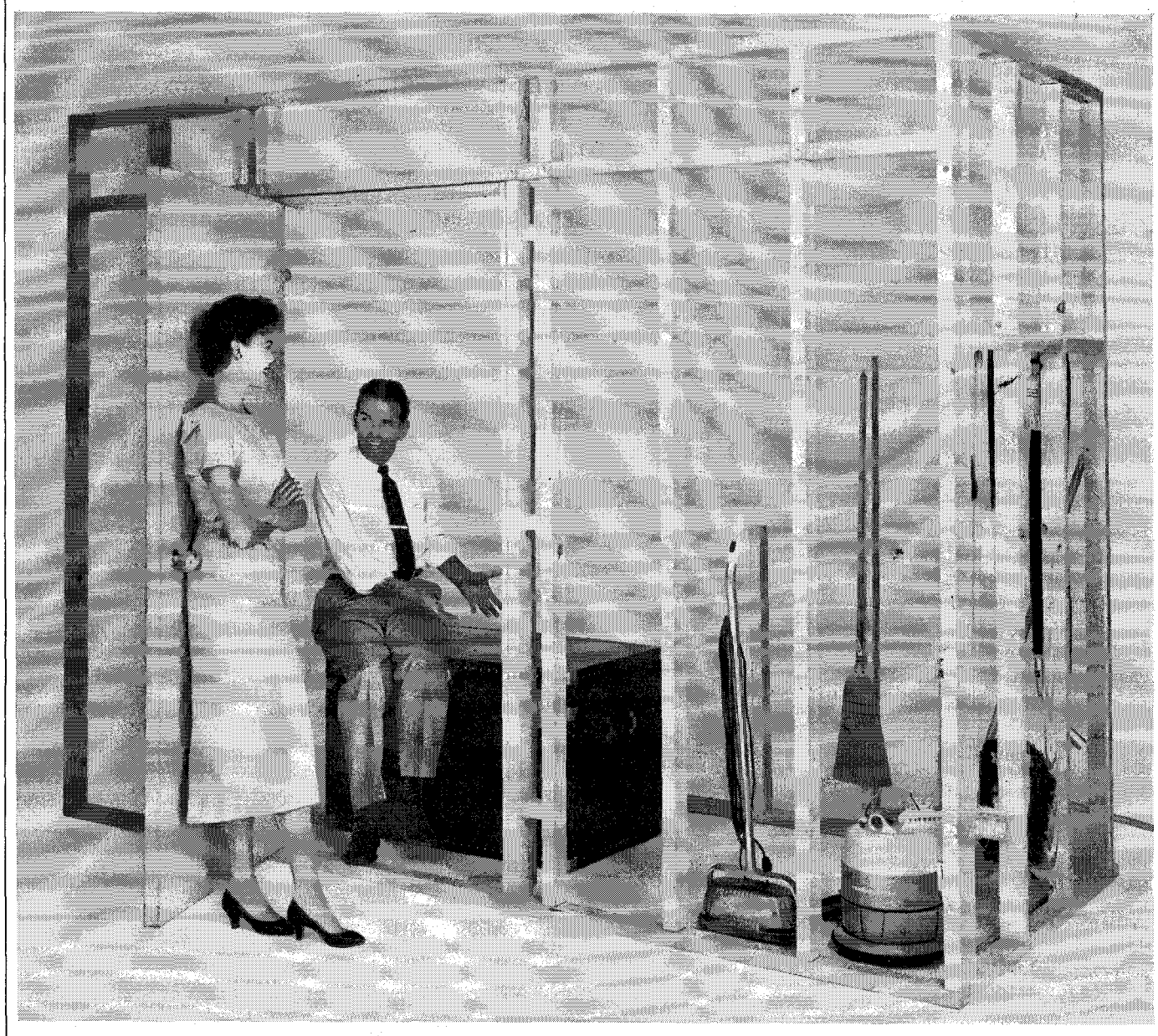
This year things will be different, at least at the Republican convention. Hall clearly intends to be stern with long-winded orators. But he also means to break new ground in other ways. He is looking for some way drastically to shorten the tedious roll calls. He has thought of staging pageants of the Republican Party's history or other spectacles for the television cameras during the dull patches. He has thought of bringing all delegations to the auditorium in state buses—"Wouldn't it make a good spot to show George Humphrey, say, getting into the Ohio bus?" he asks musingly. He has thought of making the party platform short and pithy, with each Cabinet officer in turn reading a part. Above all, he has thought long and hard of ways to focus attention on the popular President, and to identify the less popular Republican Party with him.

Hall began planning the television end of the 1956 campaign in June, 1955, long before the President's heart attack. By midwinter, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn had already picked $2,000,000 worth of television time, concentrating heavily on five-minute spots carved out of the end of popular shows like The Sixty-Four Thousand Dollar Question. Hall pridefully displays for visitors an enormous chart, showing the television spots already contracted for, during the months of September and October and the first few days of November, with yellow squares for the five-minute spots and red for longer programs. From about mid-September on, the chart is a full checkerboard of red and yellow squares.

Although television is clearly his first love, it is not Hall's only promotional medium, of course. The committee distributes slides and movie shorts depicting "creeping socialism" and other sins of the opposition. Guylay's division mails out literally tons of direct-mail literature, ranging from "pocket reminders" of Republican achievements to Dr. Gabriel Hauge's scholarly speeches advocating the Eisenhower brand of conservatism, mailed to a special elite list of "opinion formers."

Such promotional techniques are consciously patterned on modern business techniques. So are the private polls and surveys which are regularly taken for the committee. "I like to know where I stand," Hall says, "or at least have a pretty good idea."

On the whole, what he learns from the polls and surveys pleases him. "Outside the farm areas," he says, "there is a contentment which is wonderful." The Democrats are welcome to such issues as Dixon-Yates, he thinks, "as long as we have peace and prosperity." A poll last winter of the farm areas, showing farmers slipping from their traditional Republican allegiance, did worry him, however.



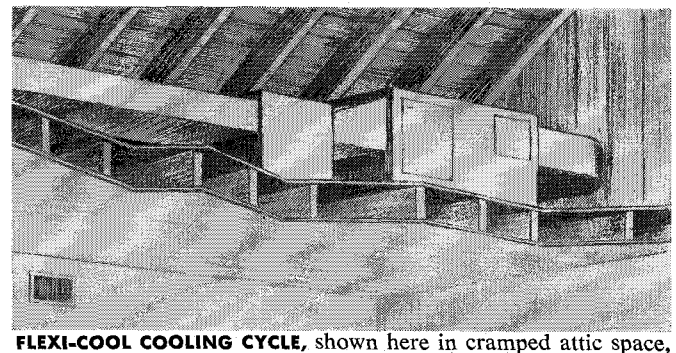
New trunk-size FLEXI-COOL air conditioner hides anywhere!

If you can't face another summer without air conditioning . . . but can't find room in your home for all that bulky equipment—Worthington's compact new FLEXI-COOL system is for you!

FLEXI-COOL comes in sections, goes practically anywhere and fills every room with cool, fresh air all summer long. You can easily add it to your present heating system . . . tuck it away in attic or crawl space . . . or place it out in the garage. You can even hang it on the ceiling!

The Worthington CLIMATE MAN wants to show you (in your own living room) just how FLEXI-COOL works—even how it will look in your home. Call your Worthington dealer today and make a date to see the CLIMATE MAN's "see-it-yourself" home demonstration. (Even if you don't buy, you'll learn what air conditioning is all about.) You'll find your dealer's name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Worthington Corporation, Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Division, Section A.6.29-P, Harrison, N. J.

Look for the seal of the Worthington Climate Man



FLEXI-COOL COOLING CYCLE, shown here in cramped attic space, also ties in with furnace in horizontal mounting. Individual FLEXI-COOL sections can be installed wherever space permits.

A.6.29

WORTHINGTON

CLIMATE ENGINEERS TO INDUSTRY, BUSINESS AND THE HOME

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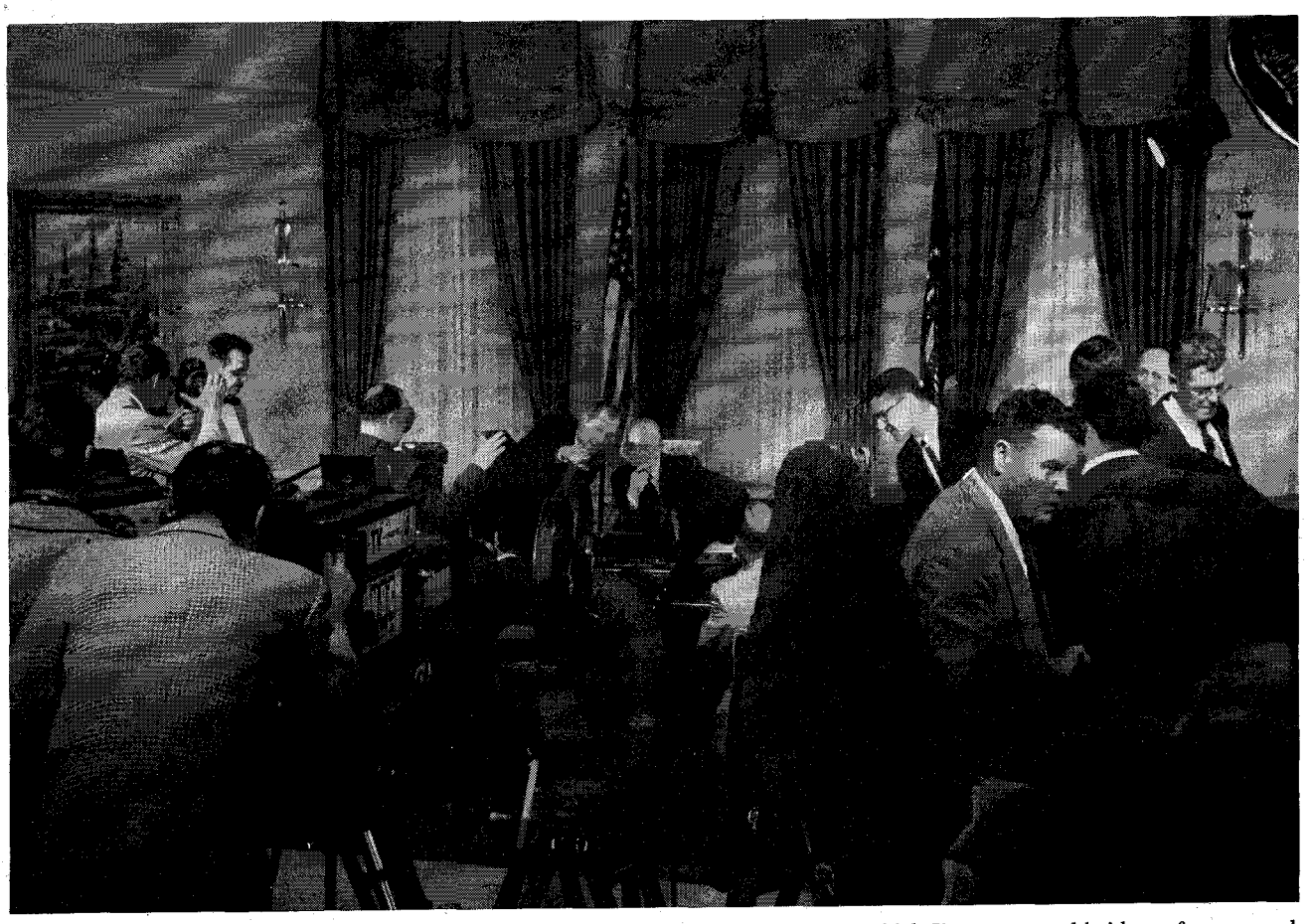


Robert Montgomery handles the staging arrangements for the telecast February 29 in which Ike announced he'd run for a second term. Already, the Republicans have picked $2,000,000 worth of television time for the campaign.

He was worried enough, in fact, to organize this spring's $250,000 advertising and promotion campaign to sell the farmers on the Eisenhower farm program. But he is still frankly worried, the more so since the President's veto of the farm bill.

The polls and surveys have affected Hall's thinking and planning in other ways. Before the President announced his decision to run again, for example, a poll the committee had taken in the Middle West showed Vice-President Richard Nixon the overwhelming second choice of Republican voters. This certainly had something to do with Hall's stanch and public advocacy of a second Eisenhower-Nixon ticket. For another example, in the off-year election in 1953, a New Jersey congressional district went Democratic for the first time in history. Hall ordered a survey to find out what had happened, and why. It turned out that the Republican candidate, an amiable wheel horse with a tendency to beam his bald spot into the television cameras, had used television a lot—and that was what beat the poor fellow. This taught Hall that bad political television can be a lot worse than no television at all.

Hall learns such lessons easily. He has a quick, receptive, flexible mind, the mind of a true originator, rare in a political conservative—and Hall's past voting record places him well to the right of President Eisenhower. He sums up his political philosophy pithily—"Everything changes. Everything moves. You can't have your feet stuck in cement."

The campaign-train tradition is one victim of Hall's "everything changes" theory. There have been others. Hall was quick to realize, for example—to the irritation of a good many Capitol Hill Republicans—that political patronage is not what it once was, in these days of civil service, preferential veterans' legislation and general prosperity. As a professional politician, he would be the last to view patronage with contempt, but he considers it nowadays a "defensive" political weapon. The committee's administrative budget for patronage matters has been cut from $150,000 to $40,000, and Hall places no great reliance on patronage for campaign purposes.

Hall has taken a fresh look at another hallowed tradition of American politics—the huge racial divisions maintained by both parties, representing some seventeen different racial groupings. "I'm getting up my nerve to run an American campaign this time," he says. There were good reasons for the racial setup in the old days of mass immigration and language difficulties. But times have changed.

"We're all Americans now," Hall says, "and we like to be treated like Americans, not second-class citizens."

In many ways, in short, the campaign Hall is planning will be a new kind of campaign. The first purpose of this new kind of campaign is, of course, to re-elect President Eisenhower. Hall has no intention of letting the Republican complacency of 1948 repeat itself.

His second purpose is to elect a Republican House and Senate, and he freely admits that this will be a lot more difficult, especially as regards the Senate. But Hall is also looking beyond November. He believes that a second Eisenhower Administration can make the Republican Party a truly national party, and once again the majority party in the United States. To this end, two great problems must be solved.

The first is the South. The South, in Hall's view, is no exception to his rule that "everything changes, everything moves." Eisenhower's extraordinary showing there in 1952, he believes, proves that effective Republican organization in the South is a practical possibility. He has assigned a smart young Texan, Paul Letric, to work full time to build the party in the South. He has also wrestled hard with the problem himself, traveling widely in the South and overhauling decrepit Republican organizations in South Carolina, Mississippi and elsewhere.

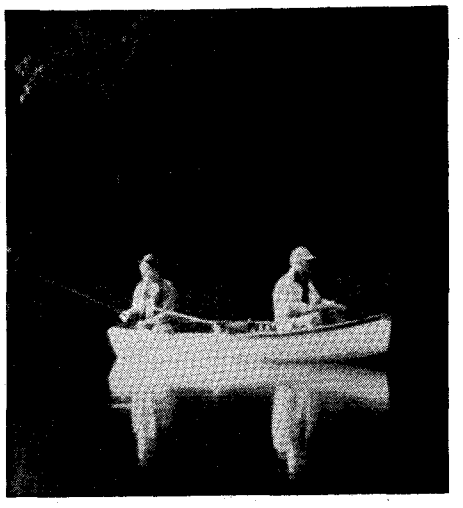
Hall is genuinely convinced that the two-party system can be effectively established in the South by the end of a second Eisenhower term. Because of this conviction, in the inner circles of the party he has always counseled moderation on the civil-rights issue, which some Republicans would like to exploit to the hilt, to attract the Negro vote and split the Democrats wide open in an election year.

The other great Republican problem is the big-city vote, especially what Hall calls "the apartment-house vote." His polls and surveys show that people who live in apartment houses tend for some mysterious reason to vote Democratic, even when they have incomes well above average. This is one reason for the enormous emphasis on television in Hall's campaign plans—apartment dwellers are also television viewers, almost to a man. But Hall is under no illusion that political salesmanship alone can do the job.

Even more important is really competent professional organization work in the big cities. This is especially true in those cities—like Philadelphia, for example, which once had the most powerful Republican machine in the country—where the Republican organizations crumbled into ruins during the New Deal and Fair Deal epoch.

For the organization job, Hall has recruited a force of "field men"—there are currently seven of them, professional politicians to a man. They lead a nomadic life, scurrying hither and yon to trouble spots all over the country. A field man's job is to talk to the local leader, his henchmen and rivals, feel out the opposition, and report back to Hall on what has gone wrong and what can be done to set it right. The job is a delicate one. But the field men are thoroughgoing pros, who rarely step on sensitive toes.

Hall is no man to sneer at the amateurs, the volunteer workers, members of Citizens for Eisenhower, and so on. The amateurs, he believes, are extremely important in two ways. They are important for the work they do and the money they save—the forty unpaid Republican ladies he has working for him save the committee vast sums of money yearly. They are even more important because working for the party gives people a contagious enthusiasm for the Republican cause. Working for the party, (*Continued on Page 122*)



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BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
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CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR LINES
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
CONTINENTAL AIR LINES
DELTA AIR LINES
EASTERN AIR LINES
JAPAN AIR LINES
KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINES
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NORTHWEST AIRLINES
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Nothing beats the DC-7 *– world's fastest airliner*

You go up to *50 mph faster* in the new DC-7 than in any other airliner—its top speed is 410! You fly in luxury, too, with scores of new comforts, new conveniences.

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DC means DOUGLAS

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(*Continued from Page 120*) Hall believes, makes a Republican a "proud party man," and that is the kind of Republican Hall likes to see.

But the full-time professional, Hall believes, plays the absolutely essential role. The professional provides the stiffening without which any organization becomes mushy and ineffective. Hall is, of course, a professional himself. In a way, indeed, that is the whole point of the man. If he were not a professional, his adaptation of modern promotional techniques to the business of politics would not fit the political realities and would almost certainly fail. But Hall is no amateur theorist. He has spent his whole life in politics, and politics is his life.

"If he ever got out of politics," one of his friends has remarked, "Len would wilt away like an old piece of lettuce." The same friend defines Hall's professionalism as follows:

"Len speaks the language. Every profession has a language of its own, so you can understand what the guy means without having to draw a diagram. There are fewer real pros than you'd think—most of the men in politics are part-timers, in-and-outers. It takes a long time in politics to get to know who the real pros are, the real key people over the country. Len knows. He knows the names and numbers of all the players. Len's a real pro, about the best, I'd say, since Jim Farley."

What makes Hall unique is his grasp of the modern techniques of political salesmanship, which he has mastered as no other professional politician has done. As one of his Capitol Hill admirers has remarked, "Len's an old pro gone modern."

Hall was born and bred to politics. He was brought up in the heady Republican atmosphere generated by the Oyster Bay Roosevelts. Friends sometimes say that Hall's father was a White House librarian, which indeed he became toward the end of his life. But Hall himself, who has not a trace of snobbery in his veins, says simply, "My father was Teddy Roosevelt's coachman."

The early Teddy Roosevelt association has clearly marked Hall. He was given his first and second names by Teddy's daughter, Ethel, now Mrs. Richard Derby, who became his godmother at the age of nine. She named him after Leonard Wood, her father's commanding officer in the Spanish-American War. (Young Ethel was at first appalled by the religious responsibilities involved in godmothership, but consented when reminded of a Roosevelt family rule that godparents could rest their elbows on the dinner table.)

Theodore Roosevelt inevitably became Hall's boyhood hero. He still remembers the President vividly—"riding on his big horse, with the kids shouting, 'Hey, Teddy' at him, and Teddy grinning and waving his hat at them." He likes to compare his old hero and his new—he thinks that children shout, "Hey, Ike," just the way they used to shout "Hey, Teddy," in response to something uniquely warm and friendly in both men.

Hall has even absorbed certain Roosevelt characteristics. His frenetic energy is a Roosevelt trait, and so is his trick memory. "I've never known Len to forget a name or a face," a close associate has remarked. Even his habit of making up terrible rhymes and reciting them to all comers is one of the less lovable Oyster Bay Roosevelt customs. It may also be that Hall's attitude toward money in politics, which seems downright priggish in an old pro, derived in part from Theodore Roosevelt's trenchant preachments on political honesty.

At any rate, Hall's attitude toward money in politics is one reason he is where he is. Hall has been in politics all his adult life—as Assemblyman in Albany from Long Island's Nassau County, as sheriff, and from 1939 through 1952, as a Nassau County representative in Congress. Most successful politicians in rich and heavily Republican Nassau County tend to become rich men.

Some of them—notably Nassau County boss Russell Sprague—have made a great deal of money buying stock, at bargain-basement prices, in Long Island's lucrative race tracks. Hall had plenty of opportunity to do likewise. His long-time secretary, Eve Sahner—who came to him when she was fifteen and has been with him ever since—remembers asking him years ago why he didn't get in on the race-track deal, which was, of course, perfectly legal. Hall replied curtly that deals like that always turned sour in the end, and that he wouldn't touch it with a barge pole.

He was right. In 1953, the Long Island race-track scandal exploded. The explosion sent Hall's bitter political enemy, labor boss William C. De Koning, Sr., to jail, and led to the resignation of Sprague as Republican National Committeeman. Not a breath of scandal touched Len Hall. If it had, Hall could not possibly have become National Chairman.

The race-track explosion led to a bitter feud between Hall and Sprague. According to some of Hall's friends, at least, Sprague did his level best to prevent Hall from becoming chairman, although he nominated Hall when he saw the handwriting on the wall. The battle was complicated, and it is not worth describing here, except perhaps to note that Sprague denies there was ever a real battle at all—

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which suggests the identity of the victor.

Victor or not, Hall is still a comparatively poor man. His Oyster Bay law practice returns him a fair income, to be sure, which enables him and his attractive wife, Gladys, to maintain a modest residence in Oyster Bay and another in Washington, although Hall draws no pay as National Chairman. But his income would be a lot less modest if he had not, on the day he was elected to Congress, sternly forbidden his law office to accept any Federal practice at all.

Hall commutes restlessly between Washington and Oyster Bay. "Len's got itchy feet," one of his subordinates has remarked. "When he's in one place he always wants to be in another." Hall himself estimates that he has traveled some 600,000 miles between Washington Airport and LaGuardia Field since he became chairman.

At home, either in Washington or Oyster Bay, he works off his restlessness in other ways. He is an avid do-it-yourself man, with a large collection of power tools of which he is very proud. An extrovert if ever there was one, he likes parties, and can always be relied on to revive a dying party by singing one of his horrible ditties or performing his near-professional magic tricks. He is a doting parent to his two stepchildren and their five children. But politics is Hall's reason for being.

Hall's transformation into a real pro began when he went to Washington in 1939. The House of Representatives is a clubby place. On both sides of the aisle there is a well-defined inner circle, the Republican inner circle centering around Republican leader Joe Martin, of Massachusetts. Martin liked Hall immediately—it was Martin, incidentally, who proposed Hall for the national chairmanship in 1953 when Hall was "withering away like an old piece of lettuce" in a nonpolitical, $30,000-a-year job as Nassau County surrogate. Partly because Martin liked him, partly because he was close to New York's powerful Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, and partly because he is the shrewd and energetic man he is, Hall graduated to the inner circle with remarkable rapidity.

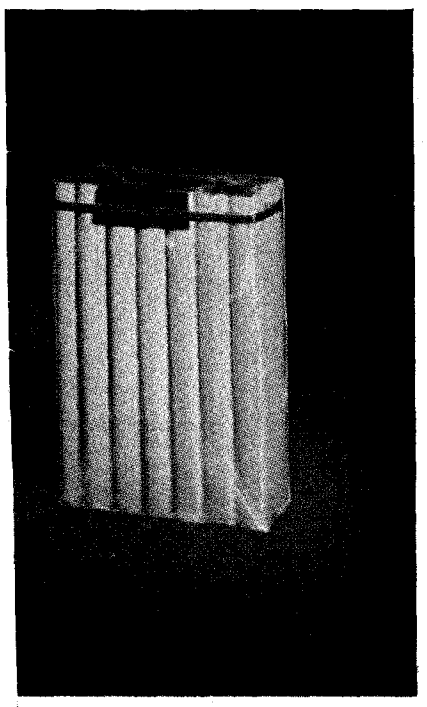
Membership in the House inner circle taught Hall a lot about the realities of American politics. He learned even more after he became chairman of the House Republican Campaign Committee in 1946, a post in which he came to know intimately the political setup in every corner of the country—he learned, in fact, "The names and numbers of all the players." Hall, in short, was an old pro by the mid-'40's. He really began to "go modern" in 1950, as a result of another fight.

Hall is an ebulliently friendly man, who does not go out of his way to pick fights. But if fight he must, he fights hard. He is even capable of celebrating his triumphs in doggerel, as in the following verses on the outcome of a struggle with Herbert Brownell and Carroll Reece, who tried to unseat his friend, Hugh Scott, as National Chairman in 1949:

After the vote was over,
After they learned the score,
Brownie and Carroll were asking,
What happened the night before.

They had the votes in the bag,
Victory in their grasp,
When Scott got 54 sure votes,
All they could do was gasp.

Hall's really crucial fight was with the man who replaced Scott as National Chairman, Guy Gabrielson. In 1949,



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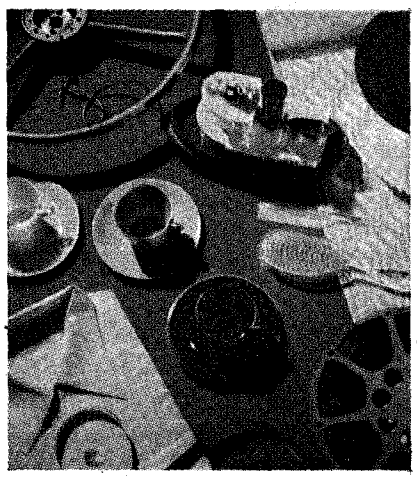

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By Martha Banning Thomas

Salute, my soles! Last time we walked together,
We trod red clover and avoided slugs;
The wet grass shone and all the morning weather
Was lively with assorted birds and bugs;
(*A hummingbird poked out an angry bee*
Thrust headlong in a blue delphinium;
A cruising sea gull spoke complainingly
High overhead.) Then, scooping driblets from
The sopping grass, we tracked the cottage floor,
And sent the ancient, braided mat askew.
Now has the winter come and gone. Once more,
Let's tread the clover as we used to do!

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"May I offer a suggestion?"

Hall's committee had set up a publicity and promotional division—an idea of Joe Martin's, to which Hall had been decidedly lukewarm. It was also Martin who persuaded Robert Humphreys, a newspaperman and magazine editor with a first-rate creative mind, to head the division.

Hall and Humphreys, although they are very different in many ways, soon formed an intimate partnership which has lasted ever since. Humphreys showed Hall what simple promotional devices could accomplish politically. It was Humphreys' idea, for example, to have a photographer on tap at all times. Thus a Republican representative could always have his picture taken gratis, with a visiting politician, actress, performing animal or whatnot. The picture was sent to all the newspapers in the representative's district, and it would quite often land on the front pages. For a lowly House member, getting his picture on the front page, even in the act of shaking hands with a chimpanzee, is like striking oil.

When Gabrielson took over as chairman, he immediately set out to eliminate the Humphreys organization, on budgetary and jurisdictional grounds. The showdown came at a meeting of the National Finance Committee in January, 1950. The still-extant transcript gives an interesting picture of how Hall operates. He began his defense of the Humphreys operation with the curt sentences:

"I am sorry that Guy thinks it should be abolished. I must say it won't be abolished."

It wasn't. Hall asked each of the businessman members of the Finance Committee in turn how much their businesses spent on promotion. He made the same point with all of them—"You'll spend five million dollars to sell soap, but you won't even spend a couple of hundred thousand to sell the American way of life."

The vote was unanimously for Hall. And Hall, in convincing the committee, succeeded in thoroughly convincing himself. Since then, Hall and Humphreys have moved a long way, from free photographs of congressmen shaking hands with chimpanzees to such complicated productions as Salute, and to the multimillion-dollar television campaign they have planned to the last detail.

It has been said, of course, that Hall is a mere huckster, and that the promotional techniques he has embraced are a threat to the American political system. Hall hotly contends that this is nonsense—that the most brilliant political salesmanship will not sell a bad program or a bad candidate. On the contrary, he says, "there is nothing like TV for showing up a phony."

It has also been said that the President has abdicated to Hall his role as political leader of his party. On this point, it may be worth recording a one-sided telephone conversation. A reporter sometimes finds himself an unwilling eavesdropper when an official he is visiting gets an important telephone call. This happened one day recently in Hall's office.

The telephone rang, and Hall picked it up. "Hello," he said. "Oh, hello, Sherm. . . . Yes, yes, indeed." Then there was a wait as White House aide Sherman Adams put another person on the telephone. The ensuing conversation went about as follows:

"Hello, sir. . . . Yes. . . .Yes. . . .Right, sir. . . . Yes, sir, that's what I understand. . . . Right. . . . Yes, I know about that situation and I agree it is a dangerous one. . . .Yes. . . . It shall be done, sir. The contact will be made and it will be arranged as you say. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, sir. . . . Right."

It would have been tactless to ask, but there was not really much doubt who the other person was. And the tone and content of the one-sided conversation also suggested that any fears that Leonard Hall is taking over the political responsibilities of the presidency are groundless. In such matters, it is Hall who proposes, the President who disposes. But from his record to date, it can be rather confidently predicted that the proposals of the "old pro gone modern" will represent a unique and effective combination of modern promotional methods and the time-hallowed techniques of professional politics as practiced in these United States.

THE END

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The Molding of the Masses

(Continued from Page 39)

because it reflects so accurately their conformity in behavior, speech and professed beliefs. In prewar China, people were more inclined to think for themselves than other Oriental peoples. My Chinese friends in the past always had some ready comment upon almost any subject, often original. They usually added, with a touch of humor, "Of course, that is only my personal opinion."

But in Mao Tse-tung's China, personal opinions are precisely what all Chinese carefully avoid. The Peking brain trust has prepared prefabricated answers to almost every conceivable question. I was amazed to find that my oldest Chinese friends, whom I had known intimately in the past, gave me nothing except the official answers, even when we were alone.

Young Chinese especially seemed to be pained when they were pressed to offer an independent opinion upon any subject. An example was the youthful guide who took me one day to see Lau Shaw, one of the best-known novelists of the Red regime. This writer is well known in the West, having lectured at Harvard and London universities, and he made a fortune out of the English translations of his books. I had never heard in prewar China that Lau was a communist or even a fellow traveler, so I asked my guide, "Was Lau a late convert to communism, or was he secretly a progressive in the old days?" The Chinese use that word "progressive" as we do "fellow traveler."

My youthful escort became decidedly agitated and exclaimed, "That is not my business to answer! You had better ask him, not me."

I continued, "But you have read his books and must have an opinion."

An expression of mingled anger and fear crossed the young man's face. He cried again, "It is not my business to judge!"

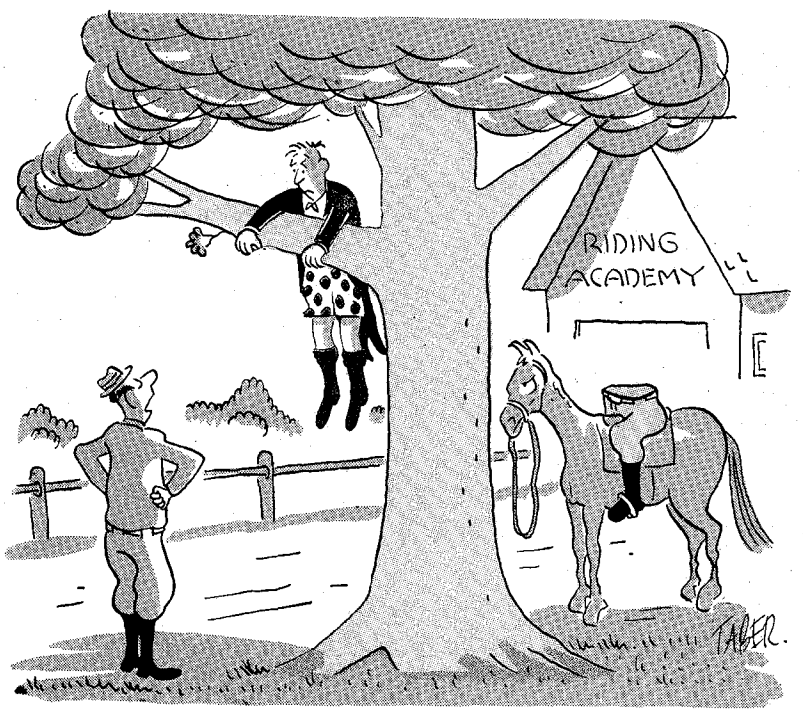
On dozens of other occasions, when I asked questions which called for the slightest individual thinking, my guides would suddenly disappear. They would come back holding open notebooks and say, "This is what I have been told to tell you." More often than not the answers to my questions were obvious, but my escorts had protected themselves by getting some kind of group decision.

I remember how, in the spring of 1949 in Shanghai, only a day or two after the Reds took over the city, I first heard an expression which has since become famous: brainwashing. Coined by the Chinese themselves, this phrase described the process by which Chinese minds were supposed to be flushed out, so that no remnants remained of ideas left over from the old society. But when I returned to China last autumn I discovered that Red China has moved far beyond mere brainwashing. The process of thought control has become more elaborate and oppressive. The method now practiced is given the cumbersome title of "self-criticism plus group criticism." This method, too, has been copied from Russian blueprints. But I believe that the Red Chinese have applied this practice more drastically than their Russian tutors ever did.

A foreign observer in China gave me a lively description of the process of self-criticism—this being group criticism, in fact—which he reported had so agitated one of his Chinese friends that the latter committed suicide. My informant said, "Everybody is organized in some kind of group, and every group is supposed to put itself through this process repeatedly. Members of the group compete with each other in self-accusation and self-humiliation. A respected professor will confess his various affairs with women throughout his life, and give their names. A well-known writer will describe in detail some mean trick he played upon a colleague years ago. Another will reveal secret vices. All this is the first phase of the process—self-criticism. But then the second phase, group criticism, remains to come. It is dangerous for any member of the group to keep anything secret if any other member may even suspect it. Because even one's closest friends are expected to 'help' one by reminding him of any omissions."

"Helping," of course, has a special meaning, and it takes the form of bringing accusations against the person who faces criticism.

These orgies of self-criticism and group criticism are considered failures if they do not produce a number of written confessions. If some of these confessions are considered especially interesting or instructive by the leaders in the group, they may be (*Continued on Page 128*)



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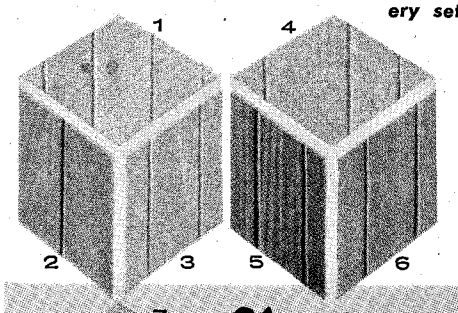

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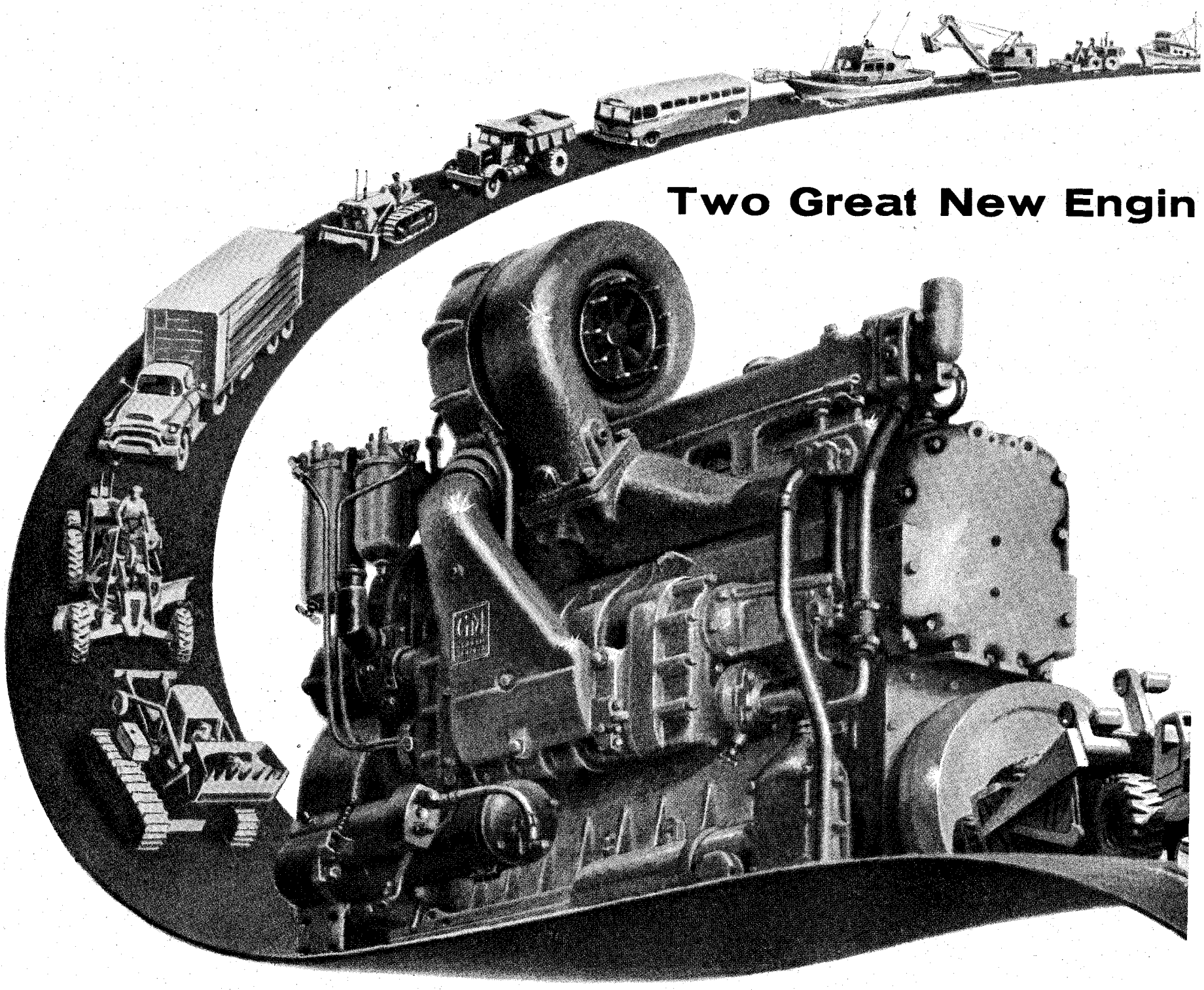

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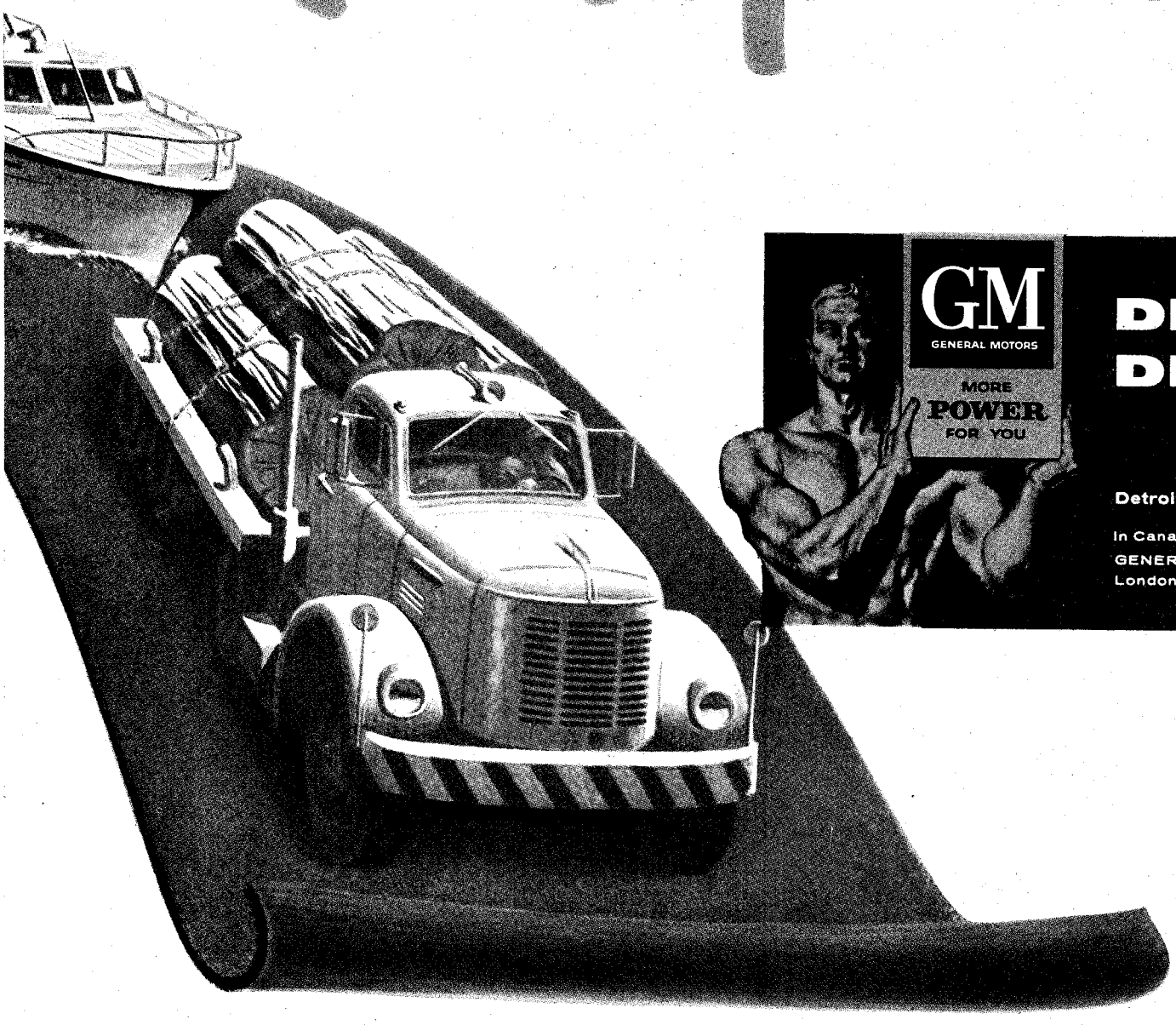

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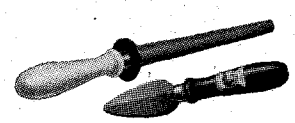

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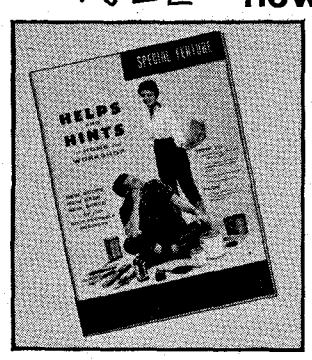

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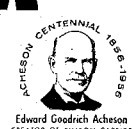

Edward Goodrich Acheson
CREATOR OF SILICON CARBIDE WHICH HE TRADEMARKED CARBORUNDUM®

(*Continued from Page 125*) circulated among the person's acquaintances or even published in newspapers. Then organized mobs may besiege the hapless individual and exhort him to demand punishment. There is nothing spontaneous about any part of this process, but it has become routine everywhere in China. It seems clear that Chinese communists are using the method more widely than the Russians ever did.

A foreigner in Shanghai gave me an illuminating comparison between Nazi Germany and Red China. He said that when the Nazis didn't like a man's ideas they sent the Gestapo for him, and he disappeared. But in Red China such people are delivered to the tender mercies of their best friends and nearest neighbors, who are made responsible for their return to "correct thinking." Under this system there is no need of any "thought police," because everybody is supposed to police the thoughts of everybody else. This, indeed, has become the basic blue-ant principle of Chinese-communist society—the street committee. I was permitted to examine one such cell in a street in the Tungteng district of Peking.

In the old days the people in this quiet street lived very private lives, with a minimum of outside interference. The one-story houses are well hidden behind high walls, and each has several courtyards almost equally private. The windows all open on inner courtyards, not upon the street. House gates, even when open, reveal screens protecting the inmates from curious passers-by. Today, however, the 300 families of that street must expect, at any moment, a visit from tiny, quick-speaking Mrs. Li Wang-kwen, blue-trousered chief of the street committee. No house can be closed at any time of the day or night to Mrs. Li or the thirteen members of her committee. The most insignificant happening in the street which may not conform to communist standards is supposed to be reported immediately to Mrs. Li's office.

The committee also sees that everybody in the street is enrolled in classes and subcommittees, which consume their time when they are not working or sleeping or eating. Mrs. Li explained that the committee's work comes under six headings: hygiene, women, welfare, propaganda, disputes and security. She told how the street got rid of its flies and its rats by organized campaigns, and how any dispute between neighbors or even married couples is referred to the committee.

But Mrs. Li did not mention to me that her committee is essentially a police organ, and an extremely efficient one because it is so close to the "masses." I had to learn from other sources how street committees guarantee state security. No outsider can spend a single night in the street without being reported to the committee. Twice a week, committee representatives in a certain street I know get instructions from their local police bureau. In some places the police chief nearly always attended meetings, and there were meetings almost every day, with every house of the street represented. "One of the main occupations at the meetings is mutual reporting by everybody about everybody else," I was told. The committee is all-powerful, I also was told, because the committee chief can say, "This man (or woman) is a good patriot. That one is not a patriot."

Everything about China today reminds one of what a low base the Chinese communists have started from, even as compared to Soviet Russia. Illiteracy and poverty were much greater in China—and still are—than in any other country ruled today by communists. That may explain why it has been comparatively easy to regiment the Chinese people. To anyone familiar with the old China, today's Chinese railroad stations are positively dumfounding. The chaos among travelers in precommunist China was sensational. They fought fiercely for standing room in overcrowded trains. They would often break through windows and climb on train roofs. But today, "blue ants," dressed in the universal uniform, wait in silence in orderly groups inside or outside the station until their train comes. Then, on order from a leader, the passengers file one by one through the wicket and walk sedately to the cars set aside for them. It will be hard for old China hands to believe me when I report this amazing transformation. But it is quite true, the same everywhere in today's Chinese railroad stations.

The process which I call "socialization of human brains" falls into two distinct phases. The first is the method known as brainwashing, designed to get rid of ideas disliked by the Red regime. The second phase consists of filling the vacuum left

"Saved $75.00 today—and believe me, we can use the money."

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by brainwashing with acceptable ideas and beliefs. In this second phase the Chinese, unlike the Russians, must work with comparatively primitive tools. They have no television as yet—many Chinese have not even heard of it. Even radio is used sparingly—the average Chinese would have to pay three months' wages for the simplest set on sale in the state shops. Visual propaganda by films and photographs remains scarce and poor, except for Russian imports. Even written propaganda, because illiteracy is still widespread, is restricted largely in towns and villages to blackboards upon which official slogans and orders are written in oversize Chinese ideographs with colored chalks.

The spoken word is therefore the chief means for filling brainwashed heads. The number of political agents, known as cadres, must reach hundreds of thousands. They organize almost everybody, from high to low, for compulsory studies of various kinds outside their offices, shops or farms. The classes considered most important are those which repeat again and again simplified formulas of Marxism-Leninism or discuss how the latest official directives can be transformed into "mass movements." It is impossible for anybody in Red China to escape this unending process of indoctrination.

What sounds like dreary nonsense to outsiders has very practical importance to China's blue ants. It is essential for people who have stopped doing their own thinking to keep informed about the thinking of the higher-ups in Peking. Failure to do so may result in loss of jobs, or worse. Nobody stands a chance for promotion unless he is a keen student of the word from Peking. Red Chinese newspapers are not designed, like ours, to entertain or provide readers with the raw material to do their own thinking. On the contrary, they help readers *not* to think, but to accept wholeheartedly the thoughts fabricated, in Peking, for the multitude.

This explains how even pedicab pullers can be seen earnestly trying to absorb the most tedious editorial in the People's Daily, the main organ of the Chinese Communist Party. One comes across clusters of illiterate workers, after a day of hard physical labor, gathered around a group leader who reads aloud to them from the party newspaper and then interrogates them to make sure that they have understood.

Although these methods are primitive, they are very effective because all Chinese, without exception, belong to group organizations through which the government can convey to them whatever ideas it wishes them to have. During my visit, Peking was staging a full-fledged campaign for speeding collectivized agriculture. The conduct of this campaign was typical. Last July Mao Tse-tung made a speech to a select group of leaders outlining what amounted to an agricultural revolution. That speech was not published anywhere for many weeks, because the government used the time for preparations to put it over simultaneously with every Chinese in every city, town and farm village.

When everything was ready, the campaign swept across China almost literally like a typhoon of propaganda. The whole of China is kept continuously agitated by one such propaganda drive after another. Anybody rash enough to question the government's decisions is almost certain to be branded a counterrevolutionary or, among humble workers, as unpatriotic.

Mutual denunciations are one of the most powerful weapons of the Peking regime, probably more effective than any of the regular police organizations. For almost seven years, now, China's hundreds of millions have been learning that it is dangerous for them not to report the slightest evidence of misconduct or "incorrect thinking" among neighbors, friends or even blood relatives. I came across many examples of how the blue ants keep one another in line. Item: Three people—a Chinese young woman, a Chinese young man and a foreign man—all co-workers in the same office, went on a picnic to the Great Wall, near Peking. The foreigner and the girl clasped hands in friendly fashion as they walked. The next day a meeting of the office committee was called to sit in judgment upon the girl for "shameless conduct." The charge could have come only from the jealous youth. It meant endless trouble for the girl.

All employees of a Shanghai firm that I know were ordered one day to stop work and write "denunciation papers." They were given big blank sheets and told to put down "everything you know about your comrades in this firm." Everybody became fearful, but the tension eased when nothing happened for many months. Then, almost a year later, it was announced that a number of "counterrevolutionaries" had been exposed during investigations which followed up the denunciation papers.

One of my acquaintances was visited by a policeman selling state bonds. The prospective buyer protested that he had no spare cash. The policeman pointed to a girl who had accompanied him and said, "This young lady will remind you of the balance in your bank account." She was a bank clerk in charge of his account. Another Chinese acquaintance

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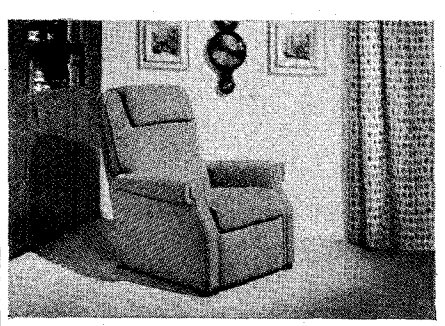
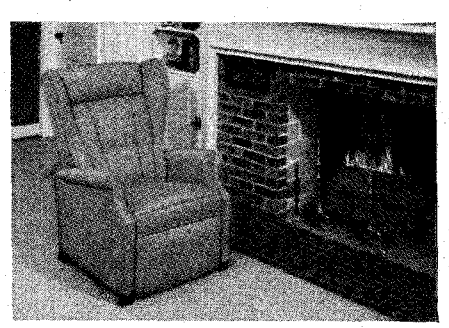
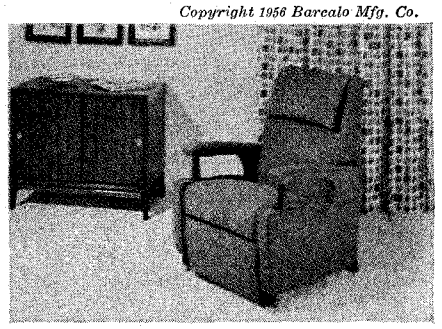


Model W261-S-1 in rose beige nylon frieze. Adjustable head pillow may be turned back out of sight when not in use. Available in many sizes, coverings and colors.



BarcaLounger Model 500 Provincial wing chair with tufted channel back. Illustrated in a delicate Mediterranean Blue woven damask print.



BarcaLonian Model 956 covered here in a toast beige nubby-textured tweed. Adjustable head pillow flips back out of sight when not in use.

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told me, "The police keep a file for every citizen, in which every insufficiency reported by anyone, anywhere, accumulates. We don't know what is in our file until, someday, it may be used against us."

In Red Chinese literature and journalism the informer always is a hero or heroine. One of the most popular Chinese films shown during my visit had as its heroine a thirteen-year-old girl who was recruited by the police as an informer. The police chief, desiring inside information about the Wang family, went to a schoolteacher for help. The teacher called in the Wang daughter and explained that it was her duty to spy on her elders in her home. The child was shown listening behind closed doors, examining the mail and monitoring telephone calls. She told the teacher everything, and the teacher told the police chief. Finally the girl discovered that her uncle, arriving unseen at night, had been parachuted as an agent from Formosa. She reported this, police surrounded the house, and in the excitement the uncle almost killed the little girl. But her life was saved, and the last scene showed her being honored as a "people's heroine."

To most westerners this story is not only corny but shocking. But the Chinese who watched it with me seemed to think it was splendid. I believe that most of them really admired this little monster, and that millions of Chinese little girls today are eager to emulate her and become a heroine by catching some kind of "enemy of the people."

Since I came back from China, people have asked me many times, "What do the Chinese think about this and that and the other?" Those who were familiar with precommunist China find it more difficult than others to believe me when I say there is no longer any individual thinking left in China. The brains of the Chinese have been conditioned to reflect the thinking of the small group of thinkers in Peking and Moscow. Socialized brains have produced socialized will power—and the Chinese millions are permitted to retain only as much will power as their rulers desire them to have.

One of the outstanding characteristics of Red China, very familiar to those who know Soviet Russia, is the mass production of so-called volunteers. The Chinese armies that marched into Korea in 1950, it will be recalled, were officially described as "volunteers." In remote Lanchow, in China's Far West, I was told that thousands of soldiers back from Korea were again "volunteers"—having requested permission to remain in the places where they were demobilized. While I was in Shanghai thousands of urban young people presented petitions, "volunteering" to cultivate virgin land or build railroads through desolate deserts near the Russian border. In his July speech forecasting the speed-up of collectivized agriculture, Mao Tse-tung predicted that there would be an overwhelming "spontaneous" movement into the farm-village co-operatives. But in that same speech he gave statistics on the development of the co-operative movement until 1968. In this instance, the state obviously knew for years in advance just how many "volunteers" it would get.

The brains of the Chinese people have been so thoroughly conditioned that the state can direct their thinking almost as easily as a central radio station can put the same thoughts on millions of receiving sets simultaneously. One day all Red Chinese everywhere are excited about germ warfare or the Korean war. But the next day they all begin thinking about something else which the central station in Peking is broadcasting. During my two months in China nobody mentioned germ warfare to me, or even the Korean war. This concentrated nationwide attention upon one or two main subjects at a time is remarkably effective.

In Red China, as in Russia, everybody is being taught that the individual must always be sacrificed, if necessary, for the good of the group—as in an anthill. During my visit the magazine China Youth, organ of the China Youth League, a sort of junior branch of the Communist Party, published an article discussing the following question: Should You Denounce Your Counterrevolutionary Husband or Father? The writer produced two letters, the first from a young wife. She said that, after three years of happy married life, she had found that her beloved husband was secretly harboring counterrevolutionary thoughts. After agonizing hesitation she finally decided to denounce him—and now at last she is happy again. The writer congratulated this young woman because she has understood that the only sound basis for love is a common political faith in communism.

The second letter was from a young man whose father, a former landlord, had escaped punishment during the period of agrarian reforms because his family had hidden him. The son, still hesitant, asked what he should do. He was told that he should, of course, denounce his father. The old man, the article said, would not necessarily be executed, but more probably reformed through forced labor. The ordeal over, the son was told, the father might even praise him and the People's Government for "assuring his salvation."

The article concluded: "If there are still among our parents some persons who are evil, we young people must annihilate them, according to the formula which tells us, 'Annihilate even blood relatives for the greater cause of justice.'"

So we see that in the Chinese blue ant not only the brains but the conscience has been socialized. After the young man has denounced his father, his individual conscience need not bother him. He will hear instead the voice of the group conscience praising him and saying, "You have acted well because you have acted for the good of the group. What is right for the group is right for you. There is no other good than the good of the group." There we have the basis for the human anthill.

Concluding this series in next week's Post, Mr. Guillain reveals how China's current fantastic increase in population has the Reds worried, particularly in view of their industrial progress.—The Editors.

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"He won't touch broccoli at home."

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Angel of the Hills (Continued from Page 45)

neighbors, it is necessary to know Teller County, a classic example of how the mountains can isolate an area that is relatively close to urban civilization. From the resort city of Colorado Springs, it's less than twenty-five miles by Highway 24 to Woodland Park, Teller County's metropolis, population 400 and some. The black-topped road snakes up historic Ute Pass. It is so steep and winding that you'd better allow at least an hour for the trip, up or down.

Once you start the ascent, you find that the city drops back quickly and pine forests take over. Here and there are summer cabins. Woodland Park itself is a cluster of buildings along a relatively flat stretch of highway which shortly resumes its climb into the wilderness of the Central Rockies. Much of Teller County stymies the rural-delivery system of the United States Post Office Department. The Burnses, who live on a rocky ranch three miles out of Woodland Park, have to go to town to pick up their mail.

There is no hospital in Teller County. And since a doctor could hardly hope to make a living ministering to the ills of the county's 2700 scattered residents, none has tried for long. Thus Alverta Burns, housewife, ranch cook and registered nurse, has become the one person to depend on whenever there is an accident, a sudden illness or a lingering disability that requires professional nursing care.

Alverta has never accepted pay for her services. She responds to pleas for help day or night, in any kind of weather. Somehow, the most pressing emergencies seem to arise when the weather is foulest, and in winter this is forty-below country.

No one is more acutely aware than Alverta that she is not a doctor, that the medical help she can give, as a nurse, is limited. Yet no one short of an experienced M.D. could do more. A quarter century of nursing, much of it in the surgeries and emergency wards of Chicago's leading hospitals, has prepared her for her present role.

Sometimes she's merely an "ambulance" attendant, giving comfort to the patient while Bud whips the station wagon to the hospital in Colorado Springs. Alverta knows when a doctor's attention is imperative. She and Bud have charged down the pass many times with an emergency case stretched out on a mattress in the back of their car.

At other times she's been an unwilling stand-in for a surgeon. Once, when Bud ripped open his hand with a power saw, Alverta had to stanch the flow of blood and sew up the jagged wound herself.

There are few families in Teller County who have not been helped sometime in the last ten years by Mrs. Burns. In fact, many of them can't remember how it was before she came to the community. The Burnses have no such difficulty. Their introduction to life in the mountains was memorable for the hardships they encountered.

The year was 1945. Bernard Burns, nickname Bud, came home to Chicago from the wars to find his Indiana-born wife in a deep, blue funk about life in the big city. Perhaps she was overworked—there was a shortage of nurses during the war, remember. Anyway, she wanted to flee from the callousness and frustration of the metropolis. What persuaded Bud was Alverta's plea for the children, Barbara, then thirteen, and John, the seven-year-old they called Jacie. And so, like many another veteran, Bud headed west with his family in search of a new life.

One December day Bud and Alverta looked at a 167-acre ranch for sale near Woodland Park. There was snow on the pines, snow on the six-room log ranchhouse and the meadow that fronted the property. It was a Christmas-card scene pretty enough to turn the heads of a city couple. They fell in love with the place.

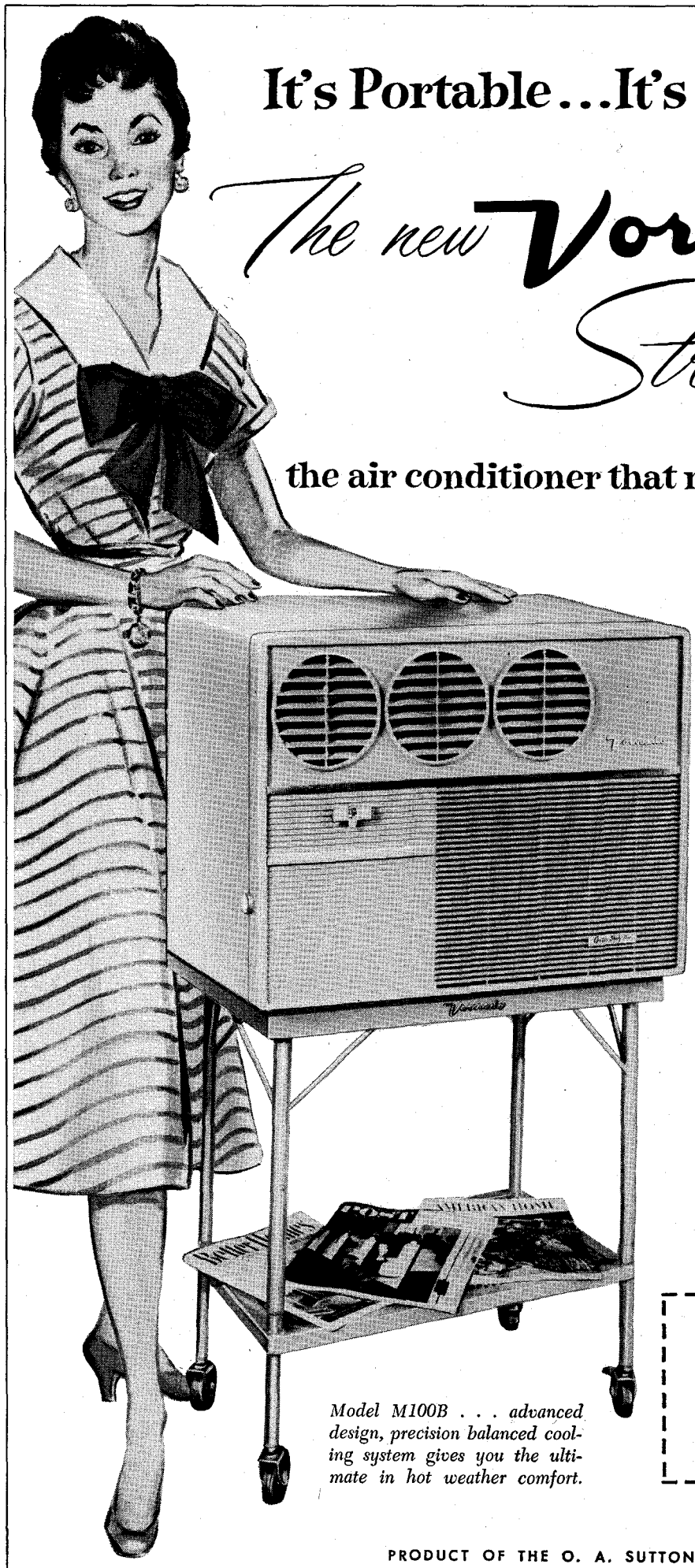
"This ought to be good potato country," Bud exclaimed. "Remember the price of potatoes in Chicago? We can get rich growing spuds."

"I think we ought to start a dairy farm," Alverta said. "It looks like an ideal place for milk cows."

The owner agreed with both of them. Twenty-five minutes after they first saw the property, Bud and Alverta impetuously signed the papers that made them ranchers.

They were to repent at leisure. About all they knew of ranching was that the place ought to have a Western-sounding name, so they called it the Triple-B for Bernard Bud Burns. But the venture didn't seem nearly so romantic when they learned that the ranch was 8750 feet above sea level, so high that snowstorms were common in June. Summer was glorious but fleeting. Killing frosts started in August.

Then Alverta found that grass grew so sparsely on their property that it took nearly fifty acres to pasture one milk cow. The crowning blow was the discovery that weirdly eroded red sandstone covered one fourth of their 167 acres. Swallowing their chagrin, they invested in 500 laying hens and 200 rabbits, which didn't need a lot of pastureland.



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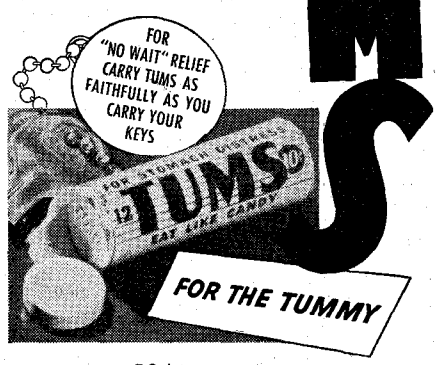

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Tough luck dogged the Burnses into the fall of 1946, which is remembered by Coloradans as the year of the big snow. One Friday night in early November it began to spit a few flakes. By morning two feet of snow lay on the meadows. Soon all roads were buried. It snowed steadily for four days and nights. When the storm lifted, drifted snow in the yard had buried all of Bud's car except the radio antenna.

Back in Chicago, Alverta had been accustomed to picking up groceries whenever she needed some. She had never acquired the habit of laying away an emergency supply. The Burnses were out of food long before the snow stopped. As soon as the storm let up, Bud set out for the store in Woodland Park, following the telephone line into town. It took eight hours of heart-wrenching slogging to make the six-mile round trip.

Soon the supply of feed for the chickens and animals ran low. Eleven days after the storm began, snowplows finally broke a road to their door. By then a cow, a calf, a horse and all the chickens and rabbits were dead.

The Burnses were broke, but not licked. Alverta went to work at the Glockner-Penrose Hospital in Colorado Springs and Bud took a job as carpenter. When summer came, they both quit to try their hand at dude ranching.

It was while Alverta was commuting to the hospital in Colorado Springs that neighbors noticed her uniform, and learned for the first time that she was a nurse. One night there was a knock at the Burnses' door. Alverta saw a man she didn't know.

"Mrs. Burns," he said, pulling off his hat, "I heard you were a nurse."

Alverta said she was.

"I don't know how to say this, but I can't get a doctor and my daughter is—well, I think she's bleeding to death. Could you come over and see her?"

Alverta went. She applied ice packs, stopped the bleeding, and stayed with the girl until a doctor could come up from Colorado Springs next morning.

Word of what Alverta had done spread quickly. Requests for help began to dribble in from isolated homesteads and ranches. There were injuries that needed first aid before the patient could be moved down to the Colorado Springs hospital. There were bedfast invalids who needed care. There were others who came to Alverta because they couldn't afford a doctor. She helped them all.

One of her first patients was Uncle Lou Speilman, pioneer settler who had driven cattle up Ute Pass when only a trail traversed it. Until his death at age eighty-nine early this year he lived with his daughter, Irene, and her husband, Clyde Denny, whose ranch house is three quarters of a mile from the Burns place.

Uncle Lou had heart trouble mixed up with asthma. Every few months he got a bad attack and needed an injection of a special drug. The doctor left a supply at the Dennys', and whenever Uncle Lou had to have it, Irene called Alverta. She came running over to make an injection.

The Dennys have tried to pay Alverta, but she won't hear of it. So, just to be neighborly, Clyde keeps the Burnses' drive cleared of snow with his tractor. When Alverta is away, Irene answers their party-line phone and takes messages.

A dozen residents of Teller County told me similar stories of how Alverta had helped them or members of their families. Roger Holden, well-to-do lecturer and fund raiser, world traveler and part-time rancher, calls her "the most remarkable woman I've ever met. She is like Isaiah in the wilderness: 'His reward is with him, and his work before him.'"

Another of her admirers is Father Michael Kavanagh, the tall, vigorous priest of Our Lady of the Woods Church and Woodland Park's only resident clergyman. "I've seen Al work," he says. "She is the living personification of the Christian virtue of charity." Father Kavanagh's esteem is reciprocated by the Burnses, who drop in to hear his sermons occasionally, although they are not Catholics.

Everywhere I went in the Woodland Park district I met people anxious to tell me of Alberta's kindness, her tireless good nature, her compassion for the ill.

One evening I asked her, "Why? Why do you do all this?"

Her reply was exceedingly simple: "Two things—personal satisfaction and the fact that these people are my neighbors. What kind of a neighbor would I be if I didn't give them a hand? I think now that when I left Chicago, I was trying to run away from mankind's miseries. But here I'm among people who are in even greater need of help. If I didn't help them I'd never find peace or satisfaction."

She wanted to set me right on one point. "Some people," she said, "will tell you that I don't get paid. Don't believe it. Maybe I don't get paid in cash, but people show their gratitude in many ways."

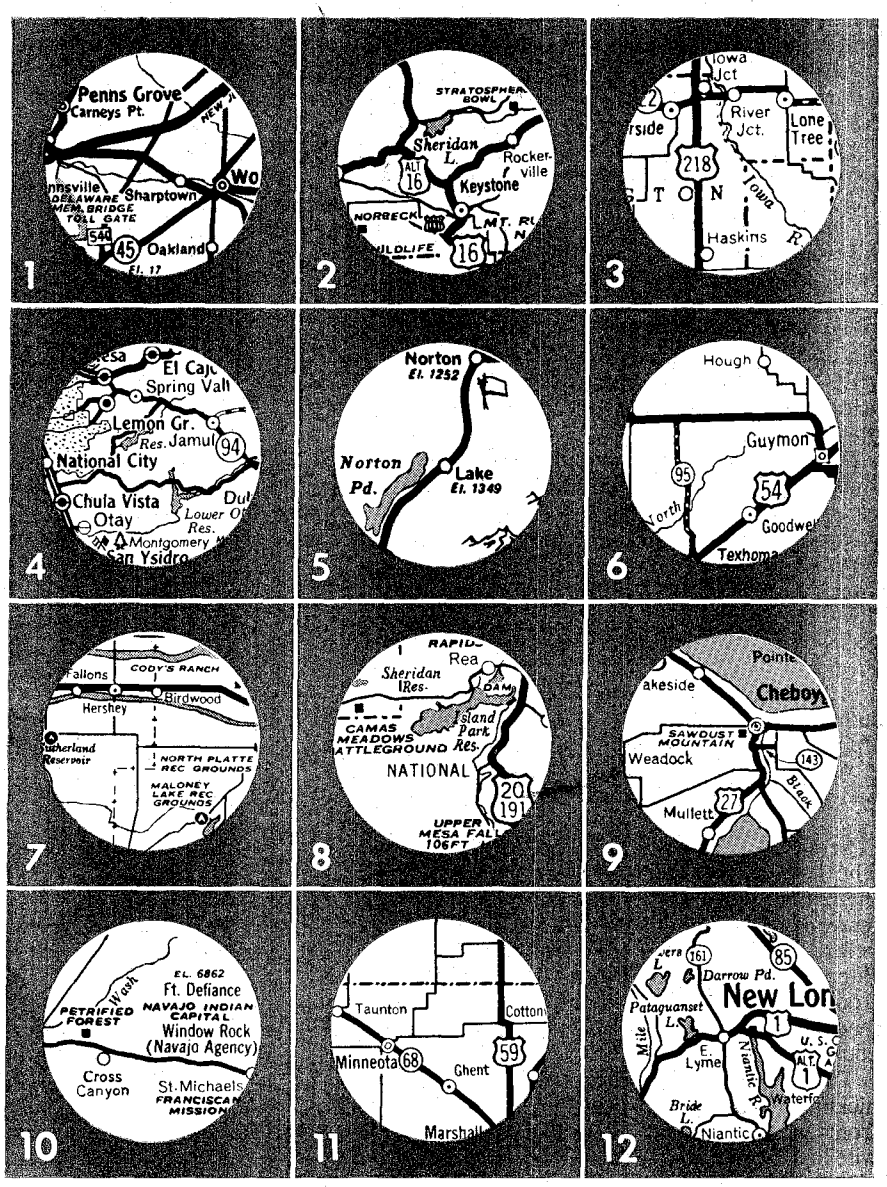
She told me about last summer when Bobbie Lynch was dying of cancer. Bobbie wanted to spend her last weeks at home with her husband, Louis, and their two young daughters, instead of going to a hospital to die. Alverta made it possible for her to realize that wish. The drugs that she administered regularly enabled Mrs. Lynch to tolerate her pain. Two hours before her death she spoke to Mrs. Burns. "Thanks, Al, for these wonderful weeks with my family."

"That was reward enough," Alverta says, "but afterwards, when we were building an addition to our dining room, Louis insisted on installing the plumbing, at a great saving to us. The wiring was done for the cost of materials by an electrician whose child has complicated allergies. Half the carpentry work was donated by a man whose son had a foot infection that required weeks of treatment. I had saved them many trips to the city by carrying out their doctors' instructions."

I saw how this system worked when I rode with Alverta into Woodland Park one day. She stopped at Roy Monet's M. & H. garage for gasoline. Roy noticed that the motor of the three-year-old car was running rough, so he lifted the hood and tinkered for a while. When it came time to pay, Roy charged only for the gas.

"How much do I owe you for that tuning up or whatever it was you did?" Alverta asked.

"No charge," Roy said with a grin. "How much (*Continued on Page 134*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(Answer on page 134)

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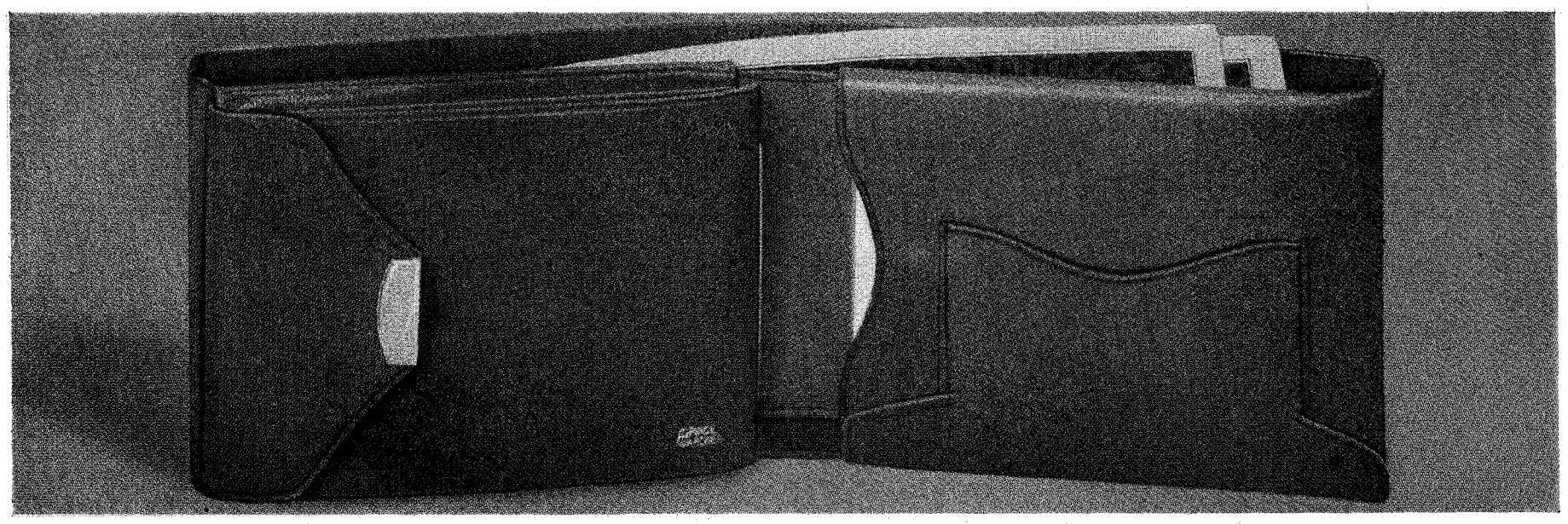

1 Resists wear...and tear!

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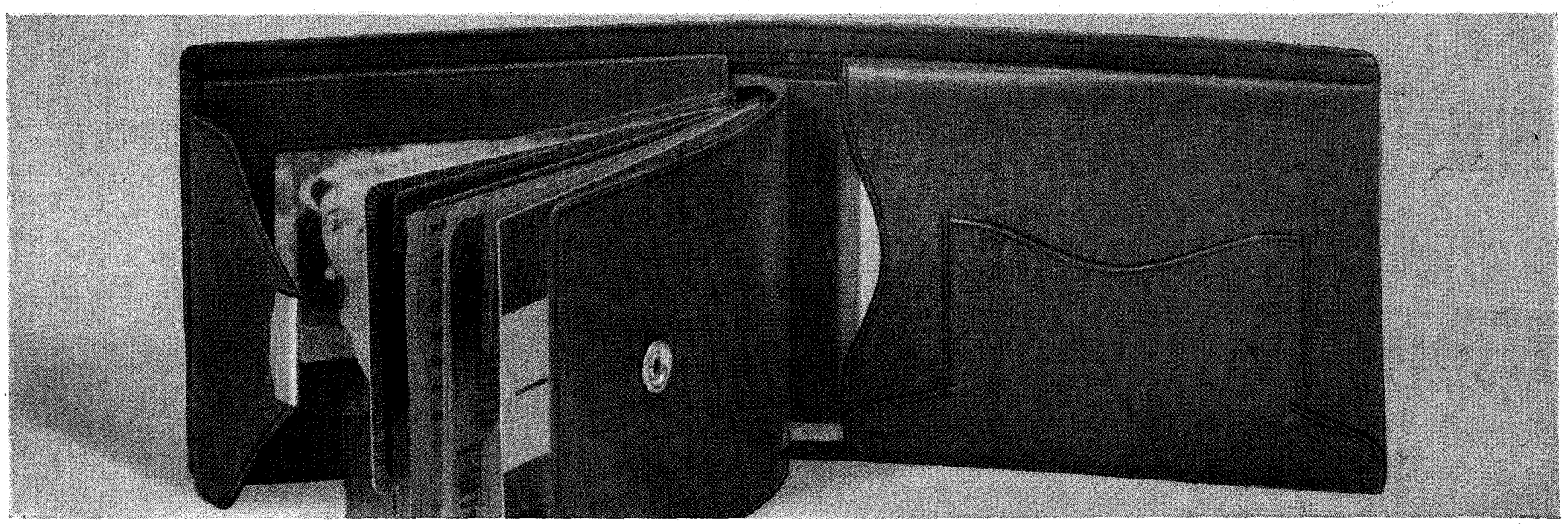
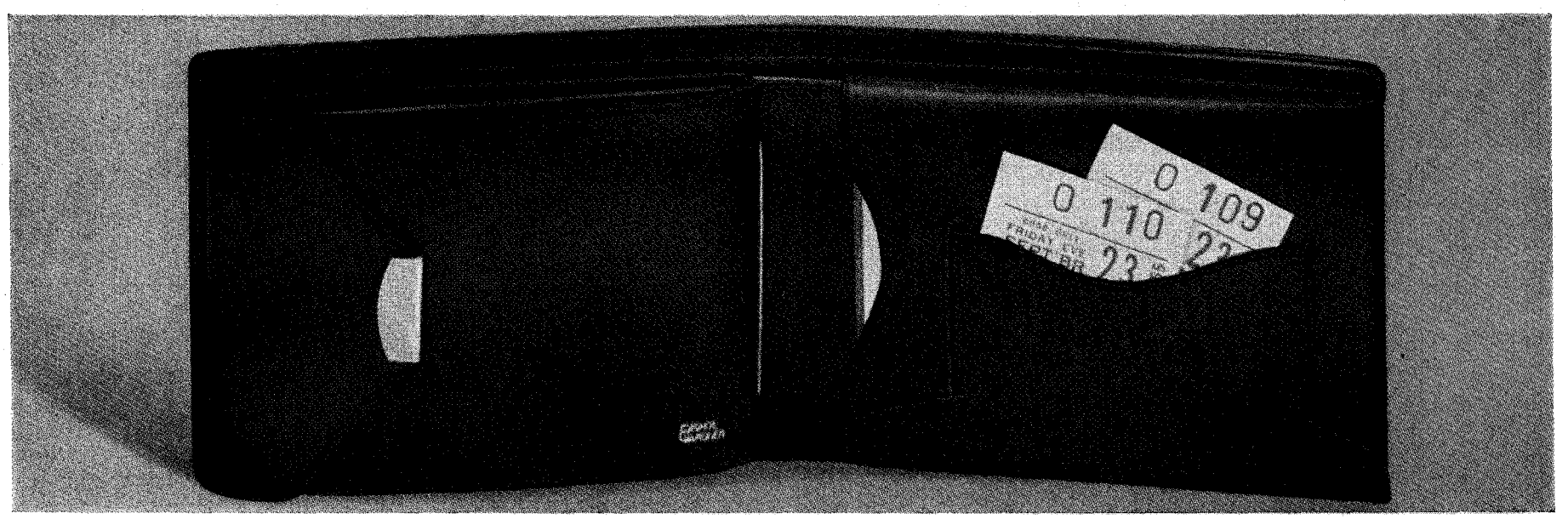


2 More place to put things!

There's almost no limit to what the Registrar will hold, and keep its shape. The leather-covered removable pass case carries 8 photos and cards. Add windows for 8 more with a snap of the Add-A-Pass bar.



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(*Continued from Page 132*) do I owe you for that doctoring job you did on my finger? Works fine now." He held it up and wriggled it.

Alverta works as a volunteer nurse for Woodland Park's combined grade and high school. She took on that job when Monte Montgomery, president of the school board, remarked one day that he wished he had the money to hire her. "Sure would help to get our schools accredited if we had a health program."

She works one day a week at the school without pay. Her first project was to vaccinate all the pupils. Next she borrowed equipment and tested sight and hearing.

Nearly one third of the youngsters were found to need glasses. Several were suffering from impaired hearing. Some had infected tonsils. A large percentage of the children needed dental care. Alverta saw to it that each of them got the attention he needed.

One day a state-health-department doctor drove from Denver to Woodland Park to visit Alverta. He didn't have anything special on his mind. "Just wanted to look at a woman who would take on a job like this for free," he said.

Alverta Burns today is a trimly built woman in her mid-forties, only a little more than five feet tall. A few strands of gray have crept into her brown hair, which is becoming to a grandmother. Her daughter, Barbara, is married now and has two children of her own. Still at home are Jacie, eighteen, chief wrangler when the dudes come, and Philip, better known as Boo, who was born after the family moved to Colorado.

But there are usually anywhere from two to six other youngsters running around the Triple-B. Over the years, Alverta has been a foster mother to an even dozen children. That phase of her activities started one day when the sheriff asked if she would care for an abandoned child. There was no place for the boy to go. Alverta took him in. Soon, other children were brought to the Burns ranch. Some were from broken homes. Others were runaways and delinquents in need of a new start. To Alverta, they are all "my children."

As if she didn't have enough to do, Alverta recently set up a Civil Defense ground-observer station at the ranch. It helps her keep occupied during the winters, when Bud works in Denver as a newspaper pressman. All his pay goes toward improving the Triple-B's guest accommodations. Sometimes life at the ranch gets pretty uproarious for the dudes. Last summer, after Alverta had been called out on four medical emergencies in one afternoon, a guest was heard asking himself why he kept coming up to the Triple-B for peace and quiet.

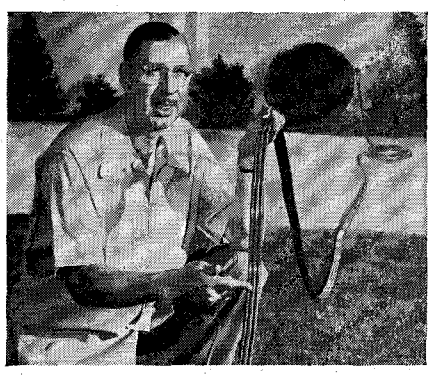
Occasionally the guests have to take over the kitchen when Alverta doesn't get back from a mission in time to cook.

Not long ago, Alverta's neighbors arranged a testimonial dinner for her at Our Lady of the Woods Church. Somehow, the plans were kept from Alverta. The night of the dinner, Roger Holden telephoned her to say he would drop by to take her to a Civil Defense meeting. He picked her up, together with Bud, and stopped at the church to "get my wife." A neighbor stepped up and said some folks were in the church, and would like to see Alverta. She went in.

The church basement was filled with Alverta's friends and neighbors, all beaming and talking at once. Nearly half the residents of Woodland Park were there to honor their friend. Others had come from outlying settlements with names like Divide, Green Mountain Falls and Florissant. Each couple had brought something from home—casseroles, salads, rolls, a roast turkey, cakes and pies. The food was placed on a table and everyone helped himself, cafeteria style.

After the meal, Louis Lynch presented Alverta with a black-leather medical bag, a gift from all her friends. After buying the bag, he said, the committee had fifty-seven dollars left over. So they gave her that too. "We know you won't accept it for yourself, so we want you to use the money to buy medicine for those who can't afford it," he said. "This is just our way of saying 'Thanks, Al, for all you have done.' We love you."

After that the women's club gave her a blood-pressure outfit and a stethoscope. Alverta Burns groped for words of thanks. "You're all such wonderful folks," she said finally. Then she sat down while Bud joined in the applause. THE END



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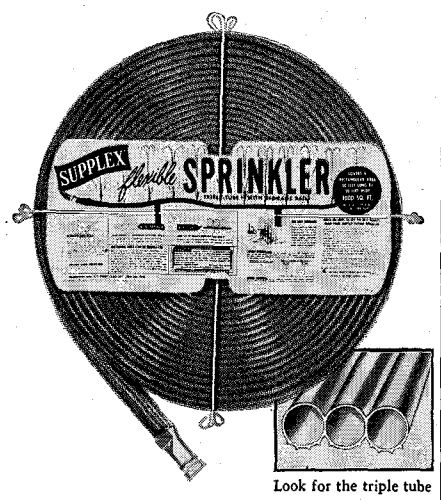

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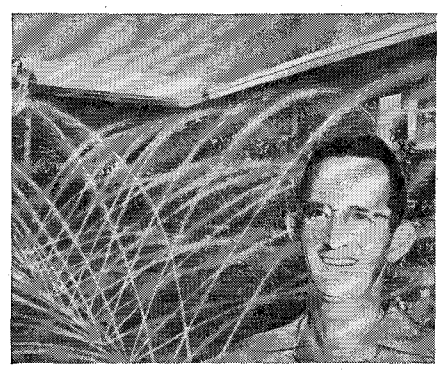

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 132

1. N. J.	2. S.D.	3. Ia.
4. Calif.	5. Vt.	6. Okla.
7. Neb.	8. Ida.	9. Mich
10. Ariz.	11. Minn.	12. Conn

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 53)

his teeth were clenched with the pain of his blistered hands, until the blisters broke and the blood dripped on the oars, hour after wretched hour.

The fog thinned out as night fell, until it was no more than a tattered veil through which we caught glimpses of the stars. The young moon gave it a queer luminosity, so that we could still see Higgins following us.

We stopped once and Patch managed to jerk my shoulder back into its socket, and a little later I moved over to the center thwart and took an oar, rowing one-handed. Though I was in considerable pain, we were fairly well balanced, for by then he was very tired.

We continued like that all night, holding our course by the hand-bearing compass that stood at our feet, its card glowing faintly. The moon set and the luminosity faded. We lost sight of Higgins. At last the stars paled in the first glimmer of returning daylight. A blanket of fog lay ahead of us, clamped down between us and the coast of France.

We breakfasted on three squares of chocolate. It was half of all we had left. The woodwork of the dinghy was beaded with dew, our clothes sodden with it. Water slopped about over the floor boards.

"How much farther?" I gasped.

Patch looked at me, his face gray, the eyes deep-sunk. "I don't know," he breathed. His lips were all cracked and rimed with salt. He frowned, trying to concentrate his mind. "Tide's west-going. Be with us in two hours." He dipped his hand in the sea and wiped salt water over his face. "Shouldn't be long."

Not long! I gritted my teeth. The salt was behind my eyeballs, in my mouth; it pricked my skin. The dawn's chill gripped me. I wished I'd never met this gaunt stranger.

The sea at dawn had been empty. I could have sworn it had been empty. And now suddenly I was looking at a speck away over Patch's shoulder. It was a boat with two oars and a man rowing.

Ten minutes later the fog folded its clammy blanket round us again. The speck blurred and vanished. And at that moment I thought I heard a bell, very faint to the east of us. But when we stopped rowing, it was gone. There wasn't a sound except the sea. It was all round us in our gray, boxed-in world—the wet slop of water. But a little later there was a murmuring and a sucking in the veil through which our eyes couldn't see, and almost immediately the fog darkened, became black, and a shape slid past us like the towering superstructure of a battleship. It was there for an instant, blurred and indistinct, a great mass of black rock with the swell frothing gently at its base, and then it was gone as the tide hurried us on.

"We're there!" I gasped.

We had stopped rowing and all around us was the murmur of the sea. Another rock appeared out of the gray curtain of the fog, a sinister pillar of a rock like a crooked finger that slid stealthily by with a froth of white water at its foot as though it were sailing past us. For a moment that damnable fog almost convinced me that I was in a geological nightmare in which the rocks steamed through the water under their own power. And then a swell came up, grew big and broke suddenly. Water surged over the gunnel and we were thrown backward as the dinghy hit a submerged rock. The tide swung us round and dragged us clear before the next swell broke. We were soaked, the dinghy half full of water. It was hopeless to go on with the tide swirling us through a maze of dangerous rocks. We had reached the Minkies, but in an area of reefs almost twenty miles by ten we had no hope of getting our bearings.

"We'll have to wait till the fog clears," Patch said. "It's too dangerous—almost dead low water."

In the lee of an ugly island of rock we found a little inlet where the water was still, like glass, tied the dinghy to an upended slab and clambered stiffly out. We stamped and moved about, but the sweat still clung to us in an icy film and we shivered under our sodden duffel coats. We ate the last of our chocolate and talked a little, grateful for the sound of our voices in that cold, dismal place.

I suppose it was inevitable that Patch should have talked about the Mary Deare. We were so close to her, frustrated by the fog. He talked about Rice for a bit and then he was telling me about Taggart's death. He seemed to want to talk about it. "When you've occupied a dead man's room ——" He'd had the daughter's photograph staring at him all the time. He'd even read her letters to him. "Poor devil," he whispered. "For the sake of that girl, he'd sold his soul in every port in the Far East. He'd ruined his health and drunk himself stupid, engaging in every shady deal that would pay him more than a captain's wage. That's why they got him up from Singapore."

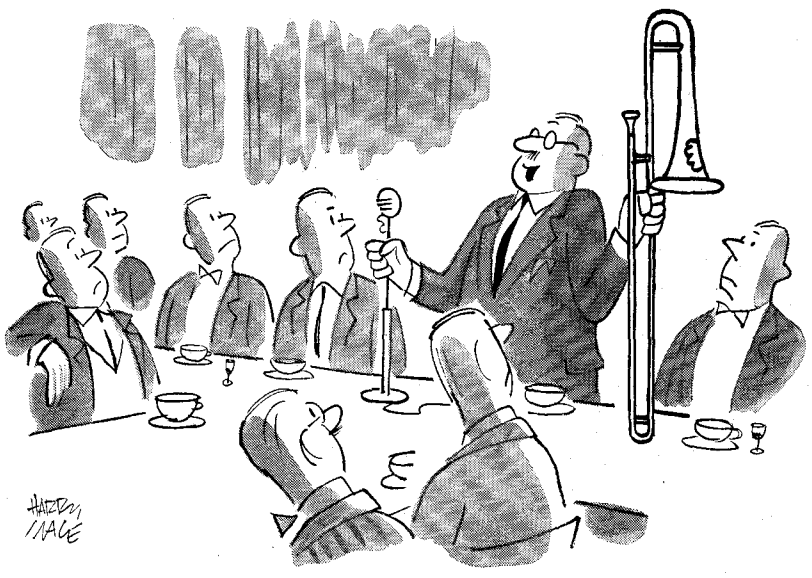
"Did Gundersen engage him then?" I asked.

"Probably. I don't know." He shrugged. "Whoever it was, they picked the wrong moment. The old vulture was going back home to his daughter, and he wasn't going to sink a ship on his last voyage."

"And so Dellimare got rid of him—is that what you're suggesting?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, I don't think he intended to kill him. I think he just got hold of his liquor and was waiting until the old man was sufficiently softened up to do what he wanted. He couldn't have known he'd die that night." He smiled at me out of the corner of his mouth. "But it amounts to the same thing, doesn't it?" He had sat with Taggart for several hours that night, listening to a life story told in scraps of delirium—the risks and the crookery and the shady deals.

He switched suddenly to the daughter—that photograph, what it had meant



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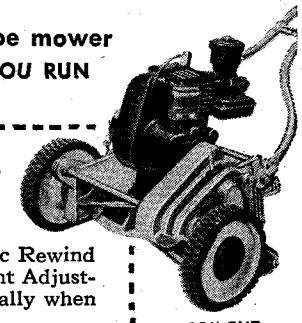

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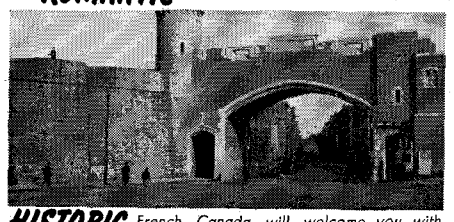

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to him, the feeling of sympathy he'd had for her father. Her image had been his confidant, his inspiration, a symbol of all his desperate hopes. And then the meeting in St.-Malo—the shock of realizing that there were things he couldn't tell her, that she knew he was hiding something from her.

"You're in love with her, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes." His voice had a sudden lift to it.

"Despite what she did to you in court?"

"Oh, that!" He dismissed it. That last night in Southampton—she had come to apologize. And after that he had told her everything—all the things he had confided to her picture. "I had to tell somebody," he murmured.

He lifted his head suddenly and sniffed at a breath of wind that came to us out of the dripping void. "Still westerly," he said, and we talked about how soon the fog would clear. He hadn't liked the look of the dawn. "We've got to reach the salvage ship before it starts to blow up dirty." The words were ominous.

And shortly after that we had to go back to the dinghy. The tide had risen, covering the rocks of our inlet, and it kept us constantly on the move then. It was two o'clock and the swell had increased and was showering us with spray as we sat huddled together in the dinghy.

We didn't talk much. We were too desperately cold. We took it in turns to sit and drift into a sort of coma. The tide went down again and the rock re-emerged like some monster lifting its dripping body out of the sea.

It was just after five that the fog began to clear. A wind sprang up and gradually the grayness lightened until it was an iridescent dazzle that hurt the eyes. Shapes began to emerge, forming themselves into rocks, and the sea stretched farther and farther away from us. Above our heads a patch of sky appeared, startlingly blue, and suddenly the fog was gone and the sun shone. We were in a sparkling world of blue-green water littered with rock outcrops.

We made the dinghy fast and scrambled up the barnacle-covered, weed-grown fortress of the rock. It was suddenly very warm, and from the top, which, only a few hours before had been a bare, wave-worn little island, a fantastic sight met our eyes. All round us the sea was islanded with rock—mile upon mile of sinister reefs and outcrops—the Minkies at one hour before low water.

The beacon on Maitresse Ile, which stands thirty-one feet at high water, was easily identified, and from it Patch was able to get our bearings. The rock on which we stood was on the northern side of the Minkies, and he reckoned that the Mary Deare must lie almost due south of us. But the three miles that separated us from our objective constituted the main body of the reefs. We didn't appreciate this at the time, nor did we fully understand the extraordinary change in configuration of the above-water reefs that could occur in the last stages of the falling tide.

The wind was blowing quite fresh and an ugly little chop was forming on the long swell that marched steadily eastward through the reefs. Already there was a good deal of white water about, particularly in the vicinity of submerged rocks, and I think we would have been more cautious if we hadn't suddenly caught sight of Higgins. He was standing on a big rock mass not half a mile to the east of us. It was probably the Grand Vascelin, for there was a black-and-white beacon on it, and even as Patch pointed him out to me, I saw Higgins move and begin to scramble down to his dinghy, which we could see bobbing about at the base of the rock, its blue paint looking bright and cheerful in the sunshine.

We moved fast then, slithering and tumbling down to our own dinghy, scrambling into it and pushing off with no time to plan our route across the reefs, knowing only that the tide, which was west-going at that time, favored Higgins and that we had to cover those three miles and reach the safety of the salvage company's vessel before he caught up with us.

The one sensible thing we did was to put on our life jackets, and then we pushed off from the rock that had been our perch for almost twelve hours and Patch began to row, heading southeast across the tide. Away from the lee of the rock we were conscious immediately of the weight of the wind and the way the sea was kicking up; it was a west wind, blowing over the tide, and already the waves were beginning to break.

The tide wasn't strong, but it carried us inexorably toward the greatest mass of the dried-out reefs. This mass is actually split by two channels, but we couldn't see that, and for a time Patch attempted to make up against the tide to pass to the east of it, where we could see there was open water. But then, suddenly, he altered course. I was bailing at the time, using a sou'wester, and I looked up at him inquiringly. I thought perhaps the tide had become too strong or that he felt we were shipping too much water.

He nodded across the stern. "Higgins," he said, and I turned to see the big blue dinghy emerging from behind a jagged huddle of rocks. It wasn't more than two cables behind us.

We were in open water then, in the broad channel that separates the outer wall of reefs from the main fortress mass. There were no rocks to shelter us and the breaking wavetops constantly slopped over the gunnels, so that, though I never stopped bailing, the water in the bottom of the dinghy steadily increased. I could hear Patch's breath escaping between his teeth and every time I glanced aft, it seemed that Higgins was nearer, the big metal dinghy riding higher and easier than ours. He was keeping a little to the east of us, heading us off from the open water, and all the time the outer rocks of the main reef were slowly closing in on us, the swell breaking all along their edge, the white water piling in over the black teeth of the outer fringe.

"You'll have to turn into the wind!" I shouted.

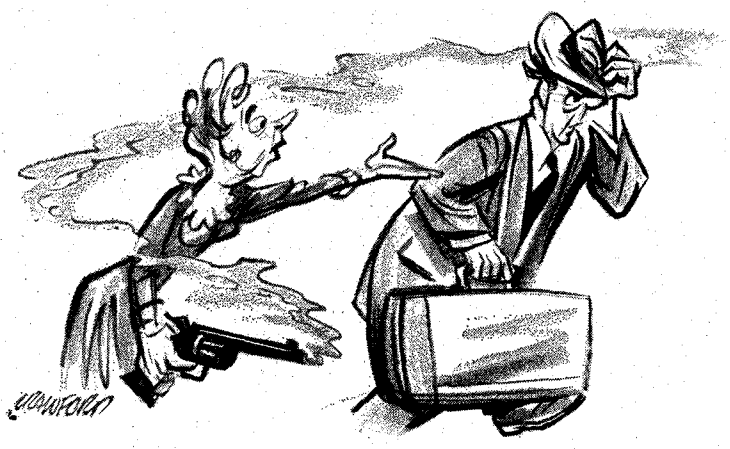
But each time he turned, the starboard bow of the dinghy caught the full force of the breaking waves and water poured in, threatening to sink us.

There was nothing for it but to hold our course, head for the rocks and hope for the best.

The tide helped us here, sliding us westward, along the face of the rampart, into a bay where the swell built up to four or five feet and broke on outlying ledges in a cataract of foam. Every stroke of the oars carried us deeper into the bay, making escape from it more impossible.

"We'll never get out of this!" I shouted to Patch.

He said nothing. He had no breath left to talk. I glanced over the stern and saw that Higgins had closed the distance to less than two (*Continued on Page 138*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When henpecked Henry's wife fired a pistol shot at him one evening, he refused to believe her protests that she didn't really mean it. Packing his belongings, he quit her. Later she sued him for abandonment.

"I didn't abandon her," Henry replied. "I fled from the threat of a deadly weapon. If she can shoot at me once, she can do it again. And next time she might really mean it. No court can order me to face that."

"I was only trying to frighten Henry into understanding me better," his weeping wife explained. "All my pleading failed to make him stay at home and be more attentive to me, so I tried to shock him into it."

If you were the judge, would you send Henry back to his pistol-packing mamma?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Henry did not have to go home. The court said: "The wife knew her motive in firing, but the husband did not. To live in a house in fear of bodily harm is such cruel treatment as to render living together insupportable."

Based upon a 1954 Louisiana decision.

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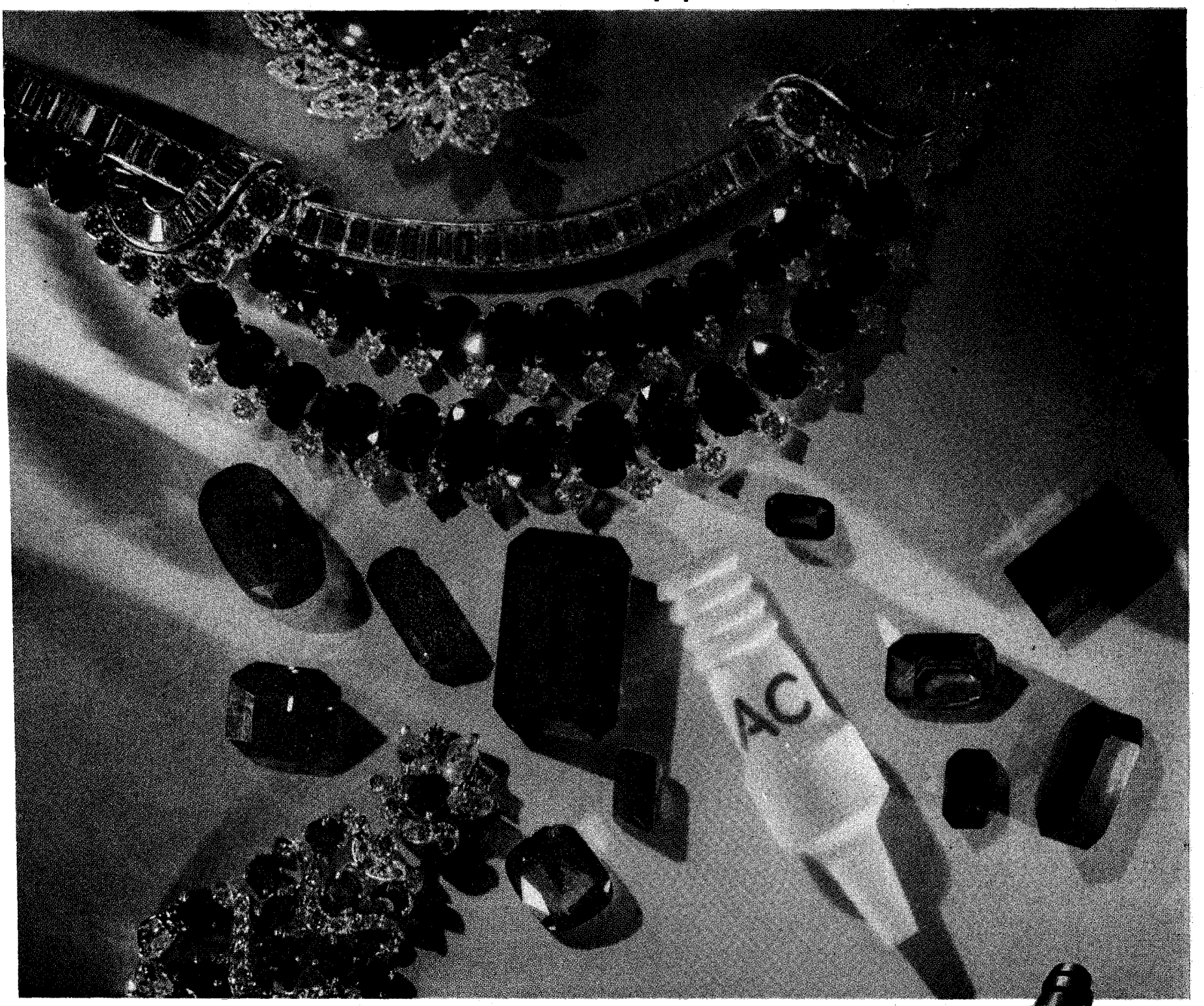

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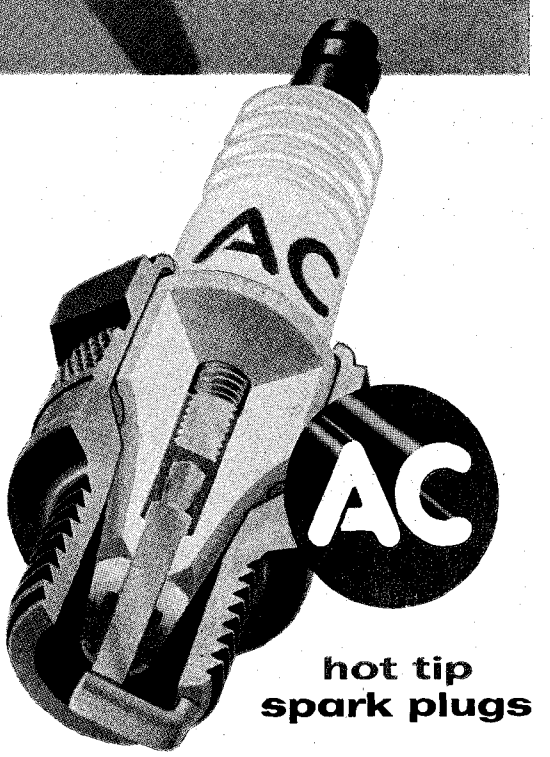

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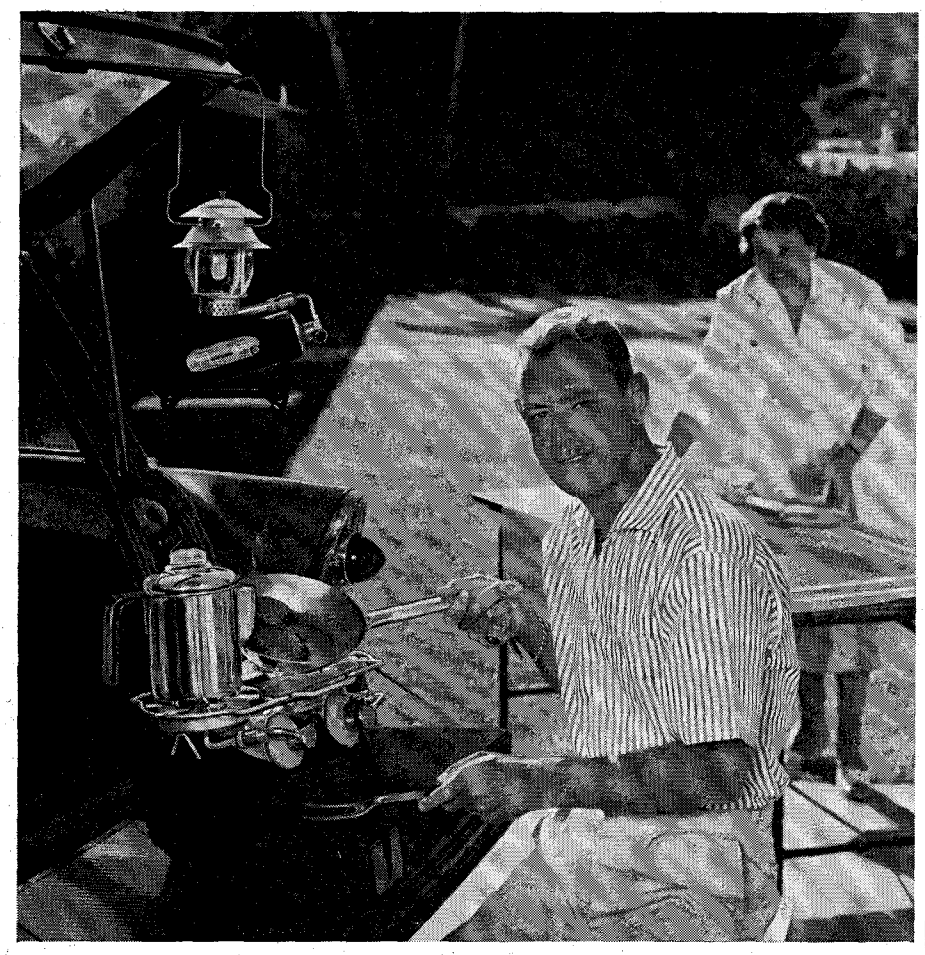

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(*Continued from Page 136*)

hundred yards. Patch had to go on rowing. And then, over his shoulder, I saw the rocks at the inner end of the bay draw apart and, unbelievably, there was open water between them.

"Look!" I pointed.

Patch glanced quickly over his right shoulder, saw the gap and turned the dinghy toward it. We were in the first of the two channels with the wind behind us. The dinghy rose and fell to the steep swell. We shipped hardly any water now and I was able to bail her right out, so that we rode, light and easy.

"We'll make it now!" Patch's voice came to me through the wind and the noise of the sea breaking along both sides of channel, and it was full of confidence. He was grinning through his bared teeth, recklessly squandering his energy as he rowed with quick, straining tugs at the oars.

As soon as I had finished bailing I took my place on the thwart beside him and we rowed in unison, not saying anything, just pulling and watching Higgins as he fell into the troughs of the endless waves and was borne aloft again on the next crest. The world smiled with the brittle glitter of white water. Only the rocks were ugly and their menace was oddly enhanced because the sun shone.

We reached the narrowest point of the channel, guarded by a single rock outcrop, and then it suddenly opened out into a broad area of water with a reef mass ahead, but plenty of water round it. It was protected somewhat from the wind, so that, though the swells still surged across it, there were few whitecaps—just patches of broken water here and there.

But as we moved out into that broad patch of open water, a strange and terrifying change began to come over it. The first indication of something wrong was a swell that suddenly reared up behind the dinghy's stern and broke, slewing us broadside in the surf and very nearly turning us over.

"The tide!" Patch yelled in my ear. "Pull, man! Pull! It's the tide!"

I needed no urging. I would have pulled both arms out of their sockets to get out of that fearful place. All round us now were patches of white water, patches that joined up with other patches till there were irregular lines of surf breaking. What had been, only a few minutes ago, open water was now suddenly transformed into a seething, roaring caldron of broken water as the tide dropped like an elevator to expose the rocks and gravel of the sea bed contained within the ramparts of the central reef mass.

I had only just grasped what was happening when a sudden wave lifted us up and crashed us down on a rock. The jolt of it ran right up my spine like a blow to the base of the head. Water boiled all round us, white in the sunshine, glittering like soapsuds; rocks and boulders showed for an instant and then vanished as another wave of green water swept in, lifted us up and crashed us down again upon a little exposed hillock of gray gravel. It was a tiny oasis in the middle of chaos that came and went as the surf rolled across it.

We stumbled out, knee-deep in the spill of a wave, and, as it receded, we tipped the dinghy up, emptying it of water. But one glance told us that it was damaged beyond any repair we could effect on the spot—two planks were stove in for practically the whole length of the boat.

"Doesn't matter!" Patch shouted. "We'd have had to abandon it, anyway! Come on!" He bent down and removed the hand-bearing compass from its case. It was all he took. "Come on!" he repeated. "We walk and swim the rest!"

I stood and stared at him. I thought for a moment that he'd gone mad. But he wasn't mad. He was a seaman and his mind worked quicker than mine. Already a change had come over the scene—there was less white water, and rocks and boulders and patches of gravel were appearing as the tide receded. And two hundred yards away Higgins was plowing through water up to his knees, dragging his dinghy after him.

I bent to pick up the painter of our own dinghy and then realized it was useless. "Come on!" Patch said again. "We've got to be out of here before the tide comes back!" He had started to walk south, and I followed him, stumbling over hidden boulders, floundering into potholes, wet and dazed and exhausted.

The noise of the surf rolled back till it dwindled to a distant murmur, and in a moment, it seemed, all those acres that had been a roaring fury of tumbled water were suddenly still and quiet. No waves broke. Little raised beaches of boulder-strewn gravel shone wet in the sun and about them lay pools of water ruffled by the wind, and all round were the black rocks of the reef.

The sense of isolation, of loneliness and remoteness, was appalling. And it was enhanced by something that Higgins did, following on behind us. He came to our dinghy and, glancing back, I saw him pick it up in his two hands and smash it down against an outcrop of rock. The splintering crash of the wood breaking up was a sharp, savage sound. All the bows were stove in and my last contact with Sea Witch was wantonly destroyed.

And then Higgins started after us again, still dragging his dinghy. The tinny sound of it striking against the boulders was with us for a long time as we stumbled across stretches of exposed beach or waded through water that was sometimes so deep we had to swim. And at the back of my mind was the thought that we were twenty miles from the French coast, in an area that only a few local fishermen ever dared to visit. And in six short hours all this area of rock-strewn debris would be thirty feet below the sea, compressed, imprisoned, flattened by countless millions tons of water. The only thing that kept me going was the thought of that salvage ship, so close now. It couldn't be more than two miles away, three at the most—and there'd be a bunk and dry clothes and hot soup.

I saw Patch stumble and fall. He got up and staggered on. We were halfway to the black southern bastion of the reefs floundering over a stretch of jagged, upended rocks. He fell several times after that. We both did. There was no strength left in us and when a foot slipped, the muscles gave. Our sodden clothing weighed us down, tripped us up. Cloud hid the sun and it began to rain.

I hadn't looked back for a long time then. I didn't know where Higgins was. I couldn't hear the sound of his dinghy any more. It was lost in the noise of the sea and the drumming of the blood in my ears. And then we were clawing our way up the final slope of weed-grown rock. I paused to see Patch up at the top, leaning against a shoulder of rock and staring southward.

"Can you see her?" I gasped.

"No." He shook his head.

I came out onto the top beside him and stared south. It was still the Minkies. But different. More sea. There were still rock outcrops. But they were fewer, more isolated. All ahead of us was open water dimmed and blurred by the drizzle of rain.

"I don't see her!" I gasped.

"She's there somewhere." His voice was flat and weary. His black hair hung

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wet over his eyes, and his hands and face were streaked with blood where he had fallen—blood and dirt and sodden, shapeless clothing. He took my arm. "You all right?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I'm all right."

He stared at me and for the first time I saw an expression of concern in his eyes. He opened his mouth to say something and then thought better of it and turned his head away.

"I'm sorry," he said, and that was all.

"How much farther, do you reckon?" I asked.

"About a mile."

A mile to swim. I wondered whether we should ever make it.

He took my arm again and pointed across the litter of outcrops to a compact mass that stood higher than any of the others. "I think that's Grune à Croc." It stood on the edge of visibility, half hidden by the drizzle, and at the mention of its name it abruptly vanished as the rain thickened and drove across it. Somewhere beyond that rock lay the Mary Deare.

Behind us, the tide came licking hungrily back across the beaches, coming in from the Northwest, driven by the wind and the south-going set of the stream. But Higgins was clear of it by then, rowing slowly, easily to a nearby rock, where he moored his dinghy and sat watching us like an animal that has treed its quarry. He could afford to wait, for with each foot the tide rose the size of our rock perch was halved.

We found an overhanging slab of rock that gave us some shelter from the wind and the rain, and still enabled us to watch him, and there we crouched, huddled close together for warmth while the tide rose and night closed in. If only the visibility had been better; if we could have seen the Mary Deare, perhaps attracted the attention of the salvage people. But we could see nothing; we couldn't even hear them.

All we could hear was the waves sounding on the other side of the reef mass, and I wondered what it would be like at the top of the tide. Would the waves break right over these rocks? But by then we should be gone. Our plan was to slip into the water an hour before high tide and make for Grune à Croc. We were relying on a southward thrust from the tide coming through the main reef body to spill us out toward the rock, and though Patch had lost the hand-bearing compass, we thought the rock would be reasonably conspicuous, since it was the only one in the whole area to the south of us that would be exposed at high water.

Once we had decided what to do, we had nothing to occupy our minds. I fell into a sort of coma of misery and through bleared eyes I watched the rock to which Higgins had moored slowly submerge. And then he was rowing again, and gradually the tide beat him. As the tide ran faster he had to row harder to keep abreast of our position. And then gradually his strokes became weaker, until he was forced to steer to another rock and cling to it. But the tide rose and covered that, too, and, though he started to row again, the tide carried him slowly farther and farther from us. Night was closing in by then, and I lost him in the gathering darkness.

It meant, of course, that we shouldn't have to worry about where Higgins was when we abandoned our rock and took to the water, but when you are faced with a long swim and are afraid you may be too weak to do it, then the question of whether there may or may not be a dinghy in the way doesn't seem very important. In any case, I was slipping into unconsciousness. I was so cold, so utterly drained of warmth—I had no sense of feeling left.

It was the water that woke me. It was warmer than I was and it lapped round my legs like a tepid bath. And then it slopped into my face. That was when consciousness returned and I felt Patch stir. "Good Lord," he murmured. "It must be just about high water."

We stood up, stiff to the joints, forcing our bodies to unbend. Was it high water? Had the tide turned already? My numbed brain groped for the answer, knowing it was important, but not knowing why. The rain had stopped. There were stars and low-scudding clouds. A glimmer of moonlight made pale reflections on the ink-black water.

"Well, do we go? What's the time?" Patch's voice was no more than a croak. "What's the time, for heaven's sake? My watch has stopped."

Mine had stopped too. There was no means of knowing the time, no means of knowing which way the tide was flowing. Jolted by sudden fear, the sleep cleared from my brain and I saw clearly that we had no alternative. If we stayed on that rock we should die of exposure—tomorrow perhaps, or the next day, but we should die. After tonight we should never have the strength to swim that mile. And the water was warm—warmer than the sodden, icy clothes draped round our

"He can't be a very good doctor. I can read his writing."

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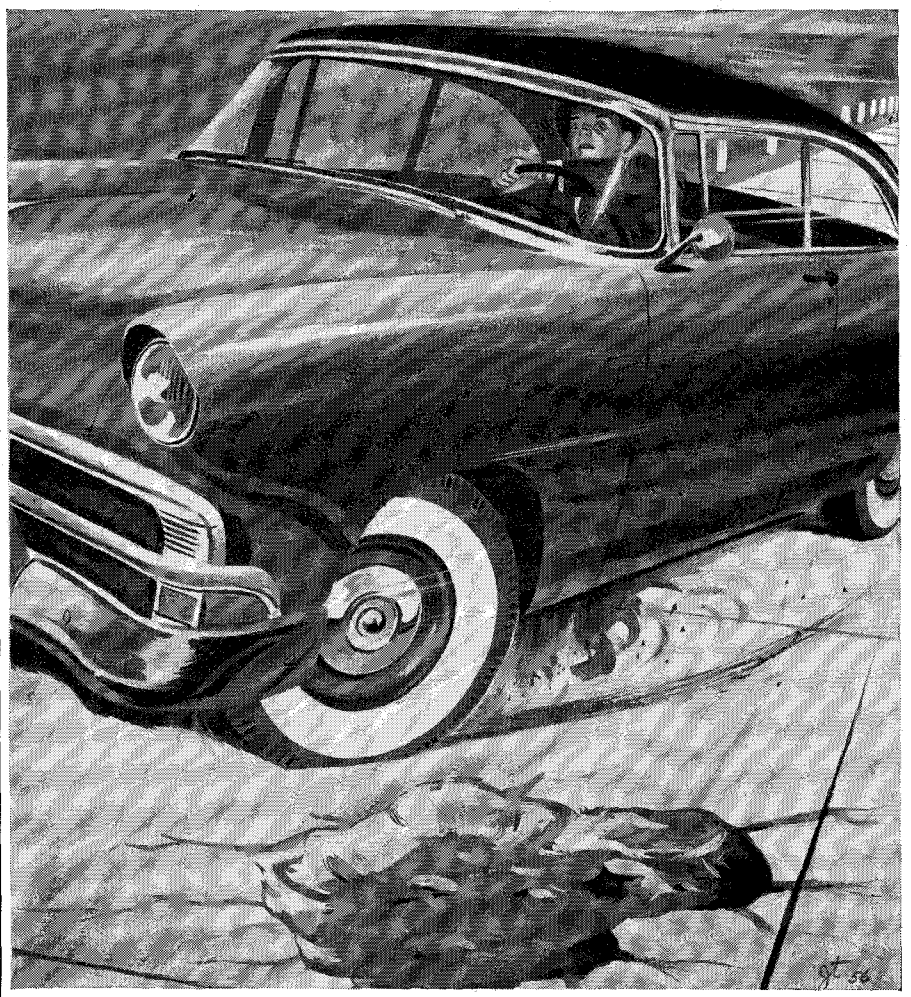

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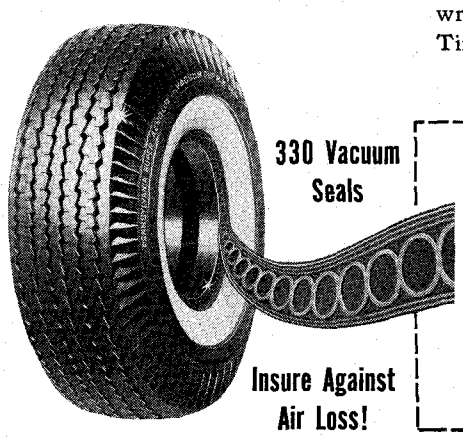

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bodies, warmer than the wind and the ice-cold, driving rain that would come again. Besides, we had life jackets and if the tide was wrong, there were other rocks to cling to and die on.

"Ready?" I said.

Patch hesitated and I suddenly realized that he wasn't sure of himself any more. He was a seaman. He was used to boats, not to the sea itself as an element in which to exist, with the body buoyed up by water.

"Come on," I said. "We're going now. Keep close by me and don't talk."

We inflated our life jackets fully, and then together we stepped off the ledge of rock on which we had huddled. When we had first come to that ledge it had been a thirty-foot drop to the rocks below. Now we stepped off into water—warm, buoyant water—and, lying on our backs, swam slowly south, our feet to the Pole Star, glimpsed every now and then through rents in the tattered cloud base.

We kept abreast of each other, just two arms' lengths away, moving steadily and unhurriedly. Soon we were clear of the rocks, rising and falling gently to a big swell that was rolling in across the reefs. We could hear it pounding against distant rocks—the rocks to the west of us that got the full brunt of it.

"Storm coming up," Patch whispered.

The wind had dropped. The swell was big, but gentle-sloped, with no broken water. The sea slept, heaving as it slumbered. Yet I was sure Patch was right. Though the wind was light, the clouds were hurried and torn to shreds, and the pounding of that surf was ominous, like gunfire to the west. A wave suddenly reared up out of nowhere and broke, pouring surf over us, spilling us away from it. My feet touched rock for an instant. And then everything was quiet as before and we rose and fell, rose and fell to the swell. We had crossed one of those sentinellike pillars of rock that we had seen at low water.

The rock on which we had spent half the night was disappearing now—disappearing astern of us, so that I knew we were all right. We hadn't missed the tide.

Patch stopped swimming, treading water. "I can't see Grune à Croc," he said, and his teeth chattered. "I think we should strike more to the west."

So we swam on with the Pole Star and the Plow to our left and I wondered how long we could last. My teeth were chattering, too, and the sea, which had felt so warm at first, was now a cold compress chilling all my stomach. We had no food inside us to generate warmth. Soon one of us would get cramp, and that would be the end.

Our sodden clothing weighed us down. The inflated life jackets made us clumsy. Each stroke had to be powerful to drive our bodies through the water, and power meant energy—our vital, last reserves of energy. God knows how long we swam that night. We seemed to go on and on forever. And each stroke was imperceptibly weaker than the last. And all the time I was thinking if only I were wearing a foam-rubber suit or at least had my fins on my feet. It was years since I had swum in this clumsy fashion. My mind sank into a coma, a slough of pain and deep exhaustion.

"John! John!" I opened my eyes. Black night surrounded me. I thought for an instant I was deep down, on the verge of going into a rapture of the depths. And then I saw a star and heard the surge of a wave breaking. "John!" The voice called again out of the darkness.

"Yes. What is it?"

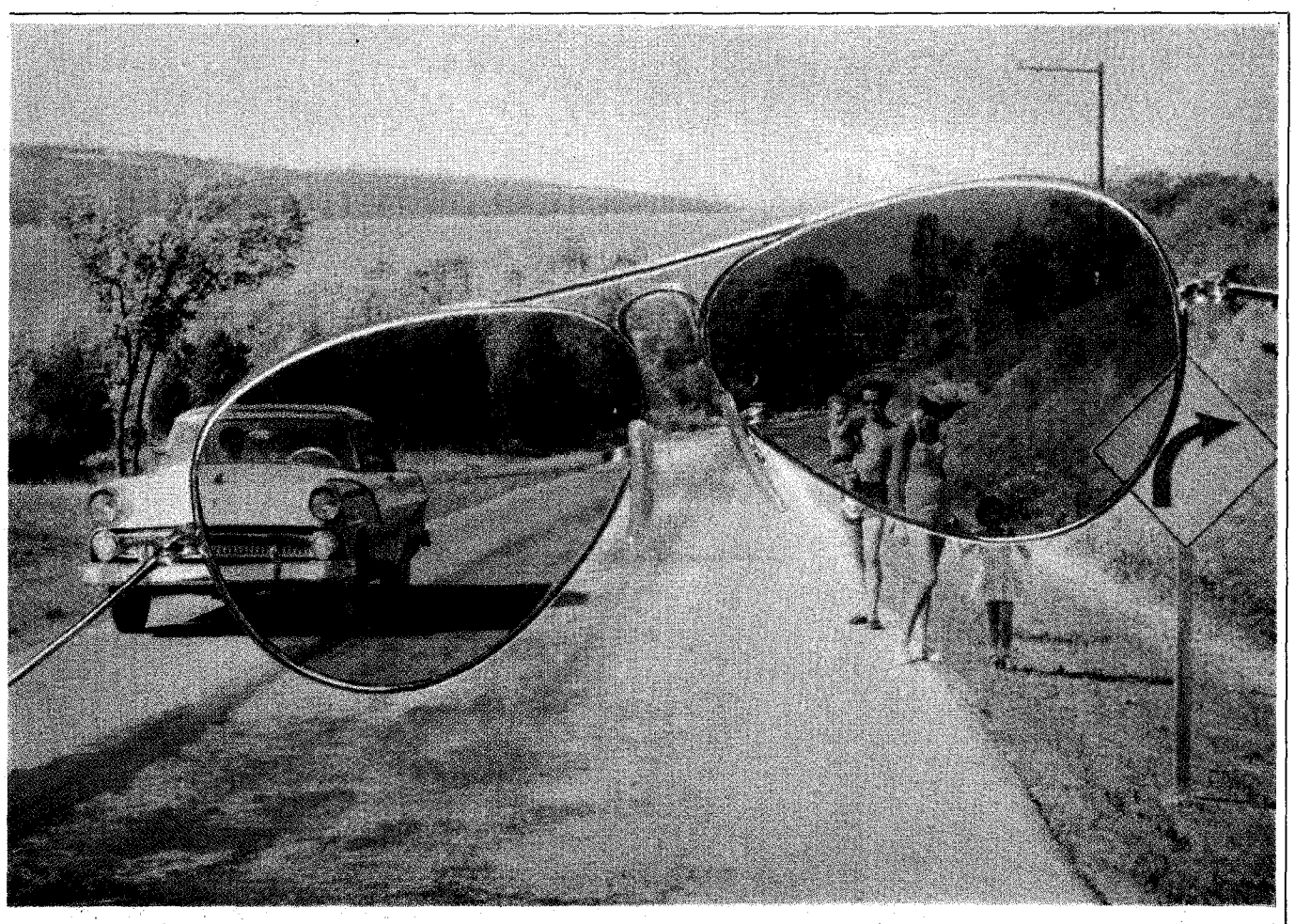
"There's a rock. I can just see it." It was Patch's voice. Funny, I thought. He'd never called me "John" before. And then he said, "You gave me a scare just now. I couldn't make you hear. I thought I'd lost you."

The concern in his voice filled me with a sudden warmth for the man. "Sorry," I said. "Just dreaming. That's all. Where's this rock of yours?" I turned, treading water, and there, not more than a hundred yards to my right, the dark shape of a rock stood out for an instant against the white gleam of a breaking wave. I searched the blackness beyond it. More waves were breaking out there and I thought I saw the solid mass of something.

And then it came to me that there would be lights on the Mary Deare. With a salvage company working on her there would have to be lights. I searched the blackness all round, each time I was lifted to the top of a swell, but there was nothing, not the faintest flicker of a light. Perhaps they were being so secret about their salvage operation that they didn't show lights. And then the thought came to me that perhaps they had lifted her already and towed her away. The cold came back into my body, more intense now, more destructive, and I felt the muscles of my left leg begin to screw themselves together in a knot.

"There's something beyond this rock," Patch croaked. "Shall we make for that?"

"All right," I said. It didn't seem to matter. To die in the water was better than to die of exposure on one of those Godforsaken rocks. I lay back, kicking out feebly with my legs, thrusting at water that was no longer warm, but icy cold, swimming automatically while my mind tangled itself up with the matter of those lights. There should have been



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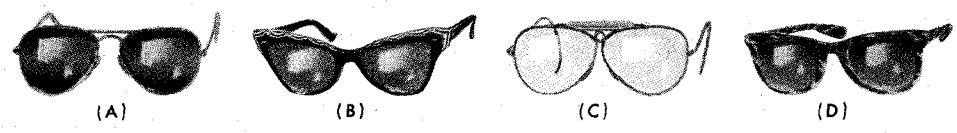

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lights. Unless we'd been swept back into the central mass of the reefs, we should have seen lights right from the start. "There should be lights," I mumbled.

"I know there should." His voice sounded weak, a little scared. And then, after a bit, "Tell them to put the lights on." He was back on a ship, his mind wandering. "Put those lights on, do you hear?" And then suddenly he called, "John!" His voice was very faint.

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry I landed you into this." He muttered something about my boat. And then I heard him say, "I should have slit my useless throat." Silence for a moment, and then: "They booed me, that first time, outside the court." Broken water slapped my face and the next thing I heard was " . . . should have chucked it then." A wave broke and silenced him. He didn't speak again after that. His arms didn't move. I could just see the outline of his head, motionless.

"Are you all right?" I called out.

He didn't answer and I swam over to him. "Are you all right?" I shouted again.

"Look! Do you see it?"

I thought his mind had gone. "Wake up!" I shouted at him. "We're going to swim to that rock—do you hear?"

He caught hold of my arm with the iron grip of a drowning man and, as I wrenched myself free of him, he screamed at me, "Look, man! Look at it! Tell me I'm not dreaming!"

He had raised his arm and was pointing. I turned my head and there, against the stars, I saw the tall finger of a mast and, below it, all the black bulk of her superstructure caught for an instant in the white, phosphorescent glitter of a breaking wave.

We swam then, cold and exhaustion forgotten, tugging our weary, unwieldy bodies through the water. We were coming up on her bows and they were like a reef awash: the waves rolled over them, but in the troughs their shape emerged as the sea cascaded from them. And then, beyond the bows, beyond the tall finger of the mast, the bridge deck emerged and the funnel and all the line of the decks sloping upward to her cocked-up stern.

In the trough of a wave a hard line sprang suddenly taut, catching at my left arm so that I screamed with pain, gulping in salt water; and then it flipped me over and the top of a wave engulfed me. I swam clear of the bows then, moving painfully down the ship, just clear of the screaming bulwarks, and then swam in on her where the foc'sle dropped to the well deck and No. 1 hatch. I came in on the top of a wave that broke as it surged over the bulwarks, and then I was flung down onto the hatch coaming with a force that jarred all the torn muscles of my side, and my feet scrabbled on weed-grown, slippery plating while the wave receded in a swirl of white water.

I fetched up in the scuppers with my hand gripped round the capping of the bulwarks and, as the next wave piled in, I fought my way aft until I was clear of the water and could reach the mast, and there I clung, shouting for Patch in a high, cracked voice, for I was scared I'd lost him. That moment of panic seemed endless. I was the better swimmer. I was trained to the sea. I should have stayed with him, seen him safe on board, and I knew I hadn't the guts to go back and search for him in the darkness. I was tired, desperately tired, with all the muscles of my body curling up with the threat of cramp. And, even more, I didn't want to be alone on that ship. It was a dead ship—dead as the rocks of the Minkies. I knew it, instinctively. I could sense that it was dead through all my body and I needed him desperately. And so I clung to the mast and screamed his name, and the seas came thundering in across the bows with wicked gleams of white as the water surged and swirled and poured off them in the troughs.

I didn't see him come aboard. I was still screaming his name and he was suddenly there beside me, staggering drunkenly, an ungainly, top-heavy shape in his life jacket, caught in silhouette against the break of a wave. "It's all right!" he gasped. "I'm here!" He reached out and caught hold of my hand, and we clung there, gasping for breath, grateful for the sudden comfort of that touch. "There should be lights," he said at length. There was a sort of childish disappointment in his voice, as though the salvage company had robbed him of a pleasure to which he had been looking forward.

"They've probably closed down for the night," I said, but without conviction. I knew the ship was dead.

"But there should be lights," he said again. And then we staggered aft, past No. 2 hatch, up the ladder to the upper deck. The door to the deckhouse stood drunkenly open, crumpled and torn from its hinges. We felt our way along the passage, past his old cabin and Dellimare's and out through the empty gap of the door beyond, out onto the upper deck, where the twisted shapes of the empty davits stood like crooked fingers against starlit patches of the sky, and on, past

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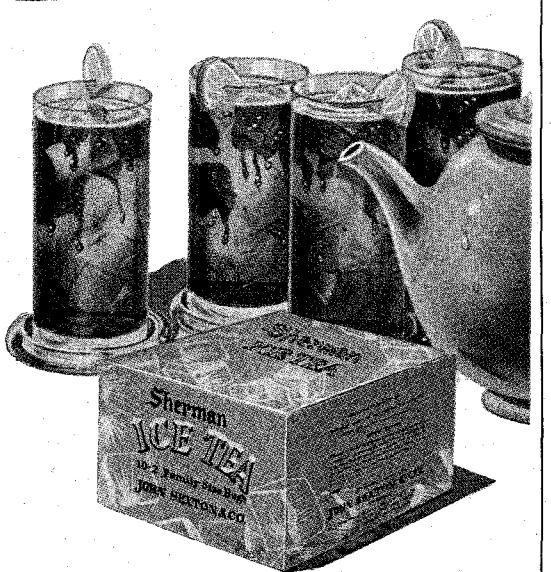

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the dim-seen shape of the funnel, crumpled and lying away from us at a precarious angle. Squelching soggily on the steel of the deck, our bodies thin as paper in the cold night air, we traipsed the length of the Mary Deare, aft to the little deckhouse on the poop and back again up the starboard side, and every now and then we shouted, "Ahoy! Anybody there? Ahoy!" Not even an echo came back to us. The frail sound of our voices was lost in the cold, black night, buried in the noise of the waves surging over the bows.

No salvage boat lay alongside. No light suddenly flickered to guide us to the warmth of a cabin. We called and called, but nobody answered. The ship was dead, devoid of life—as dead as she had been the day we'd left her there.

"By heaven!" Patch breathed. "We're the first! Nobody has been here!" There was a note of relief, almost exultation in his voice, and I knew he was thinking of the thing that lay buried amidst the coal of the port bunker. But all I cared about at that moment was that I was cold and wet and hurt, and that, instead of the bunk and dry clothes, the warmth of food and drink and the companionship of human beings I had expected, there was nothing—nothing but the slime-covered, barnacle-encrusted shell of a wreck that had been battered by the seas for six long weeks.

"We'll get some dry clothes and have a sleep," he said. "We'll feel better then." He had sensed my mood. But when we had staggered back to the bridge housing and felt our way down the black iron tunnel of the alleyway to what had been his cabin, we found that the sea had been there. The door grated on sand as we forced it open and a freezing wind drove at us through portholes that stared like two luminous eyes, empty of glass. The desk had been ripped from its fastenings and lay on its side in a corner, the drawers of the bunk that contained his and Taggart's clothes were full of water, and the big wall cupboard contained nothing but a sodden, gritty heap of blankets, coats and old papers.

We tried the main deck then, where the saloon and the galley were. But that was worse. The sea had swept the whole length of the 'tween-decks alleyway, into the officers' cabins and right aft to the crew's quarters. Everything we touched in the pitch-black darkness was sodden, filmed with slime; there wasn't a place the sea hadn't reached.

"Maybe the poop is still dry." Patch said it wearily, without hope, and we began to move back down the 'tween-decks alleyway, feeling our way, bodies dead and numbed with cold, shivering uncontrollably. God, let the poop be dry! And then I staggered and hit my shoulder against the wet steel plate of the wall, thrown there by a sudden movement of the ship. I felt it through my whole body, a quiver like the first faint tremor of an earthquake. And then the ship moved again.

"Listen!" Patch's voice was urgent in the darkness. But I could hear nothing except the noise of the sea lapping at the hull. "She's afloat," he whispered. "Just afloat on top of the tide."

"How can she be?" I said.

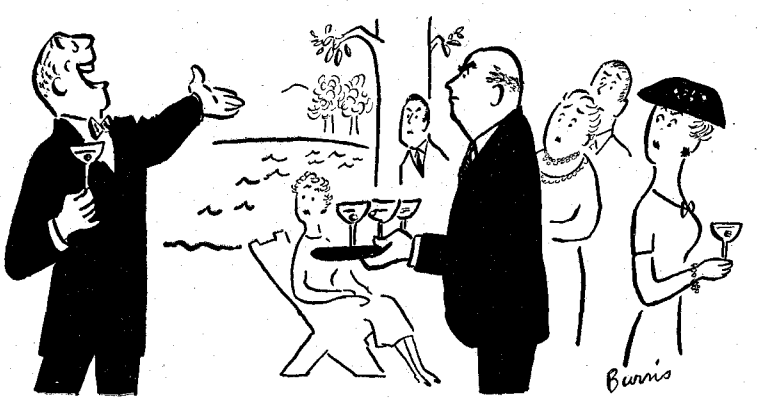
"I don't know, but she is. Feel her!"

I felt her quiver and lift, and then she thudded back into her gravel bed. But she still went on quivering, and from deep down in the bowels of her came a slow grating sound; and all the time she was trembling as though she were stirring in her sleep, struggling to free herself from the deadly reef bed on which she lay.

"It's not possible," I murmured.

The ship couldn't be afloat when her bows were submerged like a reef and the waves were rolling over them. This must be a dream. And I thought then that perhaps we had drowned out there. Did drowned men go back to their ships and dream that they shook off the reef shackles and voyaged like ghosts through dark, unnatural seas? My mind was beyond coherent thought. The ship was dead. That I knew, and beyond that, all I wanted was to lose consciousness of cold and pain, to sink into the oblivion of unconsciousness.

TO BE CONCLUDED



The Perfect Squelch

The "blind date" whom a girl friend brought to Peggy's party at her father's modest lakeside home obviously did not think much of the place or the people. After refreshing himself copiously, he became outspoken. Soon his voice cut through all the rest of the conversation. He made it painfully clear that he had been to better parties at larger resorts on far bigger lakes. Turning to his host, he boomed:

"You don't really call this pond a lake, do you? Ha! I wonder how far across it is?"

"Why," asked the host, "don't you step it off and see?"

Ernie A. White

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They Tamed Their Floods

(Continued from Page 36)

though a dam had burst in the sky. Kubik isn't sure how much water came down that day, that night or the following day, because his rain gauge spilled over. He estimates that at least ten inches was dumped on his poor, non-absorbent soil.

And what happened next demonstrates, in large part, why the United States is increasingly plagued by the twin problems of flood and water shortage. Both of those perils are born in our upstream watersheds where millions of Jerry Kubiks are custodians of the earth's thin mantle of soil. This farmer's tragedy explains, in part, why masses of water and silt, rushing out of our highlands, have wrought savage destruction on many of our valleys. It tells why many of our once-clear streams have become foul, debris-clogged sewers. It shows why water tables in many natural basins have dropped alarmingly and why many of our industries and cities are searching frantically for new sources of supply as their wells go dry. It is one of the main reasons for the fantastic size of our annual average flood

> Civilization has spread so rapidly of late that the peoples of many nations are now unable to live within their income.
>
> HERBERT VICTOR

bill, now around $1,200,000,000, to say nothing of the toll in terror, dislocation and loss of life.

After that big rain, Jerry Kubik looked out on a scene of near ruin. "There was nothing to hold the water on the land," he told me. "It dashed right down the hillsides, taking out my corn. It cut my new-plowed land away, right down to the hard clay sole. I felt awful. Here the first farm I ever owned was washing away."

He wasn't alone in his troubles. There were 750 other farms scattered over this 270-square-mile basin known as the Upper Salt Creek watershed, and much of the land was in no better shape than Kubik's. Since the densely matted prairie sod was first turned by the pioneers' plows, almost a century ago, much of the original black soil, rich and spongy with organic matter, had eroded away in the wash of rain and melting snow. Many a farmer, knowing no better, cultivated slopes that were dangerously steep, ran his crop rows up and down the hills like gutters, burned crop stubble and old grass, thus causing the soil to become useless, powdery and unprotected.

The Upper Salt hung like a tree with a decayed heart over the heads of the people down in the main Salt Valley. Hundreds of small twigs and branches of the stream start in the hills, flow down to several main limbs, which angle into the main trunk. The top of this drainage system is 1500 feet in altitude, the bottom of the main valley 1200, a drop of 300 feet in about fifteen miles.

By Kubik's time, soil-conservation work was under way, but it wasn't catching up to the loss of soil and water. The Soil Conservation Service estimates that each year in the Upper Salt the scoured fields, gullies, stream banks and roadsides were losing more than 1,000,000 tons of soil. Small floods had become heavier and more frequent; rich bottomlands were usually under water at least once, and sometimes several times, a year.

The big storm of May eighth and ninth hit only about half of the Salt Creek watershed, but that was bad enough. The water rushed off the land into choked drainage channels. The streams roared out of banks, sweeping up fallen trees, fences and farm buildings, which became battering rams. After its swift downhill run, the muddy flood flashed out on the flat main valley in great waves. Here were rich farms, transcontinental highways, railroads, suburban developments, industries, and the city of Lincoln, capital of Nebraska, where lived 100,000 people.

Automobiles and trucks were trapped on the highways and some of them were swept away into the maelstrom, which, in places, covered all but the tops of telephone poles. In the storm's whole area in Southeastern Nebraska, twenty-seven people were drowned, several of them on U.S. 77, which runs north and south along the Salt Creek Valley. An eighty-car freight train, standing near the village of Roca, where several branches of the Salt join, was scattered like a toy over nearby fields; the tracks were wrenched into fantastic curves. The flood lost much force as it surged across the bottom of the bowl toward Lincoln, but the industrial lowlands and part of the residential area of the town were inundated. The insignificant Salt Creek, which a small boy could wade a few days before, had dealt out $12,000,000 in destruction. Three fourths of the damage was agricultural, one fourth was urban and industrial.

Some farsighted people in the valley had been conscious of the Salt's threat for years and had urged the community to do something about it. One such worrier was Otto H. Liebers, a highly successful dairyman and state legislator, whose home farm is a few miles south of Lincoln at the edge of the valley.

"We had known for a long time that our livelihood, even our lives, were in danger," he told me. "We had been trying to get some safeguards. Back in 1947, after a bad flood from the Upper Salt, a group in my neighborhood organized to look for some solution. We didn't quite know how to go about it, though. At first we thought we ought to clear the channel and get rid of the water faster, but we soon saw that we would just be dumping our problem on folks farther downstream. Then we called in the Army Corps of Engineers and asked them to build some dams for us, but they said, 'Sorry, you aren't big enough.'"

Another community prodder was Raymond A. McConnell, Jr., the youthful editor of the Lincoln Evening Journal. He had been reminding his readers, almost to the point of becoming a crank, that something should be done to prevent the water and soil in the watershed from speeding downhill. He pointed out that Lincoln, which seems to sit on a flat plain, actually is at the bottom of a huge three-quarters saucer, into which drain Salt Creek from the south and southeast, Middle Creek from the west, Oak Creek from the northwest and Wahoo Creek from the north. He wrote dozens of columns on the sorry condition of the soil and the drainage system; he made hundreds of speeches; he "rated" politicians for voters according to their views on conservation and flood control. He never tired of preaching what he regarded as sound guiding principles: "We need to do a total job of watershed conservation, starting at the top and working down. It isn't a question of little dams versus big dams—it's a question of planning any and all dams

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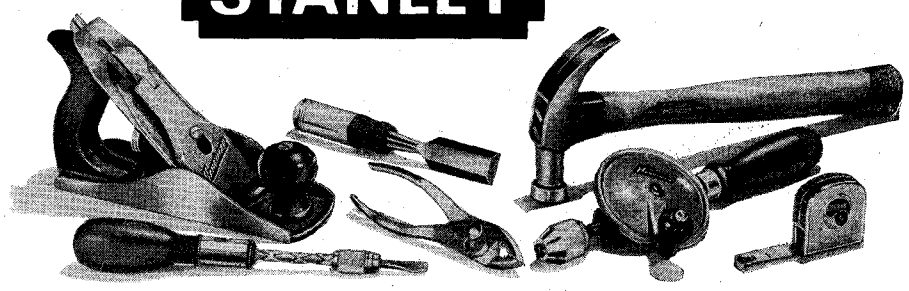

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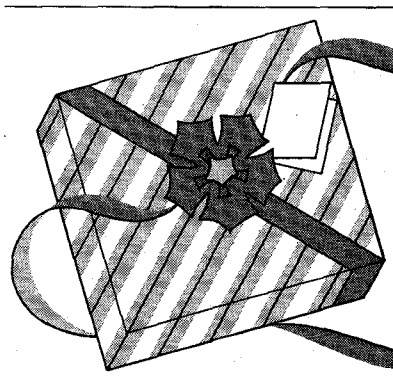

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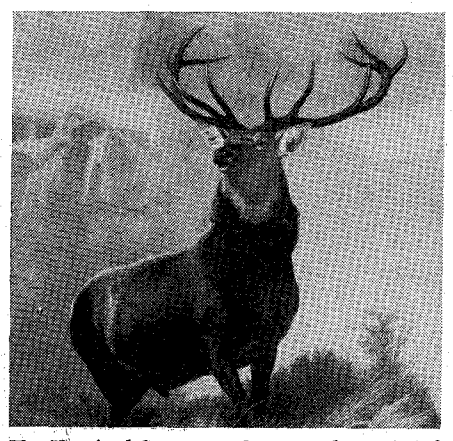

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and other measures to meet the needs of the basin."

Furthermore, he pointed out, the job couldn't be done simply by calling in a big Federal agency with a United States Treasury checkbook in one hand and the right of eminent domain in the other. "The people who live in a watershed know, better than outsiders, what they need," he said and wrote. "They should have a key part in the planning, and they should pay their fair share of the costs."

McConnell attracted much attention. The Journal won a Pulitzer prize in 1949 for "the most meritorious public service by any American newspaper." But the watershed continued to go downhill.

After that superstorm, before Lincoln had shoveled the mud from its face, McConnell turned on more pressure. About this time the elderly Otto Liebers came to the Journal office and suggested they team up. As a first step they called a mass meeting of "everyone interested in the problem"—civic groups, farm organizations, county officials and the like—and organized the Salt-Wahoo Watershed Association. The job of the association was to do anything and everything that might aid in converting the 1600-square-mile basin into what McConnell likes to call "a valley of still waters."

There was plenty of enthusiastic support for the association from the farms, crossroads and towns, but during the next few years a less-dedicated group might well have concluded that erosion and flood were no harder to take than the baffling double talk and the guerrilla warfare among the Government agencies whose help was needed. Perhaps some bureaucrats underrated the pink-faced McConnell, who looked even younger than his then thirty-five years. They learned, the hard way, that his cherubic exterior covers a man with a mission, a tough, persistent fighter.

Shortly after the big flood, the Army Corps of Engineers, which previously had shown scant interest in "this little crick," came in with a claim-staking proposal for four multimillion-dollar dams that would protect the city of Lincoln. The association quickly saw that the big dams wouldn't do a thing for the thousands of farms on which Lincoln makes most of its living. Also, it would put some of the best valley land permanently under water. The association turned thumbs down, and McConnell so informed the colonel who had presented the project. As this military gentleman folded his maps, he coldly stated one of the most arrogant twisteroos on record. "My agency represents the people of the United States," the colonel said. "This isn't Russia, and you folks out here can't push the people around."

The Salt-Wahoo Association kept plugging away on its theme of a complete, coordinated program for the whole valley. It produced several excellent booklets and movies showing how the job could be done and what it would mean. It particularly emphasized the point that while the big, disaster-type floods dramatized the problem, it was the poor condition of the land and the more frequent, smaller overflows that did the most damage in the long run.

Several years and several floods later, with the much-needed small dams still not built, McConnell and Liebers decided the valley needed a fairly large-scale demonstration of upstream flood control. "We've got plenty of stuff on paper; now we need it on the land," the Journal editor told everybody who would listen. The Salt-Wahoo Association tried to persuade the United States Department of Agriculture, through its Soil Conservation Service, to establish a modest but complete showcase of watershed renovation on Salt Creek. Although sympathetic, the USDA wasn't able to get down to cases. Since 1945 it had been doing somewhat similar work on eleven fairly large watersheds—so large, in fact, that progress was painfully slow. Why ask for more trouble? At a field hearing of the United States House Committee on Agriculture, McConnell made a strong pitch for a "pilot-plant" approach to upstream flood control in small, selected areas, so folks could see what could be done. The committee seemed impressed, but nothing happened.

Then, when Dwight D. Eisenhower was inaugurated as President, the McConnell-Liebers axis saw an opening and moved fast. Ike's campaign speeches had dwelt lovingly on his deep belief in local-state-Federal co-operation; he had said many kind words for conservation of natural resources. Why not slash straight across the red-tape jungle and take the watershed plan to the White House?

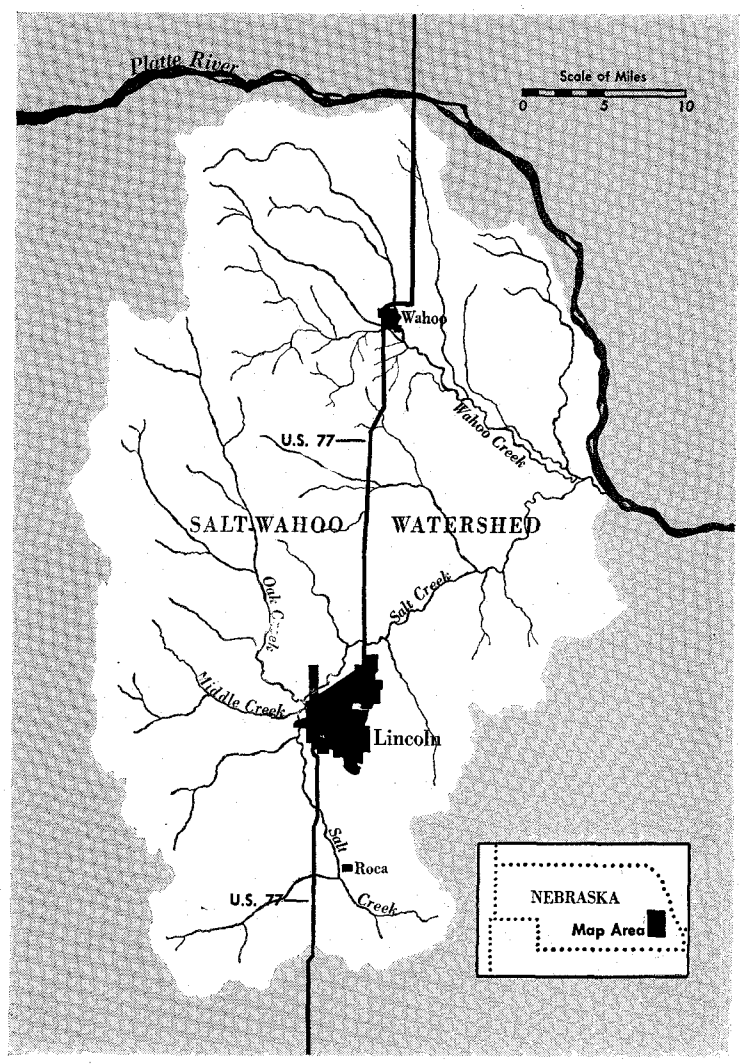
McConnell asked twenty-five watershed leaders from different parts of the United States to meet him in Washington—at their own expense—to sell the pilot-program idea to President Eisenhower. On the appointed day, February twenty-fifth, the boy from the country and his hastily gathered "Citizens Committee" put through one of the quickest coups in history. In the morning the group met with the President, who obligingly had called in all of his brass in the natural-resources field.

McConnell's committee presented its case. President Eisenhower agreed, saying the whole thing was right in line with his own ideas. He asked the group to take up the details with Congress and members of his "team," adding significantly, "If you run into any trouble anywhere along the line, you just come back and let me know."

After that it was a downhill pull. To b sure, some officeholders weren't exactl enthusiastic about breaking up a busy busy Washington day to give this highl informal committee a hearing. One rathe high official in the United States Depar ment of Agriculture tried to excuse him self for the substantial reason that he ha to testify before a House subcommitte McConnell simply picked up the phon called the chairman of the subcommitte and persuaded him to postpone the hea ing. Slightly green and breathless, th official listened attentively to the group ideas about the pilot-watershed progran

The one-day blitz shook the situatio off dead center. Under the leadership c Rep. Clifford Hope and Sen. Fran Carlson, both of Kansas, the first sessio of the 83rd Congress was persuaded t add $5,100,000 to the Department c Agriculture's appropriations, earmarke for getting work started on pilot wate sheds. In short order the Soil Conserva tion Service selected sixty small natur upstream basins in thirty-four states. B no coincidence whatever, weather-beate upper Salt Creek was one of these, an soon the conservationists and enginee moved in and the roar of bulldoz echoed across the slopes.

Remember Jerry Kubik? Well, yc ought to see his "new" farm today. It still in the same old place, but the lan scape is far safer and a lot more attra tive. No longer do crop rows run up ar down the hill. No longer do gullies eat t heart out of his land. Every field is graceful pattern of broad, curving te races that wind around the slopes, and farming is on the contour. More of t land is covered with healing grasses, ar the stubble from his cultivated crops left on the top of the soil, holding it place, encouraging insoak of water. course, even (*Continued on Page 14*



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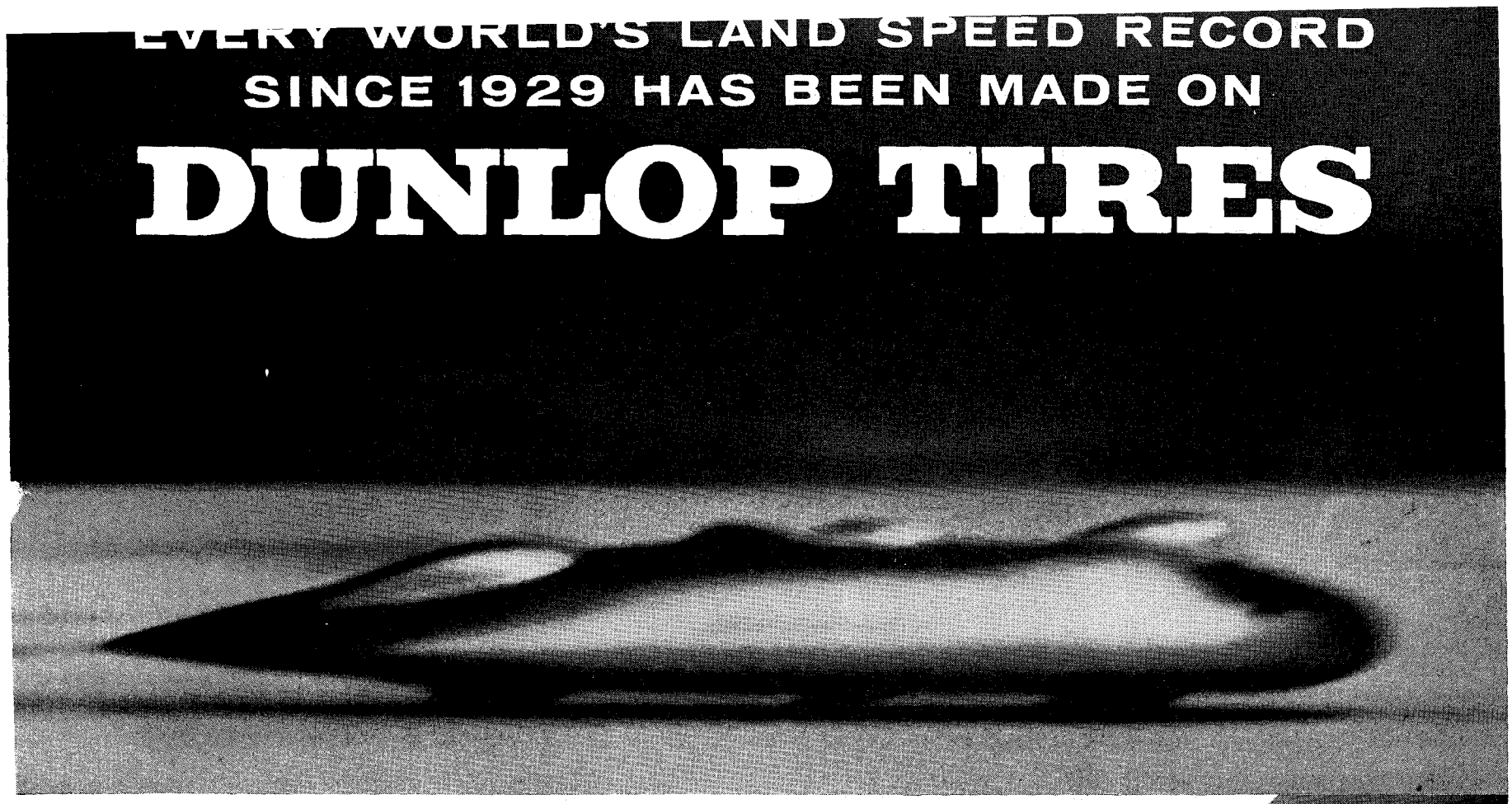

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(*Continued from Page 144*) the best-conditioned soil can hold only so much moisture or can take in very little when frozen. But now the excess water, instead of dashing off, "walks" slowly around the hills in terrace channels. It is released downhill in specially prepared sod waterways, which route the runoff into the natural drainage system. Green blades of grass and the mat of sod act as brakes on the flow and strain out much of the sediment.

"It takes several days for the farm to drain now," the enthusiastic Kubik observed as we toured his place. "When the water leaves here, it's clear, not muddy."

Even the runoff doesn't flow directly into the creek. At the lower edge of the farm is a new, grass-covered "Government" dam which gives positive control of 3.6 inches of runoff from the Kubik farm and several others. The dam isn't a magnificent structure, not to be compared with the massive concrete-and-steel harnesses on major streams. But this farmer sees it as a thing of sheer beauty. He proudly drives visitors over the 850-foot-long top and points down to the three-and-one-half-acre permanent pond which he has stocked with crappies, bullheads and blue-gilled bass. "The time I used to spend rebuilding flood-wrecked fences, now I use it for fishing," he said. And he added, "It's sure nice to have a good pond up here. For all our floods, this is dry country too much of the time."

The dam operates automatically. After the permanent pool fills up, the water reaches an inlet pipe which passes a reasonable flow downstream. In case of storms, the excess runoff collects behind the dam holding back 144 acre-feet of floodwater. Then the reservoir drains for about five to seven days, slowly enough to keep the water within the stream channel just below.

The SCS engineer who explained the working of the dam was careful to point out that the structure was limited in its effect. "It will stop the smaller floods, the ten- and twenty-five-year kind," he explained, "but a huge storm—the hundred-year kind—would fill up everything and water would go over the spillway."

"But the flood still would be reduced?"

"By as much as the dam held back. Also, the water that gets away would carry a lot less of Jerry's farm with it."

Tidying up his farm called for a lot of work and expense on Kubik's part, although he was reimbursed, in part, by payments for soil conservation under the Agricultural Conservation Program. He built twelve miles of terraces and is putting in four more miles now. This is a sizable earth-moving job, something like constructing a small road; it costs $150 to $200 a mile. Grassed waterways are costly, too, involving the laying out of carefully engineered channels and seeding them to tough-grass mixtures. Kubik has put in eight and one half acres of these, investing $90 to $100 an acre in them. The detention dam, built by the SCS, cost $14,600, and although there was no cash outlay for Kubik, he furnished the land for the dam and pond, about five acres, worth $125 an acre at going prices. He also gave easement for "flowage rights," meaning that he stands any damage when the flood pool backs up his draw. Altogether, he has invested perhaps $2000, above any conservation payments, in the program.

Still, he's happy about the whole deal. "This pays off with a better farm," he said. "My land isn't going downhill now. My yields are twenty or thirty per cent better than they would be without this conservation. We're making this a better community."

You get some idea of the vastness of the upstream job when you figure that Jerry Kubik's tiny bit of the landscape is just 1/450th of the Upper Salt area. Even for this small watershed the task is slow and complex, involving the building of twenty-six detention dams and more than ninety smaller structures to stabilize stream grades and control sediment. More than 750 farms must be completely planned for soil conservation, and this part of the assignment is just about half finished. Farmers must build enough terraces around the hills of this 109,000-acre watershed to reach from coast to coast and back to Lincoln again, more than 4500 miles. Furthermore, all parts of the work plan must fit together in time as well as space. It isn't smart to put in a dam until the slopes above it have been healed and secured with grass and terraces; otherwise sliding silt would soon fill the reservoir.

The entire face-lifting job on the Upper Salt is supposed to take five years and will cost a bit over $4,000,000. Uncle Sam will pick up the direct check for about $1,600,000 of this—mainly for structures and technical planning. Farmers in the watershed will put about $2,200,000 in work on their land, easements and rights of way. State and local governments are contributing necessary work along roads, worth around $200,000.

However, this large investment is expected to return benefits worth at least twice the cost on an annual-average breakdown, not including the value of peace of mind of the people on the land and in the valley towns. In evaluating such projects the Federal Government follows a complex formula which amortizes the installation cost over a fifty-year period at going interest rates and also includes the probable expense of maintaining the works—although this latter is the responsibility of the local people. On this basis the average annual costs are estimated at $319,900, while the benefits are expected to be $718,628 a year, made up of $99,636 in reduction of flood and sediment damage, and $618,992 in increased productivity and more intensive use of the land.

More important, nationally, is the way such pilot demonstrations touched off a country-wide watershed-improvement boom. People from troubled valleys have swarmed over the pilot projects to see what is being done. In fact, so many carloads and busloads of visitors drive in Kubik's farm that he is hard-pressed for time to do his chores. After seeing how the water is being saved and tamed, these scouts go home, asking, "How can we get this kind of program?"

This urgent demand from the hinterlands has swelled to such proportions that some bureaucrats are wondering if McConnell *et al.* didn't present them with a firm hold on the tail of a large grizzly bear. As one SCS official said, "There are about 16,000 small, upstream watersheds in this country, and it seems that most of them want us to plan a project for them."

It wouldn't be fair to give the leaders in the Salt-Wahoo area all of the credit for touching off this watershed revolution, although they certainly fired some well-aimed shots. In hundreds of upstream valleys, people have organized various kinds of associations to seek remedial action. The rising tide of pressure from the uplands finally overcame the obstructionists in the second session of the 83rd Congress, when, with President Eisenhower's strong backing, the Hope-Aiken Watershed Protection and Flood Prevention Act passed and became known in the political trade as Public Law 566. As he signed it, President Eisenhower said, "This act recognizes by law for the first time the great importance of upstream watershed protection. . . . For the first time, also, this act provides a broad program of Federal technical and financial assistance to such local watershed groups as are willing to assume the responsibility for initiating, carrying out and sharing the costs. . . ."

The 566 program is a carefully limited one, seeking to avoid the incentives for the empire building which, in the past, have led to bitter, costly warfare between Government bureaus. Federal aid is limited, under this act, to watersheds no larger than 250,000 acres. Only small dams, holding at most 5000 acre-feet, can be built. Local organizations must provide the needed land, easements, rights of way and, in addition, must pay a fair share—50 per cent by rule of thumb—of the installation costs of any works. The Bureau of the Budget and the USDA have added to the strictures with a pile of rules and regulations which, by actual measurement with my ruler, is one inch thick. A project submitted by a local group has to run the gamut of a state agency, the SCS, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of the Army, the Secretary of the Interior and the Office of the President. If the proposal survives, it goes to Congress, waits forty-five days for possible disapproval, and, if there is none, work can begin.

"Over here!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hardly was the ink dry on the law when applications began pouring in from states, and legislatures began to pass laws for local co-operation. More than twenty states had enacted different laws on the subject at last check. To date, the Soil Conservation Service has received 427 applications from watersheds in forty-two states, and an additional 400 are in process. Nobody knows how many more are being generated out in the hills. Officials hope that at least seventy well-planned projects will be through the mill and be ready to go during the next Congress.

Also, something of a miracle came to pass recently when the Army Engineers and the United States Department of Agriculture shook hands and agreed that there is need for both upstream and downstream flood control, and further, that the two methods should be fitted into a sensible pattern that will give the country the most effective and most economical protection. For example, the Engineers have taken a new look at the Salt-Wahoo basin, and have proposed to interlock their work with that on the Upper Salt. The co-ordinated approach may make it possible for the SCS to eliminate eleven of their twenty-six proposed dams, and the Engineers now figure that they can get their job done with twelve medium-sized dams instead of seventeen.

All of this doesn't mean that the United States can now sit back and relax, confident that the whole erosion and flood problem is being met. The fact is, we are generations behind our needs, and catching up is going to be a huge assignment. On our main rivers we have made heartening progress. The Army Engineers estimate that the total downstream potential damage of $911,000,000 a year has been cut more than half by their control works now in full or partial operation—the bulk of them built within the past twenty years. This has cost $3,600,000,000 to date, out of a total of $9,000,000,000 authorized by Congress for "active" projects. Meanwhile, our headwaters streams are dealing out an estimated $677,000,000 in damages per year, but we've just barely started to curb them. Total Federal appropriations for upstream work amount to $73,000,000—less than the interest on the big main-stream dams.

Out in Lincoln, where Nebraska's skyscraper capitol looks over the Salt-Wahoo basin, Ray McConnell doesn't regard his battle as won. He's unhappy because the bureaucrats loaded the new Watershed Act with so many regulations that it is slow and unwieldy. "That isn't the way to do it," he says. "You need to get the work started out on the land and along the creeks. Then folks become interested and it grows." No doubt Washington will be hearing about this.

THE END

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Madam! Suppose you traded jobs with your husband?

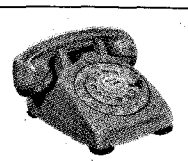
You can just bet the first thing he'd ask for would be a telephone in the kitchen.

You wouldn't catch him dashing to another room every time the telephone rang, or he had to make a call.

He doesn't have to do it in his office in town. It would be mighty helpful if you didn't have to do it in your "office" at home.

That's in the kitchen where you do so much of your work. And it's right there that an additional telephone comes in so handy for so many things.

Along with a lot of convenience is that nice feeling of pride in having the best of everything—especially if it is one of those attractive new telephones in color.



P.S. *Additional telephones in kitchen, bedroom and other convenient places around the house cost little. The service charge is just pennies a day.*

Bell Telephone System

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"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

ILKA CHASE, *well-known actress on Broadway, screen and TV; author; star of the weekly TV show, "Masquerade Party."*

This vivacious lady is busy practically around the clock, and often her eyes feel tired and tense. That's when she uses gentle Murine. It soothes and refreshes her eyes quick as a wink. *Try it!* See how quickly Murine helps wash away that feeling of fatigue. It makes your eyes feel *good!*

MURINE *for your eyes**

The Murine Co., Inc.
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Keeping Posted

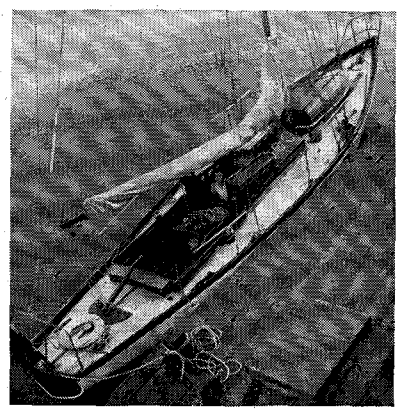
Adventures on Deep and Shallow Waters

One black and stormy night Hammond Innes, whose seagoing serial is cruising on page 53, was jogging along, as he puts it, in the boisterous English Channel off Cherbourg in his yacht, Triune of Troy. A precious element of his crew was his

Skipper and Mrs. Hammond Innes.

wife, Dorothy. In their ten-ton ocean racer they have sailed thousands of miles along the tide-bedeviled shores of Britain and the Continent.

Innes is speaking: "Suddenly, as I sat at the helm that night, I saw a strange luminosity in the blackness, a phosphorescent glow that scared me because I didn't understand what it possibly could be. Then, in the mist, the glow condensed into a single green light—and I knew it was the starboard navigation



The Triune, adventuresome yacht.

light of a steamer, very close." Innes, with the tomtom beat of the steamer's engines now audible, swiftly switched on his own signaling light, directed it at the ship's bridge, then on his own sails; and the next thing he knew, the steamer was lying across the Triune's stern, not fifty yards away, her engines stopped and all her lights blazing. "One of the big Channel packets," Innes shudders through his typewriter. "It was a very close shave." When the author's mind recovered from the shave, it promptly said to itself, "Why, that's a splendid opening for a serial." And Innes opened a serial.

Presently his mind decided to write about a shipwreck located in the famous Minkies reefs off France; so Hammond, Dorothy and Company set sail in the Triune to research that perilous sailing place. "Few people have been there," says Innes. "We always gave the Minkies a wide berth." Leaving England, they beat to windward for fourteen days and nights, and just as they approached the reefs, their radio sounded a gale warning. The gale showed up in just twenty minutes. "With huge seas breaking inboard, we passed a very unpleasant night," Innes understates. Later, after trying the cruise all over again, and having precisely the same experience, they decided they had done enough research.

Answering an obvious question, Innes says he has never become ill at sea and regards his stomach as a cast-iron mechanism. But for years Dorothy could not sail with him, being equipped just the opposite. Two years ago, though, she tried the drug called avomine, and not once since then has she lost her serenity as the sea elevatored her up and down.

Author Has Speed; Ballplayer Has Memory

Maybe being a daily sports columnist gets a fellow like this; anyway, Milton Gross, of the New York Post, has a curiously lickety-split way of researching stories for another Post, The Saturday Evening. Some years ago Gross had a date to interview the Yankees' Phil Rizzuto, but Rizzuto phoned him that a friend, an airplane designer, wanted them to go for a spin in his new plastic plane. Except for a few details, Gross got all his data from Rizzuto while wandering around the sky above New York City. Another time, Gross couldn't sleep on an overnight train, and in the lounge he came upon Spud Chandler, former Yankee pitcher, in a similar jam. Before they slept, Gross' notebook was full of another Post story. On a third occasion, only eight days passed between the time when Gross queried the Post on a story idea and when he got a check for his finished opus, an example of haste which a Post house organ, Inside Information, viewed with awe at the time.

Last winter, after a polio-campaign dinner in Rochester, Gross and Most Valuable Baseball Player Campanella had several hours to kill before train time, and they started this with a cup of coffee

Gross, in New Orleans for Sugar Bowl game, yields to interview.

in the station. Gross, who that day ha interviewed and written a column abou boxer Carmen Basilio, had no thoug about the story on page 33, but after s coffees, it was in his notebook. Late when he checked on the mass of da scores, records and anecdotes th Camp had rattled off, he was amazed b their accuracy, and told Campy so. "R membering things about baseball," o served the famous Dodger, "is a catche bread and butter. My six kids wouldn eat if I didn't remember."

Queer Evening on Fisherman's Wharf

When John Wesley Noble went out a crab boat from San Francisco's fam Fisherman's Wharf, his mind and bo were impressed by the peculiar rolli motion of the little craft in the unsmoo water, and he couldn't think of an ac quate simile to describe the obnoxic sensation in his notebook. One evenir later, he went to the wharf to tell his fis erman friends that the Post had boug his story (page 40), and darned if t wharf itself, which is on piles, didn't st rolling exactly like the crab boats, as the whole structure had gone fishing. "A earthquake," Noble explains grimly. ' dandy. So that's how to describe the cra boat motion, like Fisherman's Wh during a temblor." Readers who have been on the wharf during a temb might as well have skipped this pa graph.

By the way, the fishermen are mos Sicilian-Italian-Americans, and Nol hopes scholarly linguists won't compla about some of their expressions he quot as he and his friends got all tangled up dialects. For example, one of the "cra bies" called the Pacific northwest wir *maestros*, whereas Noble was aware of t Mediterranean *maestrals*, but a neighb hood priest told him to make it *mastros* l cause *maestro* means teacher or mast Other examples are more confusing. "I wonder crabbies talk with much use the hands," says Noble. "I find it m satisfactory myself too. No spelli problem."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Battle With the Fight Mob"

For the first time, New York's boxing commissioner tells how he drove gangsters and racketeers from the prizefight game in his state. A revealing personal report by Julius Helfand.

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B16 POWERMATIC—World's most distinctly different toaster. Power-Action lowers bread automatically, toasts it, and serves it up fast—all by itself! $27.50.

ıe bridal gifts of gifts
tured here in their actual wedding photographs are Mr. d Mrs. William Fietz of 3212 N. Ozanam Ave., Chicago, owners of a Toastmaster Toaster for 27 years. Here ıer own words, are Mrs. Fietz' comments: "We received Toastmaster Toaster as a wedding gift on Feb. 14, 29. We are still using it and it has never needed repairs."

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Your choice of 5 bridal-gift toasters... $17.50 to $39.50

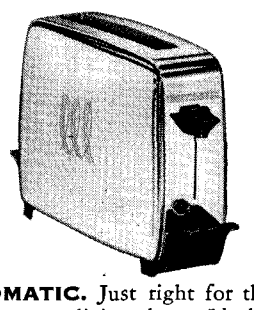
You must get more from Toastmaster. Because more people own Toastmaster Toasters than any other kind.

More experience. Here you get unmatched experience in toaster craftsmanship. For 'way back in 1926, "Toastmaster"* introduced America's first automatic toaster for home use. It was the finest then. Just as the Toastmaster Toaster is the finest now.

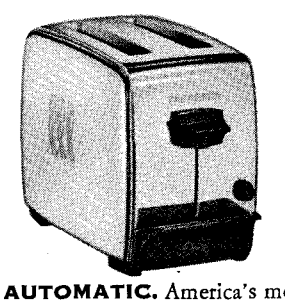
More endurance. Over the years, we have received a steady flow of unsolicited comment from Toastmaster Toaster users. One letter, shown in part at the upper left, points up yet again that owners of the Toastmaster Toaster are *satisfied* owners. Gift givers through the years have made this the *traditional* wedding toaster.

More models. Today, after 30 years and 12 million Toastmaster Toasters, you have your choice, not of one model but of *five*. In one-, two-, and three-slice sizes that suit your bridal gift-giving needs perfectly.

More price choice. Only Toastmaster gives you a price range from $17.50 to $39.50. You do not pay more than you want to, nor less than you feel you should. Everything we have learned in 30 years is yours today in the Toastmaster family of fine toasters. Is there any real advantage in giving that bride on your gift list less?



UTOMATIC. Just right for the small ɔr the person living alone. Ideal, too, to ng when traveling. Makes one perfect slice ne—light, dark, or in-between. **$17.50**



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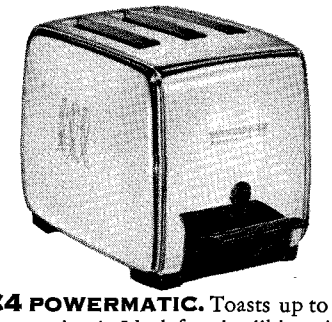
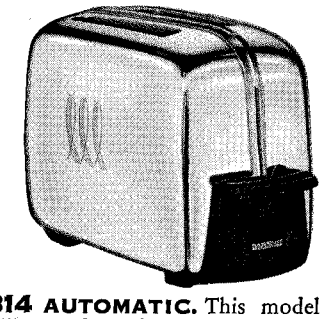


C4 POWERMATIC. Toasts up to *three* slices at one time! Ideal for the "king-size" family or those who appreciate the unusual. Features Toastmaster's exclusive Power-Action. **$39.50**



B14 AUTOMATIC. This model has many millions of satisfied users. In fact, many times more of this model are in use today than any other Toastmaster Toaster ever made. **$17.95**

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